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CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE





Charlotte Mary Yonge
Act. about 35

From a photograph taken by the Rev. Duke Yonge.

Charlotte Mary Yonge

Her Life and Letters

BY

CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE

‘In Thy Law is my Delight’



London

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INTRODUCTION

THE task which I have felt to be so great an honour is now concluded. I have endeavoured to share with others my impressions, my knowledge, of Charlotte Yonge. I have tried as far as I can to show her as she was in herself, so that her fine example may be made known far and wide, rather than to chronicle the small events of her very quiet life in regular order.

In one way the task has been easy, for so consistent, so harmonious a life has surely never been described, and rarely been lived. Her daily life, her published writings, her letters to friends and relatives, are all in accordance with each other. No inconsistent nor disappointing record has, or ever can, leap to light where she was concerned.

An immense number of letters have been kindly entrusted to me ; they are of extraordinarily even merit, and they all present the same character from beginning to end. She did not invent letters, she talked on paper.

One difficulty has been that there is hardly a date on one of them. The earlier ones to Miss Dyson have been, I conclude by Miss Dyson her-

self, tied up in packets, and dated with the year to which they belong. Had this not been done, the difficulties would indeed have been increased greatly. Miss Yonge did not preserve her friends' letters, nor did she apparently consider her own, if returned to her after the death of her correspondents, of much value. Probably she was too busy ever to set them to rights.

Moreover, in writing to intimate friends, she took their knowledge of her subjects for granted, and wrote in an extremely allusive style, mentioning characters in stories, cousins, and school-children all by their Christian names, and often all in the same sentence, so that it is by no means easy to identify them. The cousinhood also has repeated the same Christian names to a perplexing degree, and even intimate knowledge is sometimes at fault in undated letters. Often, too, there are no names at all, "the Bishop," "the baby," "she," "his illness," "her death," and so on, recurring without any clue to the identity of the individuals meant.

It need hardly be said that these facts make it difficult to arrange letters so as to interest the public, though the amount of information conveyed to the recipient, and its lively varied character, are always delightful.

The piece of Autobiography which she has left behind her covers the period of her childhood and early youth; but in all memoirs the writer has constantly to weigh the respective claims of the friends for

whom no detail can be too small, and the general readers who want a short and vivid picture, and to strike the balance between them. I think I have read all the letters entrusted to me, and I can truly say that for myself there was the greatest interest in them all. Those which I have not been able to reproduce have all helped to form the picture which I have tried to paint. I know too well that it is faint and imperfect. Another hand might have been more skilful—I do not think any other heart could have brought more love to the task.

My thanks are due, first, to Miss Helen Yonge for the generous confidence with which she has placed in my hands all the materials at her disposal; secondly, to Miss Anderson Morshead for valuable help with dates and other details, as well as for letters lent; to Miss Yonge of Rochdale, Yealmp-ton, for her recollections and letters; to Mrs. Sumner and Mrs. Elgee for their contributions.

Also to Miss Helena Heathcote for letters to her family and herself; to Mrs. Lewis Knight for the letters to Dean Butler and his family; to the Misses Moberly for letters and for the sight of family journals of great value; to Mrs. Romanes, the Lady Frederick Bruce, Mrs. Harcourt Mitchell, Mr. Vere Awdry, Miss Annie Cazenove, and Miss Wilford, for letters lent. I must also thank Mr. Yonge of Puslinch and Mr. Pode of Cornwood for the portraits which they have allowed to be reproduced. Also I must thank Miss Kingsley for permission to print her

father's letter to Mr. John Parker, and to all who by advice, sympathy, or criticism have helped me in my difficult work.

One fact as to this I should like to mention. Some years ago I was "approached" on the subject of a life of Miss Yonge by a firm of eminent publishers, and I spoke to her about it. She refused to allow the idea to be entertained during her lifetime, saying that "her mother would not have liked such a thing to be done." "But," she said, "I suppose you will be the one to do it, if it is to be done." And I think that from that time forward she gave me bits of information about her early days with a view to my making subsequent use of them.

Therefore this, the first piece of literary work of any consequence which I have ever done without the help of her criticism and sympathy, has been, in every possible way, planned out with a view to satisfying her taste and judgment. For in no other way could I so well show what she herself was like, and I can only hope that she would have found nothing in it displeasing to her.

CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

CHEYNE, TORQUAY,
December 15, 1902.

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CHAPTER I

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

IF I am to begin my own history I must start very far back, to show the influences of race and place which, for better and for worse, have made me what I am.

Our tradition is that in the time of James, when knights' fees were heavy and zealously exacted, a gentleman of the Norfolk family of Yonge eluded the expensive honour by fleeing into Devonshire. His son acted as surgeon¹ in the Cavalier Army; his grandson, James Yonge, was a physician of some note in his day. Of him it is related that he embalmed the King of Portugal, also Sir Cloudesley Shovel; that he was at one time taken prisoner by the Moors of Algiers and worked as a galley slave, and while practising at Plymouth he made a great improvement in trephining. He married Mary Upton,² one of the heiresses of Puslinch, an estate

¹ Dr. May, in the *Daisy Chain*, was an outcome of Miss Yonge's hereditary honour and respect for the medical profession.

² There is an old letter to Elizabeth Upton, her sister, still kept at Puslinch, from Grace Bastard of Kitley, who was enjoying a season at Exeter, describing the fashions, and also how the young ladies "do spread the white

on the banks of the river Yealm, which can be traced through successive marriages of heiresses, up to one Roger de Langford, in the time of Henry III.

The old house of Puslinch, with a chapel dedicated to St. Olaf attached to it, lay on the bank of the river, but Dr. Yonge built a new house higher up Headdon Hill, in the square fashion of Queen Anne's time, each façade having the same number of sash windows with heavy frames. The building is of light-coloured brick, faced with stone; there is a flight of stone steps to both the doors, a large stone hall, and handsome oak stair, and all the rooms were wainscoted. There, too, the Doctor had a very good library, chiefly of the Church and Royalist class of writings. Indeed, there is a tradition of a quarrel with his brother Nathaniel on the unlawfulness of the regicide, resulting in Nathaniel's disowning him and spelling the family name Young. He bought the advowson of the living of Newton Ferrers, in which parish Puslinch stands, rather more than two miles from the church, and brought his eldest son up to be a clergyman, the second a doctor. His portrait, in a flowing wig and flowered dressing-gown, with a broad nose which he has transmitted to his descendants, hangs in the dining-room at Puslinch. He edited an edition of the

apron" for Mr. Bastard, the young heir of Kitley. In this letter she also says "You may se by the hoal in the paper that the Squirrel is a life; for while I ware to Dinner he eat a hoal in it." (There is the little hole visible !)

works of King Charles I., with the earliest defence of the royal authorship of *Eikon Basilike*.¹

His son, John Yonge, married Elizabeth Duke, one of the co-heiresses of the Dukes of Otterton. The only daughter of this lady's sister married Colonel Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary, so that the Dukes² are represented by the Yongs and Coleridges, who have always kept up a close cousinly connection.

John Yonge died early, leaving three sons, John, James, and Duke. John was destined to take Holy Orders and receive the living, James to be trained for a physician, to take the practice at Plymouth after his uncle, and Duke, who loved him with more than usual affection, chose to share the same profession. John was rather weak and subject to fits. A letter to his mother from him is extant, complaining that he had been sent to Oxford with "sparables in his shoes," and was laughed at for them. He married a Miss Ellacombe, spent a great deal of money, mortgaged part of the property, and died by a fall while hunting when only three-and-twenty. His widow was always said to have stripped the house of furniture, and she gave annoyance to the family by the epitaph on his tombstone. On his death, James's lot was changed. He was to become the squire and take the living, and his brother

¹ Miss Yonge, in early life, invented, and partly wrote, a story about the Upton family, but she never made any use of it.

² There are other descendants of the Duke family.

Duke, rather than separate from him, likewise became a clergyman.

While at Oxford, the two brothers became acquainted with Thomas Bargus, son of a naval officer, Richard Bargus, who, after sailing round the world with Lord Anson, had settled at Fareham, in Hampshire. A close friendship arose between the young men, and a visit of Mr. Bargus to Puslinch was commemorated by triple copies of a set of water-coloured sketches by Payne (Payne's grey) of the beautiful scenery of the Yealm.

James and Duke seem to have been fond of commemorations of this kind. They were patrons of Northcote the painter, and when James paid his addresses to Mrs. Bastard, the widow of his neighbour, Edmund Pollexfen Bastard, of Kitley, he presented her with a picture of her little Italian greyhound by Northcote.¹ His suit was, however, unsuccessful, though his brother Duke succeeded better with her younger sister, Catharina Crawley, whom he married soon after being ordained, taking possession of the living of Otterton, which he exchanged after a time for the Vicarage of Cornwood, in order to be nearer to his beloved brother.

James lost his first wife, who left only one daughter Nanny, who did not live to grow up. His second wife, Anne Grainger, an excellent person, but deaf, had brought him six children, when he died—I think of decline.

¹ This picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Julian Yonge.



Walker & Cocherell, ph. sc.

Catharina Yonge
From a portrait in the possession of
John Yonge Esq at Ruslinch.

He was an excellent botanist,¹ and left a large collection of dried flowers. Excellent portraits by Northcote are still at Puslinch of him, with a keen refined face, his brother Duke,² bright-eyed and eager-looking, and his sister-in-law Catharina, a bright-complexioned, dark-eyed young thing, with beautiful arched eyebrows, dressed in a gold-spotted muslin and turban, which became her wonderfully.

The early death of his brother made Duke Yonge guardian and manager of the family, and his own nine children were one with the six at Puslinch, so that throughout life they were much more like brothers and sisters than first cousins. The boys of the two families were distinguished at school as the Puss Yongses and the Cat Yongses.³

Duke Yonge of Cornwood was a deeply religious man in a very slack time. He did what indeed a man like him neither would nor could do now; he held Newton for his young nephew together with his own parish of Cornwood, and Sheviocke in Cornwall, but he never spent the income of his livings on his family, but provided for the needs of the parishioners with their proceeds. He was an active magistrate, and in this capacity was absolutely the first who provided a manual of prayers to be used with prisoners. As a preacher he was much esteemed, and Cornwood Church was so much filled

¹ Another family trait inherited by Charlotte.

² Duke Yonge and Catharina Crawley were the grandparents of Charlotte Mary Yonge.

³ Puss—Puslinch. Cat—Catharina.

that he put up two galleries.¹ He was sole medical attendant to his parishioners, and was called up at all hours to attend to them, and he actually made an endowment to provide medical attendance for them after his time. "Old Mr. Yonge up to Cornwood, he was a real gentleman, and cared no more for the rich than the poor," was the saying of one of the small farmers who had often been brought before him for ill-usage of apprentice lads.²

His biography, with selections from his papers, was compiled by his cousin, afterwards Sir John Taylor Coleridge, and well bears out the reverence with which all who knew him spoke of him, and he left his mark deep on all his sons and nephews, perhaps deepest of all on the only ones who survived till I was old enough to converse with them, his eldest nephew, and his two youngest sons.

In the meantime Thomas Bargus had become a clergyman and was acting as a private tutor to Lord Brooke, Lord Warwick's eldest son, who was a Commoner at Winchester. Malignant fever broke out, and Lord Brooke and John Locke Bargus, a young brother of the tutor, both died. Mr. Bargus was broken-hearted, but Lord Warwick, convinced he was not to blame, placed his other sons in his care; and he was enabled to marry a lady of Irish birth whose maiden name was Cordelia

¹ This showed exactly the same spirit of love for the Church which has caused his descendants to spend much money in taking galleries down.

² Conscientious scruples as to Church property, devotion to Church work, deep personal religion—an ideal grandfather for C. M. Yonge.

Garstin, but who was the widow of an unsuccessful speculator in salt works at Lymington. He had left her with two children, John and Cordelia Colborne, whom Mr. Bargus treated with warm affection, sending the boy at once to Winchester College.¹

He lost his wife at the birth of his own first child, Alethea Henrietta,² and three years later he married Mary Kingsman, daughter of the Vicar of Botley, by whom he had one daughter, Frances Mary.³

This complicated family, to which was added Maria Kingsman, an orphan niece, lived partly at Winchester, where Mr. Bargus at one time had, I believe, a minor canonry, and partly at Berkeley.

In 1799 Lord Selsey gave him the living of Barkway in Hertfordshire to hold for one of his sons.

John Colborne, his step-son, had been placed by him in Winchester College, where the lad was thought to do nothing, though Maria Kingsman, who used to play at chess with him, always augured well of him. A commission was procured for him, and he was soon sent off on the Quiberon Bay Expedition. As he embarked at Cork, an old woman

¹ The French master at Winchester had been buried in the great earthquake of Lisbon, and dug out again.—C. M. Y.

² She was put out to nurse at Frog Lane, St. Cross; and he, coming to see her and dancing her up and down in his arms, knocked her head against the ceiling, and for a moment thought he had killed her.—C. M. Y.

³ Charlotte's mother.

called out to him, "Ye'll come back here a General, Commander-in-Chief," and *he did*.

Quiberon Bay was a failure, and so was the Walcheren Expedition, but in this last the young officer was quartered in the priest's house. They had no common language but Latin, and the value of this hitherto despised acquirement so rose in his eyes that from that time he dated his resolution to work at self-improvement.¹

The vicarage at Barkway was a happy home, where all the young people grew up with strong affections to one another and to Mr. and Mrs. Bargus.

My mother, the little Fanny of the household, was probably the least happy. She was five years younger than her half-sister Alethea, and was a nervous, sensitive, ailing child, very clever, and probably not understood by her mother—a bright bustling lady who had married late in life. "Maria," who taught her and petted her, was her great protector. Her sister, a strong healthy girl with no nerves, and a contempt for nonsense, seems to have teased her, calling her "poor little viper," after the dog Viper, because, like him, she cried at certain tunes on the piano. In after times she used to delight me with minute descriptions of the old house, with a square pond in front, the beauties of

¹ The fact that Charlotte carefully recalls all these and other details about John Colborne, Lord Seaton, is so characteristic of her admiration of him as a great Christian soldier that they are by no means extraneous to any picture of her own personality.

Lord Selsey's house, Newsells,¹ and the characters in the village, especially the gipsy who used to come and fiddle at domestic parties, his buttons being coins of the realm. She recollected the going with her father to carry the newspaper with tidings of Trafalgar to Newsells!

Barkway is within a mile of Cambridge, and when Duke and Charles Yonge, the two eldest of the Cornwood family, came to the University, they naturally visited their father's friend. Duke was, I have always heard, an exceedingly handsome youth, tall, and with such a figure that he was accused of wearing stays, with regular features, and fine dark eyes and hair. Both were brimful of wit, fun, and cleverness, and they found a thorough response in Delia Colborne and Maria Kingsman.

I am afraid the only drolleries that can preserve

¹ The family from Newsells used to wait at the Vicarage for the carriage on Sunday. The only daughter was just of the same age as Alethea Bargas, but the formality of the time was such that though playfellows and friends for life she was always "Miss Peachey," never Caroline.

Fanny used to go to Newsells with the others when they dined there (at 4 or 5 I believe) and was very proud of having the run of the library, because Lord Selsey said "he could trust her never to eat bread and butter over his books."

The chief place in the parish was called Cockenhatch (I don't think it is rightly spelt!) and was inhabited by Sir Francis Wills, a little dry old lawyer who used to say his rank was the "fag end of nobility," and his wife, who was devoted to animals. She had a cotamundi who used to gnaw her husband's slippers, and once she came to call on a hot day with a shawl over her habit because the parrot had bitten a hole in the shoulder. They had a gallery in church edged with orange colour stopping up the chancel arch. My mother used to think it wonderfully beautiful, and wonder at those who lamented its ugliness.

As to their house and garden, it was unchanged when I saw it in 1859. Such fishponds enclosed with evergreens! Such an exquisite carved wooden chimney-piece, all brackets and branches and frames for pictures!—C. M. Y.

their point so long were those provoked by "Aunt Betsey," Mr. Bargus's half-sister, who by her own account had had her education stopped in her childhood by "a tick in her shoulder." It must have stopped very short indeed, for having employed Maria to write a letter for her, she exclaimed in delight: "There now, Miss Kingsman, you write 'the' just as I do! T-h-e the, not t-h-e-y. What's the use of putting that great flourishing tail of a 'y'. T-h-e the is quite enough!"

When a gentleman calling had not been introduced to her, she exclaimed in wrath, "He never spoke to me; I believe he took me for a Statute of Venus" (the last likeness probable for her!) When she had walked a little way beyond the garden she came back saying "she had been to explode the country." She threatened a dog to "whip his little posterity"; and whenever riddles were being guessed, she always proposed the same—

"Yonder the seas, and *benethen* the seas
There lies a lady bound;
Every vein is cut in twain,
Yet ne'er a bloody wound—

Now that's what I call a genteel riddle." The answer was "A wheat-sheaf."

I believe my Uncle Duke drew out her oddities delightfully. Also he wrote a poem on "Church and Army," combined in the person of a curate who had become a volunteer during the general arming of England, and about whom it was the

fashion to joke Maria Kingsman. Little Fanny, childishly catching up the jest, received a lesson on coupling people's names together which lasted her for life.¹

Duke Yonge was really attached to Cordelia Colborne, and carried on much of his courtship through petting and playing with the little Fanny, who retained a delightful memory of him, and the sort of bower he built for Delia's return when he had come over from Cambridge and found only the little one at home.

Somewhere about this time John Colborne had a short leave, and he has spoken of the pleasure of finding the little sister grown into companionship. He had been in Sicily, where he had set himself to learn Italian, and thus obtained a place on General Fox's staff. I have seen his study in Italian, a little book with an Italian version of "the King of the Cats," and also sheets of paper thus covered / / / / / which was supposed then to be the way to cure an ungainly schoolboy handwriting. It must have been at that time that he gave an old worn-out charger to a poor man at Barkway. It had some humps on its back where the saddle had galled it, and the old man used to show them as cannon balls under the skin. I think, but am not sure, he was Rapier Gyver the Clerk. (No! the clerk was Kingsley.)

¹ This scruple was handed down to Charlotte, and is referred to more than once in her writings.

Maria Kingsman taught her little cousins till they were sent to school, not together, as there were five years between their ages. I think, but am not certain, that Fanny was at school when Cordelia Colborne married Duke Yonge.

He had the living of Antony in Cornwall given him by Reginald Pole Carew, Esquire, a life-long friend of his father. It should not be forgotten as a curious trait, that when my grandfather and Mr. Carew parted on leaving their first school, they broke a sixpence between them in token of friendship.

Charles Yonge of Cornwood at the same time was at King's College, Cambridge, and in due time became an Eton master. The next brother, John, died when about sixteen; the two youngest, James born in 1793 and William¹ born in 1795, were called "a Word and a Blow" from their different characters. Their brother Duke, on some occasion when the Vicarage was crowded, had the two little boys sleeping in his room. Waking early he heard James launch out into a long description of a dream, speaking as fast as the words would come out of his mouth. When he paused for an answer, all he got from the two years' younger William was "Prove it." This was exactly like them both through life.

Cornwood is a very beautiful place on the borders of Dartmoor. The Vicarage stood on

¹ William Crawley Yonge, Charlotte's father.



Walker & Co. del. & sculp.

Duke Yonge
From a portrait in the possession of
John Yonge Esq. at Puslinch

the side of a steep hill with a precipitous bank covered with brushwood and ferns descending to the Yealm. Higher up the stream is a lovely ravine, full of wood and rock, the river dashing through, and beyond lies the wild moor. It was a place of out-of-door freedom, and of power of sport most delightful, and bound the hearts of the lads who grew up there with the charm of mountaineers.

It was a well-disciplined home too. Mrs. Duke Yonge was one of the briskest and most active of women, and kept her daughters in strict order. I think they were afraid of her. All her children called her "Ma'am." There were four daughters, Charlotte, Susan, Catharina and Anne, who was five years younger than her brother William, and of whom some one truly told her mother that she was given to be the comfort of her old age.

Mrs. Yonge¹ must have been a good mistress, for her servants stayed with her for life. Old Joe, the coachman, was famous for his sayings; once when she asked him to drive a little faster, he replied, "I drives my horses as I plazes." The only one I remember was George Smith, the old footman, who never broke anything in his life (but his own leg!) though he daily washed up the dragon breakfast china, besides "doing" the dining-room, which he would not on any account have abandoned to "those women."

¹ Catharina Crawley.

Cornwood was near enough to Plymouth to be much affected by the war. During the fear of invasion a store of guineas was kept in the house, and everything was ready to send all the women into the heart of the moor. One remembrance that has been handed on to me is of a ship coming in with gold candlesticks taken from a Spanish prize. In the ship was Mrs. Yonge's nephew, George Crawley, a fine high-spirited young man, who got into a scrape with the Plymouth Corporation for pressing men, and was shut up for a night in a regular dungeon, under the Guild Hall, with a grated window on a level with the pavement. He married his cousin, Charlotte Yonge of Cornwood, but in a very few years caught disease of the lungs while cruising with Lord Collingwood in the Mediterranean, and died, leaving her with one little girl born after his death.

The widow continued at home, and her sweetness and tenderness seemed to have made her the most beloved of the whole family. William Yonge was fired by admiration of Captain George Crawley to wish to become a sailor, but his godfather, Sir William Young (descendant of Nathaniel), then Port-Admiral of Plymouth, strongly dissuaded him from it, calling a sailor's life a most miserable one. In the meantime, he, like all his brothers and cousins, began his education at Ottery St. Mary School. This was then under Mr. George Coleridge, whose brother, Colonel Coleridge of

Heath's Court, had married the daughter of one of the Duke heiresses. Heath's Court is close to the Church and Grammar School, and the Coleridge and Yonge cousins grew very intimate.

Ottery was an excellent school, the teaching was most accurate and thorough, the severity very great, even for the time, but not unequal or uncertain, and there was room enough for great happiness. My Uncle James was wont to say that all the good he got at school at all was at Ottery, and certainly, when he and his brother William went into Eton College, they found themselves so forward for their age that they had only to rest on their oars. Harsh as Ottery was, they were happier there than poor Fanny Bergus at Bedford Square. She never was well in London, and never had strength to walk before breakfast. The young ladies had to take regulation turns round the Square the first thing each day. She would have given the world to any one who would have carried up her bonnet. She could not eat, could not play, and, clever as she was, could not learn, and always had "mediocre" as a mark. They must have been cut-and-dried lessons, for she once lost a place for pausing to consider whether Henry III. was a good or a bad king. She had no comfort but in looking at her little watch, and thinking so much time of her banishment was over, and in looking at the house on the opposite side of the Square where some connections lived ; also in occasional calls from

Major Colborne. When she was sixty, and he nearly eighty, he told me that the cause of her dreariness was that she was so clever and used to grown-up companionship, that she was miserable among silly schoolgirls; and when I repeated this, she was quite taken by surprise, never having guessed that she was thought clever. I fancy mismanagement of health and nerves were much more really the cause of her depression, for she had much playfulness of mind, though not strength of body. She must, however, have been respected, for in consequence of what she said at home of the sermons at the church the girls attended, their sittings were taken in another. But there was little religious teaching attempted, and when she was confirmed at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, her examination from her godfather, Dr. Goddard, headmaster of Winchester College, was, "Well, my dear, I suppose you know all about it."

Somewhere about this time she was taken to Windsor, and saw George III. and his family walking on the Terrace on Sunday afternoon. He was blind, leaning on Princess Elizabeth's arm. The Princess had short sleeves, and rolls of fat concealed her elbow. Princess Amelia was ill, and only looked out of window. Fanny was told that the Princess was admiring her tiny foot (it was very slender and pretty—so slender that no ready-made shoes fitted her); but, as her friend was wont to flatter, she did not believe it. She was still at

school when her father died suddenly of apoplexy in the midst of a magistrates' meeting at Royston in 1808. I think he must have been a good and able man, though not equal to my other grandfather. His step-son always attributed to him the deep unobtrusive religion which made Major Colborne different from too many around him. He used to give a Bible to each child when it had said the Catechism perfectly in Church. One of these I have seen. There was only a dame school in the parish to which special children were sent. He used to wear a cassock, and black gown over it, on Sunday. He tried experiments in electricity (a Leyden jar of his came down to my time with maccaroons stored in it), and had a turn for botany. I think he must have been rather extra-refined, for there is a three-pronged silver fork about the house which was made for him, because he hated the taste of steel. It is in droll contrast to this that my other grandfather so disliked personal luxury that when he gratified his wife by bringing home a box of silver forks from London, he still kept his own old steel one. One possession given to Mr. Bargus by Lord Warwick, his pupil, deserves to have its history recorded. A friend promised Lord Warwick a companion to the Warwick vase. Thinking of course it would be equal in size, the Earl arranged for it to come by canal, and be met by a waggon and horses. A little chip box was handed to him. It contained a little figure of Minerva in bronze, dug

out of Herculaneum, but about six inches high! He was so much disgusted that he gave it to Mr. Bargus!

Mr. Bargus was buried at Barkway with the epitaph, taken I think from the *Spectator*, and chosen by himself—"What he was will be known at the last day."

Major Colborne, after doing a son's part to the widow, sailed for Spain on the staff of Sir John Moore, while Mrs. Bargus, with her step-daughter Alethea Bargus and her niece Maria Kingsman, settled in Sloane Street; and in another year Fanny's penance was at an end, and she came home to a house which then looked into a field where grazed the donkeys that supplied invalids and babies with asses' milk. It was therefore called Bray Park.

The Bargus family lived in Sloane Street for about ten years, making occasional visits to Winchester, where Mrs. Bargus had a sister, and Dr. Goddard, the head-master, was a great friend. I have heard an old Wykehamist say that the boys stood round to watch for Alethea Bargus getting out of the carriage at the master's door, they thought her so pretty. She had a beautiful apple-blossom complexion, regular features, and large steady blue eyes, but her figure was always too sturdy for beauty. She had immensely strong hands, and was in those days in robust health; a resolute sensible girl, devotedly good, but with none of her sister's

imagination or sensitiveness, but a grave sort of self-denial and contempt of indulgence. When Dorothea, in *Middlemarch*, thinks it absurd to care for the jewels, she always reminds me of what I knew of my Aunt Alethea, though *she* never would have ended by keeping the best of all.

I believe it was while staying with her sister at Antony that she became engaged to the young head of the Yonge family, John Yonge of Puslinch, who, having been born in 1769, was the same age as herself, and was ordained to the family living of Newton Ferrers.

Her half-brother, Major Colborne, had, in the meantime, been one of those who buried Sir John Moore at the dead of night. He was his great hero, and fifty years after his voice trembled as he spoke of him. By Sir John's dying advice, Major Colborne joined the Spaniards, and afterwards was gazetted to the 52nd Regiment, with which his name is identified. At Ciudad Rodrigo, whilst walking up the breach, a spent bullet entered his shoulder; he suffered terribly. We have a short letter to Fanny Bargus scrawled with his left hand; a previous one to Alethea from his servant had begun "Horned Miss." George Napier, who lost an arm at the same time, recovered so much faster as to be able to nurse him. The army surgeons could not extract the bullet, and he came home to the house in Sloane Street and submitted himself to the surgeons every day. Dr. Moore, brother of

Sir John Moore, first detected it, but before it could be extracted Colonel Colborne was summoned to Antony by his sister's dangerous illness, and it was actually taken out at the Military Hospital at Plymouth, flattened, and with a piece of the epaulette which it had driven in.

When he came to London to give away his sister Alethea, he had to do it with his left hand, much to the annoyance of the old pew-opener.

I think, but am not sure, that it was in the same Devonshire visit in which he attached himself to Elizabeth Yonge of Puslinch that there was a grand expedition up the Tamar to Cothele, in which Fanny Bergus declared that the only word she heard from her contemporaries, James Yonge of Puslinch and William Yonge of Cornwood, was "Rats!"

William Yonge left Eton at sixteen, and after some study of mathematics, and military plan-drawing with Malvoti, an engineer, was gazetted to the 52nd Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Colborne. He joined in the midst of the siege of St. Sebastian, and his first experience of war was crossing a bridge on which the enemy's guns were firing. He hesitated to bend his head below the shelter of the parapet, and older soldiers had to advise him not to expose himself to danger without necessity.

He kept a journal dutifully at that time, but in dreadful schoolboy writing, and with wonderfully little in it, though the sight of it served in after life

to assist his recollections. The 52nd was unanimously declared one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, and the high tone of many of the officers for all the qualities of true chivalry made it remarkable. Warm friendships were made there, and specially I remember Colonel Hall as a life-long friend of my father, and a man of high cultivation and accomplishment.¹

The storming of St. Sebastian was soon followed up by the crossing of the Pyrenees. The outposts of the two armies were sometimes so near together that the pickets were within speaking distance. Once a Frenchman called out to the English officers, "When are you going to send us back to France, la belle France?" and then he began capering about in a national dance.

The Sergeant's directions to the sentries used to be that if one Frenchman attacked him, he could easily be disposed of, so could two, so could three; it was not needful to give the alarm unless there were more than three. Very practically one Englishman equal to three Frenchmen! Four clasps testify to William Yonge's four battles—Nive, Nivelle, Orthes, Toulouse.

The peace of 1814 was a time of joy, of which my mother retained a vivid recollection. She saw the Regent go in state to St. Paul's to return thanks, and she used to tell of the difference between that happy Easter and the next, when all

¹ Many letters from Colonel Hall are in existence.

were aghast at the escape from Elba and renewal of the war. I do not think she was in London when the Allied Sovereigns were there; only heard the description from some ridiculous person who was impressed with his own genius in perching himself on a window-ledge, whence, as he reiterated, he saw the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and Prince Gagerene,¹ and Prince Metternich, "and they bowed to *me*, yes, Ma'am, they bowed to me!"

Sir John Colborne, as he had now become, had, in a brief winter's visit to England in 1812, married his Elizabeth, the brightest, most playful, and lively of creatures, and he took her with him to Brussels, he having been appointed Military Secretary, *i.e.* to the Prince of Orange, that same "Dutch Sam" whom Princess Charlotte, with very good reason, rejected. Meantime the 52nd was under orders for America, and was actually on board ship, but contrary winds kept them in the Cove of Cork, till the escape of Napoleon from Elba caused them to be countermanded and sent to join the army mustering at Brussels. Thackeray's description of Brussels before Waterloo in *Vanity Fair* was declared by those who had seen it to be perfect.

On the morning of the 18th of June, the 52nd were lying on Mt. St. Jean, a ploughed field, in a drizzling rain, wet, hungry, and miserable, having only had coals without wood served out to them! Many years after, a soldier servant of one of the

¹ This queer name may be a traditional mistake.

officers, Sir William Clarke, declared that he had gone round the whole regiment with his master's hair-oil and oiled every firelock—a precaution that deserves to be as memorable as the cases of the bows at Crécy! However, tins of hot something, coffee, I think, were somehow achieved; William Yonge, then a lieutenant just twenty, shared his with William Leeke, the junior ensign, a nephew of Mr. Bergus, and in the midst the bugle sounded for what was the greatest fight England has yet seen.

The 52nd formed one of those squares that stood indomitably all day. Once when they had to retreat a few steps, and there was a momentary discouragement, chiefly at the sight of their own killed and wounded, some men ducked their heads. "That must be the second battalion," called out Sir John Colborne. The likening them to young soldiers was reproof enough; they were upright instantly.

The British hosts had stood
That morn 'gainst dint of sword and lance,
As their own ocean rocks hold staunch,
But when thy voice has said "Advance!"
They were that ocean's flood.

Just when the supreme moment of the battle had come, towards the evening, and Napoleon had ordered the charge of his Imperial Guard, a Cuirassier Colonel, a deserter, galloped down towards the 52nd calling out, "Ces coquins vont charger!"

On this, Sir John began moving forward, seeing the time was come. The Duke saw the move and called out, "That's right, Colborne, go on, go on!"

On they went. A cavalry regiment, broken by the Imperial Guard, came flying down on them; they opened their ranks to let them pass through, and, forming again, went on, showing thus their perfect discipline, passing the Guard, whose ammunition was exhausted.

On, on they went. Sir John's horse was killed under him, and he mounted in haste one near, too full of excitement to see that it was harnessed to a gun-carriage. He spurred in vain, and was heard calling, "Cut me out, cut me out!"

On they went—the Guard, Napoleon's last hope, breaking and fleeing before them hopelessly. The crisis of Waterloo was over! At the foot of the slope they met the Prussians. One of the officers threw his arms round Ensign Leeke, embracing him and his colour together. The other colour was lying under the dead body of Ensign Nettles.

The 52nd bivouacked on the spot. The Duke sent for Sir John Colborne that night, but he was looking after his wounded and could not be found till after the despatch was written, in a farm-house kitchen, full of wounded staff-officers, Lord Fitzroy Somerset's arm just cut off, the Duke much distressed, and not able to gather full particulars. Sir John Colborne wrote himself, among other letters—

My dear Fanny—You will be surprised at the *Gazette*. The army behaved well, the 52nd as usual.—Your affectionate

J. COLBORNE.

He thought the final charge would have been fully explained, and the honour awarded to the 52nd. When he found that it was passed over in silence, he never uttered a word of complaint or attempted to put his claim forward. Gossip picked up, or invented, “Up, Guards, and at them!” but Guardsmen themselves at the time declared that they could not share in the decisive charge, because their ammunition was used up. But the crisis of Waterloo has become a vexed question.¹

That night of victory was spent in the open field, in the clothes the officers and men had fought in. All the officers' luggage was plundered by the Belgians during the battle. The only thing ever recovered was William Yonge's box, empty of all save his Bible and Prayer-Book, which was found in a loft at Brussels. His friend, Mr. Griffiths, found a pony tied to a post, with a saddle-bag containing two coarse women's shifts, and this was the only change of linen any one had, as they marched straight on for Paris. In preparation for entering the city they halted at St. Cloud, and there all the officers got into one pond, and passed the single razor in their possession from chin to chin.

They encamped in the Champs Élysées, and the

¹ This account is compiled from original letters of Lord Seaton, then in Miss Yonge's possession.

opportunity William Yonge then had of studying the collections of Napoleon's robberies in the Louvre gave him for life a great taste and appreciation of art. His sister Charlotte commissioned him to buy prints for her, and he bought her some fine Raphael Morghens, which she afterwards left to him. Also he gave to his brother-in-law, Charles Crawley (a connoisseur in Rembrandts), a most beautiful copy of Albert Dürer's "Knight of Death."¹ He was on guard when the "Horses of St. Mark" were taken down to be removed to Venice, as a rising of the Parisians was apprehended, but the crowd looked on with the exhausted apathy to which they had been reduced.

Sir John Colborne wanted Fanny Bargus to have come out with his wife to join him at Paris, but journeys were more serious things then, and her mother would not let her go.

Those years of living in London with her mother and Maria Kingsman were not lost. She had masters, and was a very good French and Italian scholar; and drew and painted figures in water-colours so accurately that I do not know her copy of the "Marriage of St. Catharine" from her master's; but there was no notion of originality or copying from nature for young ladies in those days. She was also very well read in French and English, and she had a great enjoyment of Lord Selsey's library. Newsells was Lady Selsey's inheritance, West

¹ This always hung over Miss Yonge's writing-table.

Dean in Sussex was the Peachey property. Here Lord Selsey the elder built a very handsome flint house on the borders of the Downs near Chichester, with a beautiful library, with a roof in imitation of a grand Tudor Hall with pendants. The eldest son died, and the second was sent for home. He had much taste for books and art, and Fanny learned much from him. The refusing to play at chess with him on a Sunday evening was one of her strongest conscious efforts to do right.

Fanny never was well in London, and journeys were made every summer, often into Hampshire, where Mrs. Bargus's sister Sarah had married a clergyman at Winchester named Westcombe, who was found murdered on the road. Neither she nor her only son Tom ever quite recovered the shock. He must have been of a timid nature, for when a very small child he was taken to the sea-side to be bathed, and seeing a wave coming he made his confession of faith thus—"Mamma, I do love Pontius Pilate better than anybody else in the world."

There is another legend of his early childhood that, when staying at Barkway, he and Alethea Bargus were left at home during church-time, and were discovered in the coach-house—she lathered all over, and he endeavouring to shave her!

Mrs. Westcombe, comparatively early in life, had a paralytic seizure, and lost her memory, as well as the use of her limbs. Mrs. Bargus used to

come into lodgings at Winchester to be near her. Strange stories of old Winchester have thus come to me. Mrs. Hook, Dean Hook's mother, had Shakespeare readings, but these were thought pretentious, and Fanny was not allowed to go to them (she had read *Macbeth* on a hayrick at Barkway, and had seen Mrs. Siddons as Volumnia). In the house which is now (1877) Mr. H. Moberly's lived Mrs. Home, a stately old Scottish lady, who was supposed to form the manners of the young ladies she received. Odd forming it must have been, for, seeing an awkward girl to whom she had recommended a course of drill, she exclaimed, "To give the devil his due, Miss does walk better."

An orphan niece, Jessie Murray, was sent to her from Scotland, and on the first Saturday night, seeing all at cards in the drawing-room, amazed all by saying, "Should we not be preparing for the honourable Sabbath?"

In those days the Cathedral was under what would now be called restoration, under the supervision of Dr. Nott, one of the Canons, a man much before his time in appreciation of Gothic architecture. He took out the Grecian urns wherewith Warden Harris had filled the empty niches of Bishop Foxe's reredos, removed the organ from the western choir-screen, and did much more in excellent taste, till his work was arrested by a fall from the scaffolding. He fell on his head and

never was able to do anything again at Winchester, but spent the rest of his life in Italy, collecting curious books. Nobody cared to go on with the renovations, and the work was finished up anyhow. Many years later an old man, who had been one of the stone masons employed, showed Dr. Moberly (the present Bishop of Salisbury¹) where the real good work had ended, and the hurried finish begun.

During these repairs, the daily service was in the Lady Chapel chanted without the organ, and my mother went daily and enjoyed it. Once she went into the Cathedral by moonlight with Sarah Rennell, the Dean's daughter, and they delighted in the lights and shadows as if they were "viewing fair Melrose aright," when the clock began striking and startled them.

Old Dean Rennell was a man of great mark, as a scholar and divine. He preached the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Middleton of Calcutta, which was not printed *because of the unpopularity of sending a Bishop to India*. He was also memorable for having refused to let the Duke of York gamble in his house, an act worthy to stand beside that of Ken, who refused to admit Nell Gwynn into the house adjoining the Deanery. But it did not meet with a like reward.

Sarah Rennell, my mother's friend, married William Coleridge, afterwards first Bishop of

¹ In 1877.

Barbadoes. Her brother Tom was a young clergyman of great promise, but died early. These visits to Winchester ended in the Sloane Street house being given up, and the purchase of a small house and field at the little village of Otterbourne, four miles from Winchester. I think, but am not sure, that this removal was conceded to Fanny Bargus as an attempt at compensating her for the check thrown in the way of William Yonge's attachment to her. He had remained in France with the army of occupation, and was quartered at St. Omer, in a house where the landlord translated the name of his dog Pincher into "Binche." It was so muddy that the officers used to go out coursing on very high pattens and sabots.

A little later, the youngest son of the Puslinch family, Edmund Yonge, a sailor, was supposed to be in a decline, and was sent abroad to William (who, I think, at that time had been put out of the army, as junior lieutenant, by the reduction of 1818). The cure then in vogue was being under a Swiss doctor, who made the patient live in a cowhouse and drink milk.¹ This was tried with Edmund at Geneva (just at the time that Miss Mannier married Mr. Sumner, a very bad match it was thought), and afterwards the two cousins went to Hyères, then little known, but where the old Admiral, Lord St. Vincent, was then dying.

¹ This cure will be remembered in *Delphine*, by Madame de Genlis, one of the tales in *Les Veillées du Château*.

William Yonge always remembered it as a Paradise of orange-trees and big blue violets. Edmund Yonge did not die even under the cowhouse system, but made several voyages, and kept his cough till he was nearly seventy years old.

William was able to join the 52nd again in Ireland. How the next meeting had taken place I never was told, I only know that it was a five years' attachment before consent was obtained. Mrs. Bargus would not hear of her daughter marrying into a marching regiment, and Mr. Duke Yonge was equally averse to his son relinquishing his profession.

So there was a trial of constancy, during which time the 52nd was chiefly at Dublin, and there beheld the rejoicings when George IV. visited Ireland. He was on guard when a great State ball was given in some place where he looked down on the fearful crush of ladies and gentlemen on the stairs—which he always said was the worst crowd he had ever seen. After it was all over, the staircase was strewn with fragments of dresses, flowers, and feathers.

In one of those years, Mrs. Bargus and her daughter made a journey to the north of England and Scotland. There they visited Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Whitburn, and the sister of the latter, Mrs. Collinson of Gateshead. The portraits of both families have been drawn in the *Valley of a Hundred Fires* and the *Queen of the County*

by a daughter of Mrs. Collinson.¹ She had nine daughters and three sons; Mrs. Baker, no children; and the eldest of the Collinsons was brought up in prim propriety at Whitburn, while the others ran happily wild in "dear old Dingy," as they called their garden at Gateshead parsonage. One of them once told somebody who asked how many of them there were: "Eight little girls, and one young lady."

Mr. and Mrs. Baker were in 1821 rather before the world in general in their parochial arrangements; moreover, they were very botanical, and very musical. They had in a little cup a spider orchis transplanted from Kent to their lawn, which was rolled by a horse in boots, to keep him from spoiling the turf, and every night they played together on the violin and piano. And thus they lived on till I myself saw them, spider orchis, violin and all, full forty years later, having really come nearer to "living very happy ever after" than any one else I ever met.

From Whitburn, Mrs. and Miss Bargus went on to Dunse Castle. Their visit was to some of the Garstin family (from whom Alethea Bargus's mother had come). A very curious romance belonged to these friends. Robert Garstin, a captain in the army, had gone out with his regiment to Halifax, then so primitive a place that the ladies laid in their stock of needles

¹ Mrs. de Winton.

whenever a consignment arrived from England. There he married a girl of sixteen, brought her to England, had three children, and then went to India and never took any more notice of her, leaving her, at about twenty, penniless in a strange country. I think that they had been quartered near, or at, Dunse, and it was there that Mrs. Garstin was thus deserted. Mrs. Hay of Drummebreir and all who knew about her were very kind, and the Garstin family in Warwickshire befriended her, so that she struggled on, and after a time was sent for to live with her husband's kindred there.

There was a sorrowful parting between Mary Garstin and young Hay, and no sooner was he of age than he came south, married her, and settled her mother and sister, Cordelia, in a pretty cottage near Dunse Castle, which he proceeded to overbuild in modern Gothic. There it was that my mother first heard the *Bride of Lammermoor*. She was already exceedingly fond of Scott, and always reckoned the first reading of *Waverley* as an era in her life. It is one of the coincidences that is pleasant to remember, that I found in an old pocket-book that my father had with him in France, written out in his own hand, the song in the *Lady of the Lake*, "Huntsman, rest."

My mother was in London with Sir John and Lady Colborne all the time of the coronation of George IV. The share the two ladies had of

the sight was not great, for Lady Colborne was not well and could not go out. Her husband went officially, but old Sir William Young, who was in the same house, was prevented from going by having fallen down and cut his nose open against a step. It was all plastered up with strips of sticking-plaster, but the old gentleman, a very upright, stiff, pompous-looking man, kindly regaled the ladies with the sight of himself in his robes of the Bath, and walked quarter-deck up and down the room in his crimson mantle, with his hands clasped behind him, and his black plastered nose, till they were ready to die with laughing.

At last in 1822 consent was given to the marriage, and William Yonge retired on half-pay to make his home at Otterbourne with Mrs. Bargus. Very strong and devoted must have been the love, for the sacrifice was great of his much-loved profession and his regiment, nay, even in living in Hampshire instead of Devonshire, which he always loved like a mountaineer. He told me once that he always felt like a schoolboy coming home for his holidays when he came near Dartmoor, and I have heard him quote Lucia's words, "I see my mountains,"¹ as we came in sight of the familiar torrs.

I think, too, that his family were vexed that so fine a young man of twenty-seven should throw up his profession, and settle down on a small estate of

¹ In *I promessi Sposi*.

his mother-in-law's, with nothing to do, except what he made for himself.

They were married in October 1822.

Miss Yonge truly says "that the influences of race and place have made her what she was." She loved to quote a saying of President Garfield's, that "Character is the joint product of Nature and Nurture."

The record she has made of her family history is characteristic, and the history itself significant. She loved and respected the past, especially the past of her own family, and she had a good right to do so. Her forefathers were cultivated, reasonable gentlemen, sound Churchmen and excellent parish priests, in an age when we are apt to think that all country squires spent their time in hunting and drinking, and all parsons were idle and self-indulgent. We see how much sober enthusiasm, how deep a sense of duty, the men who gained most from the "Oxford Movement" brought to it themselves out of the "dark ages" of the Church of England. It is satisfactory to find that Charlotte Yonge's grandfather used all the proceeds of his living in the service of the Church. Lord Seaton, her mother's step-brother, and her cousin by marriage, continued through life to be her ideal of the virtuous and honourable soldier. He was

her justification for the chivalrous and knightly characters which she loved to draw. She never would admit that the heroes of her stories were "too good to be true," but always said she had known as good, and better, an opinion which those who have in any way shared in the same environment will not care to contradict.

She believed in good men and good women, because those to whom she belonged were good. Her mother's early life, her talents and her education, had great influence on Charlotte's early years; the family connections, here somewhat lengthily described, were her life-long friends, and friendship with her was sweetened and strengthened by a drop of kindred blood. She also loved places, and loved to know all about them; she never forgot her inheritance in South Devon, while she drew out all the influences of her Hampshire home in their fulness.

It is not possible to understand her life without knowing something of the great cousinhood to which she belonged.

CHAPTER II

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I WAS born at Otterbourne on the 11th of August 1823, and my christening was somewhat hurried to let my father return to my grandfather, who was ill. My sponsors were my eldest uncle, Duke Yonge, my father's favourite sister, Charlotte (Mrs. George Crawley), and my mother's friend, Mrs. Vernon Harcourt.

At six weeks old I was taken into Devonshire ; our first stage then, as often afterwards, was Brickworth, belonging to my mother's friend Fanny Eyre, recently married to Mr. Bolton, nephew and heir to Lord Nelson. Her little Horatio was a week my elder, and I have heard of the way the two young mothers walked up and down the room comparing their babies and their dexterity in holding them.

My grandfather lingered till the 5th of December. He was greatly venerated at Cornwood, and stories of his uprightness and beneficence were long preserved.

His widow and her daughters went to live

in Plymouth, where her son James was practising as a physician. James was a most eager impulsive man, quick of speech, yet capable of great tenderness. He was a University man, and had also studied at Edinburgh as well as London. His ability was great, and he had at first an appointment in London. I turned up an old letter of his father's lamenting the separation as though he had been going to India. An opening was offered him in Plymouth, and being unable to decide between the two, he actually wrote, sealed, and addressed two letters of acceptance, put them both in his pocket, and posted the first that came to hand without knowing which it was. It turned out to be the Plymouth one, and he settled there, succeeding his uncle, Charles Yonge. He married his cousin, Margaret Crawley (for the Crawleys were far too much addicted to marriages among cousins), and (his sister) Catharina Yonge had married the Rev. Charles Crawley, another of the children of Sir Thomas Crawley of Flaxley Abbey, Gloucestershire.

Soon after their father's death, Mrs. George Crawley (Charlotte) astonished every one by marrying Dr. Jones, the Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, and the next sister, Susan, who had lived with her old uncle Charles in Plymouth, married an odd old man named Jerome Roach, who had been something in the Navy, and about whom

it was the fashion to laugh and tell stories. I only remember two—namely, that he would not go and see the Breakwater because he had seen the Bay of Naples; and the other, that having occasion to go to Child's Bank, he boasted of having inquired after Mrs. Child and the family by way of making himself agreeable. Anne, the youngest daughter, was alone left to Mrs. Duke Yonge. She was a very noble-looking woman, very tall, with fine features, dark eyes, and jet-black hair, and the sweetest voice and expression. Soon after the sad move was made from Cornwood she was thrown from her horse, while staying at Puslinch. She thought herself unhurt, and came down to dinner and played a game at chess in the evening, but that night became ill from concussion of the brain, and was for weeks fearfully ill. The room was dark, but to her sharpened senses the gilt picture-frames were like lines of burning light, and she could hear her brother's horse on the hill when nearly a mile off. She recovered at last, though never to be so strong again, and went with her mother to live in Plymouth.

A bit of building ground had been bought there by my uncles Duke and James, and some others. A crescent was partly built, of which Dr. Yonge's house was to be the centre, with a garden sloping up behind to Mount Pleasant, his mother's abode.

About this time she too met with an accident. Falling over a footstool she broke her thigh. She was told that if she spent a year in bed the bones might join, for the fracture was too high up to be set, but she was too active to brook this, and for some sixteen years longer moved about briskly with her gold-headed stick and her daughter's arm.

All this nearly completes the events that took place before I remember anything.

I come now to what I can myself remember, either fully, or with such additions that I cannot distinguish recollection from tradition. Let me first describe the place.

Otterbourne lies about four miles to the south-west of Winchester on what used to be the main road from London to Southampton. It is a long straggling parish, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length from north-east to south-east, and in most places not more than half or three-quarters of a mile in width.

The river Itchen bounds it on the east, and most likely the chief population lay near it, for the old church and the two principal farms were close to the river, one being called the Manor Farm and possessing an old house encircled on all sides by a moat, besides possessing a curious picture painted on a panel above the chimney-piece, representing apparently a battle between Turks and Austrians.

Habitation had, however, drifted away from this spot, and the chief population had come to be round the turnpike road. It is just where the chalk downs meet the gravel and forest country of South Hants, and the actual village stands on a bed of clay at the junction of the chalk to the north and the gravel to the south, a gravel hill rising steeply to the south, a chalk one more gradually on the Winchester side. In the bottom flows a beautiful clear stream, rising in a clear deep hole called Pool or Pole Hole, and falling into the Itchen. It has no real name, though we used to call it the Otter, and a smaller tributary to the Itchen in the next valley was called by a friend of ours the *Scratchen*.

My grandmother's house was in the midst of the village—as a lady said contemptuously, “just opposite the Green Man,” not that it was the Green Man, but the White Horse. The house had been a mere cottage inhabited by an old dame called Science Dear (I believe from researches in the register that Scientia was supposed to represent Sancha). It had been bought by one Mr. Harley,¹ a friend of the reformer Cobbett, who had planted various choice trees about it—mostly much too near the house, so that they have had to be cleared away, and the only survivors now (1877) are a hickory nut, and a fine tree which the tradition of the place calls a sugar maple, but which is evidently

¹ I think there was an intermediate proprietor named White.—C. M. Y.

no such thing. The hedges likewise still bear witness to Cobbett's desire to fill them with robinias—for which his successors are not thankful.

Magdalen College, Oxford, owns most of the property in Otterbourne, and Mrs. Dear and Mr. Harley were only copy-holders; but wanting to throw out a bay-window, Mr. Harley bought enough of the freehold land behind the house for it to stand on, and afterwards three little fields were bought and thrown into one, the hedgerow trees in the middle being allowed to grow into very fine oaks. A walk was made in the hedgerow round the field, a pleasant woodland walk, bordered on one side by a deep hollow called Dell Copse, formed, tradition says, by the digging of clay to make bricks for the intended Palace which Charles II. designed to build at Winchester. It was overgrown with hazels and other brushwood, and the upper end was always full of daffodils in the spring—large detachments of which grew in our demesne. Oh, those daffodils, with glistening golden bells set in lighter calyxes! One of my first distinct recollections is of having on a little checked cambric tippet with a frill at the throat, and rushing to disport myself among the daffodils.¹

A quarter of a mile of lane led to the church, which stood beside the "Otter." The large churchyard was belted round with fine elms, and

¹ She loved them to her life's end, and also the "quiet meads" of which she here speaks.

formed a mound on which stood the small old Hampshire Church. It had probably once been a fabric of some beauty, for the doorway had a good Early English border, and there were traces of foliage in some fragments of the heads of the windows. The three arches between the chancel and nave were of good outline, but that was all. It must have been cruelly knocked about, for the tracery was gone out of the east window, and was but a compromise in the west. The two bells were in a brown weather-boarded tower at the west end, and were rung from a gallery, where all the young men sat, and protruded their knees through the rails. There was an inner pew railed off for the singers, accompanied by flutes and a bassoon, and the great bass voice belonged to one old John Green, with very marked black eyebrows, which he used to cock up in turn at the most effective parts of his performance, such as in the 95th Psalm (Tate and Brady), when the repetition went on—

“The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to—
Subjected to—
Subjected to Thine Empire lies.”

or again,

“Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Ja—
The pride of Ja—
The pride of Jacob his delight.”

There were two anthems which came on great occasions, of which I can only recollect that one

came out of Isaiah xli., and the other ended with frequent Hallelujahs, which brought every one to their feet who had sat through the rest of the singing.

We sat in a gallery on the north side at right angles to that of the singers, and entered by a door of our own, or rather which we shared with two other occupants of the gallery, and approached by a step ladder outside, studded all over with nails to prevent slipping.

"Law, Ma'am, how do you ever manage with your nice white tails on a wet Sunday?" said Betsy Comely, the female blacksmith, to my mother. But "white tails" were less long then than now (1877).

Our division of the gallery had a bench round it, and was a good deal like a box at a theatre, except that being the first in the row it was enclosed to the height of its book-board on the eastern side.

Even now, I believe, my normal idea of church is as I saw it from a stand on two hassocks in the middle of the pew. To my right was the singing gallery, with the mysterious attraction of John Green's eyebrows; opposite was the door, under a deep picturesque porch with seats on each side of it. Over it inside was the text "My house shall be called," etc. in black with a black line round. Over the chancel arch was "When the wicked man," etc., and over that again in the gable,

resting on a great beam, was the biggest Royal Arms I ever saw. The board on which they were painted could not have been less than five feet square. It bore in its corners the letters W and M, and (I think) the date 1689, and it must have been painted in an ebullition of Orange zeal by one who was not a herald, for no notice was taken of the arms of Nassau, and the shield was quartered England and France above, Ireland and Scotland below, as I never saw elsewhere. The unicorn as usual looked abject in spite of his splendid twisted horn, and the opposite lion hung his tongue out of his mouth like a pug dog. The little fore-shortened lion on top of the crown cost me an immense amount of study.

Outside the chancel arch were the pulpit and reading-desk, the former only to be approached through the latter, beside, not behind it. The Clerk's pew was behind the desk. The Clerk, George Oxford, was not old in years, but crippled with rheumatism. He had a beautiful meek face, and was a most good old man, with a mighty voice, wherewith he used to announce vestry meetings, also, "I hereby give notice that service at this church will be at half-past two as long as the winter days are short."

As soon as the Thanksgiving began, Master Oxford would be heard shuffling and stumping the whole length of the nave, and up the stairs to the gallery, behind our servants' pew. He emerged into

the gallery in time to say "Amen," and making his way across to the singers' division, was landed there by the end, in time to give out the Psalm. In the afternoon the first singing followed the Second Lesson, which gave him a good long time to be on his travels. He stayed with the singers till after the second performance, and then came down again. He could not walk without a stick, but he used to carry a long switch besides to chastise ill behaviour. The children sat on a single line of low backless benches in the aisle, and a plain white marble font was near the west end. Tradition said that it was given by a former clerk, and a rough old stone basin was hidden away under the stairs.

Into the chancel I could not see, except the angles of two great pews, one for the Squire of Cranbury. It had two blue yellow-lettered Tables of Commandments, and the texts from 1 Corinthians about the Holy Eucharist, and a shabby rail. Elderly men chiefly sat on benches outside these pews, and boys on the step. The church was pewed throughout with dark wood, a good deal of it oak, and people's names had at one time been painted on the doors. Mrs. Dear's was on that where our servants sat, the most horrible cupboard of all under the gallery.

In this church, service was once on Sunday, alternately morning and afternoon. The bells were set going when the clergyman was seen at the turn of the lane. My father, when newly

arrived, asked what time it would be, and was answered, "At half-past ten or eleven, sir, or else at no time at all." This did not mean that there would be none, but that it would be at no regular marked hour.

There had been no resident clergyman for many years past. Bishop John de Pontissara gave the great tithes of Hursley to the Chapter at Winchester, and then added the little parish of Otterbourne to the Vicarage of Hursley. The patronage went with Hursley Park, and belonged to the Heathcote family. Archdeacon Gilbert Heathcote was then the Vicar, and either he or his curate used to ride over for service on Sunday. I have heard old women speak of standing out to catch him when there was need of a private baptism.

I cannot definitely remember the church-going in those days, only that my father used to walk to one of the neighbouring parishes for a second service, and my mother to read the Psalms and lessons with her Sunday School. I went so early to church that I cannot recollect the first time, though I have a dim remembrance of picking out the capitals in the Prayer-Book before I could read, which I know I could do at four years old. The first clergyman I really recollect in church was the first resident curate, the Rev. Robert Shuckburgh, who came to live here either in the last years of the Archdeacon, or the first years of his son, the

Rev. Gilbert Wall Heathcote. Mr. Shuckburgh was a very good but very odd man. He pronounced all his vowels *aa* alike—like Titus Oates in *Peperil of the Peak*—to my sorrow, for I caught it off him, and for many years never could understand why people laughed at my way of speaking. He never went to the altar for the Ante-Communion, but read it in the reading-desk. Then he used to take off his surplice in the desk, hang it over the connecting door, and reveal the black gown below, in which he mounted the pulpit. It must have been in 1826 that my mother began her Sunday School. It was in operation when I first remember anything, but recent, and held in a cottage room, where she taught chiefly from Mrs. Trimmer, and Crossman's *Questions on the Church Catechism*. Some of her first scholars are still alive, and talk of her affectionately. The only weekly school was kept on the hill by an old dame, Mrs. Yates, exactly like Shenstone's village schoolmistress, who used to sit in her chimney corner, in a black silk Quaker-shaped bonnet (the regular garb for old women), a buff handkerchief folded over her dark blue gown, and a rod in her hand. She taught nothing, and was incapable of improvement.¹ One day my mother was looking at an odd bit of ground, originally, the roadway which led into one of the fields that had been thrown into our lawn ;

¹ Miss Yonge reproduces this early state of things in her tale *The Carbonels*.

she exclaimed, "I wish I could build a school here." "So you shall," said grandmamma, and it was done. Not such a school as government would require now; it was contrived by my father, and had mud walls cemented over a brick floor, and was of only one story, a tiny bedroom and kitchen being joined on behind. The mistress, poor woman, was an old servant of Mrs. Heathcote's, who had, like Katharine of Aragon, married, or thought she married, two brothers, and had been cast off by the second. She had pretty black eyes, a bad leg, and nice manners, and was ludicrously incapable of keeping order; but she could teach reading and needle-work, and there was a fiction that those who paid 3d. per week learnt writing and arithmetic; but my life-long friend and servant, Harriet Spratt, who was one of her scholars, says that all *her* sums were done for her by a clever girl called Sarah Simmonds. The Sunday teaching was my mother's, and though she had to feel her way and teach herself, many a woman still goes back to what "Mrs. Yonge told me," and it has been referred to on death-beds.

The parish was agricultural, of between 600 and 700 inhabitants, and divided into about six chief farms, the land and houses being held on all sorts of tenures, chiefly of Magdalen College, Oxford. Mrs. Bargus and her daughter were warned when they first came, "Have nothing to do with the Otterbourne poor, they are a most ungrateful set."

This has certainly not been the family experience, now verging on sixty years. But the people had till then been entirely neglected. The old poor law had absolutely discouraged much industry and independence, and from what I remember there must have been a very low standard of morality and decency.¹ There was a "poor-house" which was a receptacle for all that would not or could not support itself, containing a family of nine with a lazy father, and an old man named Strong who used to profess to eat vipers, and beg for a bit of bacon to cook them with; also other very rough and far from respectable inmates who used to revile one another when any gift was bestowed on one. Few of the elders of the parish could read, and it was still easy never to learn.

But there were very good people among the poor even then, who had gone on quietly, and were thankful for help. Some regular church-goers there were, and I never heard anything like the kind of natural chant in which their voices swelled in the responses.

Such were the surroundings in which my father had been set down in all the vigour of twenty-seven. He was a remarkably handsome man, nearly six feet high, and very strong, with dark keen eyes, with the most wonderful power both for sweetness and for sternness that I ever knew. Watt's line

¹ The standard of morality in Otterbourne is far above that of an average village now (1902).

“He keeps me by His eye” is almost explained to me by the power those eyes had over me. I loved their approval and their look of affection, and dreaded their displeasure more than anything else. Even now, when for twenty-three years they have been closed, to think of their beaming smile seems to me to recall my greatest happiness, of their warning glance my chief dread and shame.

He was grave, and external observers feared him, and thought him stern, but oh, how tender he could be, how deeply and keenly he felt!

His great characteristic was thoroughness. He could not bear to do anything, or see anything done by halves. “Be not ignorant of anything in a great matter or a small,” and “Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things,” always seem to me to be his mottoes.

Whatever he took in hand, he carried out to the utmost and was undaunted in the pursuit, whether it was the building of a church, the fortification of Portsmouth, or the lining of a work-box, or the teaching his little girl to write. All alike he did with all his might; and when busy in really important works, he would still give his whole attention for the time being to the smallest feminine commissions at the county town.

A religious man from his youth up according to the old orthodoxy, he was always under strong self-discipline, far sterner to himself than to others,

giving up indulgences and pleasures without a word, and sacrificing his own comfort and enjoyment continually, as I now see, though I little guessed it then. An eager sportsman and fisherman, he dropped both shooting and fishing except on his holidays in Devonshire, because he thought they wasted time, and he wished not to awaken the passion for them in his son. The yearly visits to Devon, the delight of his heart, were sacrificed while the church building absorbed his spare means; he gave up snuff (which was to men then what smoking is now), because he thought it a selfish indulgence; he was most abstemious, drinking only water in hopes of averting hereditary gout; and busy and hard-worked as he came to be, he never had a sitting-room to himself, while his dressing-room was as severely confined to the absolute necessities of life as a Spartan could wish. Withal he was a great buyer of books and fancier of bindings, collected engravings, and had earlier in life bought a few valuable pictures, which at this time were still in the keeping of his mother at Plymouth, partly because he would not strip her of them, and partly because Mrs. Bergus, who had had a narrower education, would have thought them an extravagant purchase; and out of the same consideration for her, he kept out of sight his later acquisition of *La Musée Napoleonne*, four huge volumes of engravings from the Louvre of the First Empire.

Always kind and considerate and forbearing to

the weak, he got on perfectly well with grand-mamma, who was always mistress of the house. When I first remember him, the real work of his life had not been found, and he was employing himself as his active mind could best find occupation—carpentering, gardening, and getting the little bit of farm into order; also acting as parish doctor, for before the new poor law, medical advice was almost inaccessible to the poor. There was supposed to be a parish doctor, but as he had no pay he never attended to any one even seriously ill, and for slight ailments there was no one. So with knowledge refreshed by his brother James, and the family medical instinct, also with Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and a *Pharmacopœia*, he and my mother doctored the parish, ay, and their children's little maladies, quite successfully.¹ The cure that my mother used to boast of was of a certain old Littlefield whom the doctor had visited, but did nothing for, so his daughter came saying, "Dr. Lyford said he could do nothing for un, for his liver wasn't no bigger than a pigeon's egg, but they might give him an imposing draught."

The "imposing draught" sent him was a dose of calomel, etc., and he lived at least ten years after. My mother was—as I always remember her, for she altered little—a small woman, with very small

¹ This is a very fine picture of making the best of circumstances, but an outsider must feel that the arrangements were very hard on the clever young officer of twenty-seven.

delicate hands and feet, and fine-grained skin, but a want of clearness of complexion, soft but scanty brown hair, dark blue eyes, a very perfectly made mouth, an aquiline nose, and a contour of face resembling both those of Princess Charlotte and of the Queen.¹ She never had good health, and was capable of little exertion in the way of walking, though her mind and energies were most active, and she could not bear to be a minute idle, knitting almost as quickly and unconsciously as she breathed, reading while she worked, and always earnest in some pursuit. She was always nervous, timid, and easily frightened, and though she controlled herself, excitement told in after illness. Her tears were near the surface, and so were her smiles. She was full of playfulness and mirth, but most eager and enthusiastic, yet always within due bounds ; she studied and thought a good deal, and was an ever ready assistant in all my father's plans, comprehending rapidly, delighted to work with and for him, and in fact a perfect companion and helpmeet to him. She used to say how much happier her married life was than her childhood had ever been, and I fancy she was much younger at thirty than she had been at fifteen.²

Grandmamma was a very pretty little old woman ; I do not think her daughter had ever been so pretty. She grew smaller with age, and had a light, firm

¹ I have heard it said that Miss Yonge was like Queen Victoria.

² This nervous temperament was inherited by her daughter.

step, with which she was always trotting about, ordering dinner, putting out stores from a store-room in the attics, feeding her chickens, cutting cabbages and thrusting them in at cottage windows, conversing with old women, always cheery and kind, and, I think, the most beloved and popular of all the family. She used to be familiar with everybody, and talk over the counter to the shopkeepers in a way that stuck-up youth could not bear, but she was a perfect lady, held her own, and was much looked up to. I remember old Jacob the bookseller, a fine white-haired old man, coming out quite in a transport when she drew up at his shop door at Winchester, after a long absence.

These were the immediate surroundings which I first recollect. I do not recollect so far back as some people do. I have a hazy remembrance of a green spelling-book, and the room where I read a bit of it to some unaccustomed person. It must have been while I was very young, for I could read to myself at four years old, and I perfectly recollect the pleasure of finding I could do so, kneeling by a chair on which was spread a beautiful quarto edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, whose pictures I was looking at while grandmamma read the newspaper aloud to my mother. I know the page, in the midst of the shipwreck narrative, where to my joy I found myself making out the sense.

Otherwise I can hardly date my earlier recollections. Mine was too happy and too uneventful

a childhood to have many epochs, and it has only one sharp line of era in it, namely, my brother's birth when I was six and a half. I can remember best by what happened before, and what happened after.

Young parents of much ability and strong sense of duty were sure to read and think much of the education of an only child, as I was for so long. The Edgeworth system (as I now know) chiefly influenced them, though modified by religion and good sense. It was not spoiling. There was nothing to make me think myself important; I was repressed when I was troublesome, made to be obedient or to suffer for it, and was allowed few mere indulgences in eating and drinking, and no holidays. And yet I say it deliberately, that except for my occasional longings for a sister, no one ever had a happier or more joyous childhood than mine. I have since had reason to know that I was a very pretty and clever child, or at any rate that my mother thought me so, but I really never knew whether I was not ugly. I know I thought myself so, and I was haunted occasionally by doubts whether I were not deficient, till I was nearly grown up. My mother said afterwards that I once asked her if I was pretty, and she replied that all young creatures were, *i.e.* the little pigs. Once when some one praised my chestnut curls, I set every one laughing by replying indignantly, "You flatter me," having my head full of the flattering lady in Miss Edgeworth's *Frank*. Great hazel eyes, and thick, rich, curling hair, cut

rather short, were my best points, for my skin was always brown, and never had much colour.¹

My nature was eager, excitable, and at that time passionate. The worst passions I remember were excited by a housemaid named Sarah, who used to sit at work in the nursery, and beg my nurse Mason to repeat "the last dying speech and confession of poor Puss," in *Original Poems*, because I could not bear that doleful ditty, and used to stamp and roll on the floor to put a stop to it. Sarah was very good-natured though, she gave me a doll, and when I made a flight of steps to jump down—a chest of drawers, a chair, and a stool—she followed my lead, and jumped with such effect that all the legs of the stool spread out flat on the floor. I think it was found out that she was not a safe companion for me, for she did not stay long.

My nursery would frighten a modern mother. It was like a little passage room, at the back of the house, with a birch-tree just before the window, a wooden crib for me, and a turn-up press bed for my nurse; and it also answered the purpose of work-room for the maids. But I did not live much in it. I was one of the family breakfast party, and dined at luncheon so early that I cannot remember when I began, and never ate in the nursery except my supper. Breakfast and supper were alike dry bread and milk. I so much disliked the hot bowl

¹ The self-distrust engendered by this mode of education was a drawback to Charlotte through life.

of boiled milk and cubes of bread that I was allowed to have mine separately, but butter was thought unwholesome, and I believe it would have been so, for I never have been able to eat it regularly. As to eggs, ham, jam, and all the rest, no one dreamt of giving them to children. Indeed my mother made a great point of never letting me think that it was any hardship to see other people eating of what I did not partake, and I have been grateful for the habits she gave me ever since.

I remember my indignation when a good-natured housemaid, who thought me cruelly treated, brought up a plateful of slices with the buttered side turned downwards. With conscious pride and honour, I denounced the deceit. I wonder whether the strict obedience edified her, or whether she thought me a horrid little ungrateful tell-tale.¹

I was a great chatterbox at all times, and got a great many snubs. One which I do not remember was from Dr. Thomas Vowler Short, then Rector of Kingsworthy, who was dining at our house, and in the firelight before dinner said, "Little girls should be seen and not heard. Now I hear a little girl, but I don't see her." I believe Mr. Keble, then Curate of Hursley, was at that party, and that Dr. Short, who was strangely like a hedgehog, put out all his prickles, and tried to tease the poet by declaring that he could not think what was to be admired in a rose, etc. But I do not remember

¹ It was a very characteristic proceeding.

them at this time, nor much of any visitors, except that Mr. Griffiths, a brother-officer of my father, used to carry me on his shoulder to gather laburnum and lilacs; and another, Captain Bentham, tried to teach me to sing—

I've been roaming, I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
I'm returning, I'm returning
With its pearls upon my feet.

He signally failed, as did every one else who tried to impart any music to me.

Sir John Colborne was sent out as Governor of Canada, and came to take leave April 5, 1828, but all I recollect is the long legs in white trousers of his eldest son James, who accompanied him.

My great world was indoors with my dolls, who were my children and my sisters; out of doors with an imaginary family of ten boys and eleven girls who lived in an arbour.¹ My chief doll, a big wooden one, Miss Eliza by name, was a prize for hemming my first handkerchief. The said handkerchief had on it the trial of Queen Caroline, weeping profusely in a hat and feathers, and was presented to my contemporary cousin Duke, at Puslinch, where it survived for many years as a bag.

There were about sixteen dolls, large wooden, small wax, and tiny Dutch, who used to be set on chairs along the nursery, and do their lessons when I had finished mine. They did not come down-

¹ From these children sprang the Mohuns, Mays, and Merrifields.

stairs except by special permission, and when left about in the drawing-room were put into what was called the pillory, a place boarded between the balusters at the turn of the staircase, whence they were not released till the next morning.

The two ungratified wishes of those days were for a large wax doll, and a china doll's service. I was seriously told the cost, and that it was not right to spend so much money on a toy when so many were in need of food and clothes.

It was absolutely true that my father and mother had very little ready money, and that they did spend as much as they possibly could on the many needs of the poor. No doubt this gave the lesson reality, for it has always served me as a warning against selfish personal expenditure.

My only real trouble was terrors just like what other solitary or imaginative children have—horrors of darkness, fancies of wolves, one most gratuitous alarm recurring every night of being smothered like the Princes in the Tower, or blown up with gunpowder. In the daylight I knew it was nonsense, I would have spoken of it to no one, but the fears at night always came back.

I knew nothing of ghosts, no one ever mentioned them to me, but the nervous fright could not have been more even if I had been nurtured on them. But I am an arrant coward by nature, both physically and morally, and confess myself to have been always one of those who "die a thousand deaths" in

imagination, and suffer all manner of anticipations of evil for self and friends.¹

A certain Lord Boringdon, son of Lord Morley, was killed by a beard of barley getting into his throat. I was told of this as a warning when I was biting bits of grass, and for many years *really* thought my uvula was such a bit of grass and would be the death of me.²

I will just copy here the notes I find in an old agenda of my mother's on my studies and progress in this period.

Jan. 7, 1828.—Charlotte began *Fabulous Histories* (i.e. Mrs. Trimmer's *Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy*). I loved them, though the book is one of the former generation—pale type, long s's, ct joined together. I have it still).

Jan. 27.—"Why did Pharaoh think his dreams were alike when one was about cattle, and the other about cows?" C. "Because the fat ate up the lean of both." "Was there anything else in which they were alike?" C. "Oh why, mamma, seven and seven."

July 5.—Charlotte said, "Mamma, how do the men that write the newspaper know of all the things that occur?" (*N.B.*—I had a passion for fine words.)

¹ She once said that Mr. Keble told her that "forecasting" was the price she had to pay for having an imagination.

² Many children brought up with Plymouth servants knew and feared this tradition.

Aug. 3.—Ch. began *Sandford and Merton*. (This means for lessons.)

Sept. 11.—Charlotte saw a picture of the Fire King some time ago at the Southampton Gallery, and to-day she said she thought if he rode in a wax chariot he would be melted.

Sept. 26.—Asked C. why Miss Blunder was laughed at for saying that if she went to France it should be by land. She answered, "Why, mamma, she couldn't make a 'waal of waater.'"

Dec. 19.—C. began Rollin's *Ancient History* (It lasted me *years*, but it was excellent for me; I am very glad I read so real a book.)

Dec. 28.—Sunday. C. began Trimmer's *Sacred History*.

March 20.—It is noted that C. has done since the 1st of August 1016 lessons; 537 very well, 442 well, 37 badly. Reading, spelling, poetry, one hour every day; geography, arithmetic, grammar, twice a week; history and catechism, once.

Steady work this for a mother to have gone through in six months. The computation was from a card on which a mark was put for each lesson; I had prizes accordingly. Writing was deferred from a theory that it would cramp my hand to begin so soon.

The real zest and joy of existence to me was, however, in the yearly visit to Devonshire. I was happy at home, but it was with calm, solitary happiness; there no one but myself was a native

of the land of childhood. The dear home people gave me all they could, but they could not be children themselves, and oh, the bliss of that cousinland to me !

We used to go every autumn, all but grand-mamma, in the chariot with post-horses, sleeping either one or two nights on the road. The chariot was yellow, sulphur yellow, lined with dark blue, with yellow blinds and horrid blue and yellow lace. I was always giddy, often sick, in a close carriage, and the very sight of that blue and yellow lace made me worse, but it was willingly endured for the joys beyond. And there were delights. Papa read me the *Perambulations of a Mouse* on one of those journeys. Then there was a game in which each counted the animals at the windows on each side, and the first to reach 100 was the winner, or the game was gained by the sight of a cat looking out of the window. In the sword-case we carried our provision of hard eggs, biscuits, and, as it was called from a mistake of mine, "spotted meat." We used to eat this in the middle of the day, and have a mutton-chop tea generally at Honiton. Then what interest there was in rattling up to an inn-door and having our tired horses led off, while we watched for the next pair ridden by a spruce post-boy, either in a blue or a yellow jacket, white hat, corduroys, and top boots.

At last we turned down Sheepstor hill, and, while dragging down the steepest part, over the

low wall came the square house in sight if we came by day, or if late, the lights glancing in the windows. Mamma used to tell of my 'shriek of ecstasy at the sight, and even now, at the very thought, my heart swells as if it *must* bound at the sight, though so many of those who made it glad are passed away.

I feel the gales that from thee blow,
A momentary bliss bestow.

There, when the tall front door had once opened, was all I longed for at home—the cousins who have been all my life more than cousins, almost brothers and sisters to me.

I have said nothing of Uncle and Aunt Yonge (as I was taught to call them) since their marriage. They had devoted themselves to their parish and their children. Uncle Yonge refused all the squire side of life, and lived as a hard-working clergyman, far in advance of his neighbours' notions of duty. Aunt Yonge was of homely tastes, and almost ascetic nature as to gaiety or ornament. But how happy a home it was; how thoroughly good principles and deep religious feeling were infused; how bright it was!¹ Some of the other cousins called Uncle Yonge "the father of fun," and no one enjoyed seeing innocent happiness more.

Their full number of children was ten: John, the eldest, died at four years old; Alethea, a

¹ "Uncle Yonge" was her father's first cousin. "Aunt Yonge" was Alethea Bargus, her mother's half-sister.



W. Albert Cockerell ph. sc.

*John Yonge
From a portrait in the possession of
John Yonge Esq. of Rushinch.*

bright-complexioned, dear, joyous creature, born in 1815, used to seem to me at an awful distance. James was a kind, special patron of mine; we used to call one another Jemmy Jummy, and Charlotte Shummy. It was related that immediately after our arrival once I was seen exalted on a locker, with my uncle's bands on, preaching. Each mother was shocked at her sister's permitting such irreverence, but thought she would not begin by blame the first moment, then found out that it was an access of mischief which had seized us in the excitement of meeting. I suppose we were rather wild, for we broke a window together.

Mary, a stout, strong, helpful girl, seemed to me one of the far-off elders. Jane—dear little neat-handed Jenny—was more on my horizon, but was so quiet, and removed from all roughness as to be almost an elder. Then came Johnnie, fair, aquiline-nosed like the Bargus's, the family pickle, audacious, mischievous, and unmanageable. He it was who, when tied to the great four-post bed in the nursery, dragged it across the room. He it was who said to the little under-nurse, "I don't like Kitty's black bonnet," and threw it into the fire. He it was who was the author of all daring mischief. He had a sullen, rather whiny temper too, and his mother treated him with unwearied patience. My father once asked my uncle whether it was not vain wasting of my aunt's strength to sit quietly enduring the endless whine and dawdle

of Johnnie over his lessons. Uncle Yonge answered that it had been the same with Alethea, and that her mother's patience had so perfectly succeeded that he had always resolved not to interfere.

Duke, two months older than I, was a pretty boy with dark soft eyes and lashes. I have a dim remembrance of those two in nankeen frocks, and a more distinct one of them in "monkey suits," with jacket and waistcoat all in one, and trousers fastened over, and white frilled collars—very hideous dress. Poor Duke, always gentle and timid, had had an inflammation on the lungs, and was too delicate to be turned loose among us little tyrants. I am afraid I joined with Johnnie in teasing him, and so did even the younger Anne. My dear, dear Anne, whom I loved always with all my heart! She was born on Alethea's birthday, the 28th of March, with exactly ten years between them, and was Alethea's special child. She was square and strong, though at six weeks old she had nearly died of the whooping-cough—in fact, was all but dead, when Dr. Yonge opened a vein in her foot which relieved her. She had a wonderful pair of hazel eyes, and was full of spirit and enterprise, which made her the *mauvais sujet* of the nursery, on whom everybody's faults were laid, while she had plenty of her own.

These four were the special world of Puslinch to me; Edmund Charles, born on my birthday in 1827, and Frances Elizabeth two years later, were not

yet come to the age of companionship. Indeed what I first recollect was babyish enough. There was one wet Sunday when all we children were left in the house alone together all day, all downwards from Mary, and with the addition of Uncle Duke's daughter, Alethea.¹ The elder ones made a tower with chairs shutting off the recessed dining-room windows—Anne and I coupled together in one house. They shut the shutters when it was to be night, and opened them for day, and went about distributing provisions in the morning. Another sport of those days was making shops in the recesses of the study, when Mary, hanging up a triangular pincushion, uttered the splendid impromptu—

Hang it up to make a show,
And cut off every one's great toe,

which was considered such an effort of genius that it became a by-word. I remember too kneeling in the moonlight from the great windows and pretending to gather it into our bosoms, the only poetical thing we ever did.

Our next stage after Puslinch was Plymouth. There "grandmamma with a stick" lived with Aunt Anne at Mount Pleasant, whence one long garden ran down to Uncle James's house in the Crescent. In this house there were three children—James, a few months older than myself, Eleanora, and Edward, the last born in 1827. Jemmy was, it

¹ Duke Yonge of Antony in Cornwall.

seems to me, my greatest cousin friend ; we used to play in the garden, walk together on the Hoe and on the slip of beach below that then was fit for children to enjoy, and confide to each other our views of life. Then on Sundays we went to church at St. Andrew's Chapel, a wonderful building. It was a parallelogram, with such windows and ornaments in the Greek honeysuckle pattern sticking up like ears at the top ! The pews in the central block were deal, painted white, narrow beyond belief, up to the neck of even grown up people, and provided with ingenious sloping traps to prevent any one from kneeling down. In one of these suffocating pews I—a little creature of five or six—once fainted, or nearly so, and my father made me a stool to stand on so as to bring my head within reach of air, and left it to Jemmy when we went away. There was evening service there, and once I went to it in a sedan-chair with grandmamma, who always went thus at night, though I think by day she walked with an arm.

From Plymouth we always went on to Antony, Uncle Duke's home, on the other side of the Torpoint ferry across the Tamar. There was no steam ferry in those days, one went in an open boat. There was a big ferry-boat to take horses, and in this grandmamma used to cross, not getting out of her carriage because of her lameness, but my mother did not like the crossing with the horses, so we always went in another boat. I remember our

rowing once under the *San Josef*, one of the Trafalgar prizes, and looking up as it rose, like a mighty castle above us.

But there was one crossing rather late on an autumn day, when the water was rough, and a lady with us cried out, "We shall all be upset," when I shrieked out gleefully, "Oh then we shall catch a fish." It is odd that I cannot in the least recollect this, though I do remember how, having been sent on with the maids to walk while my father and mother waited for the carriage, we were overtaken in the dark and picked up, and I made every one laugh again by saying "I'm as wet as a shag."

I was not as happy at Antony as at Puslinch or Plymouth. The cousins were all much older except Arthur, who was only two or three years above me, and teasing was the family fashion. Cordelia, the eldest daughter, was really grown up, and the other, Alethea, then called Missy, a very handsome, dark, high-spirited creature, seven years older than I, appropriated me as a plaything, domineered over me, and dragged me about till I felt like the ploughman whom the giant's daughter stole for her toy. Jane, of Puslinch, coming here for part of our stay, did something to protect me, being more used to small children than Missy, but it must have been great discomfort, for I remember some time after we had been at home again mamma explaining forgiveness, as what I ought to feel as to Missy's teasing of me.

There were dark cupboards too, and a mysterious door where something was supposed to live, and cracks in the old plaster which Arthur used to tell me betokened that the house would fall. And in the distance was seen a tower called Trematon Castle, where wedged into some narrow place the skeleton of a cat had been found with the skeleton of a mouse in her mouth. Somehow my flesh crept at Antony, and I was in terror both of body and mind.

Still there were charms. The nursery was papered from ceiling to floor with pictures cut out of nursery-books. The nurse, Jane Blackler, had some purple and gold plates which we thought the *ne plus ultra* of beauty, and above all there was Whitsand Bay, about a mile and a half off. It was then a really solitary bit of waste, a cliff descending from a field. There was a rough path leading to an exquisite beach of white sand, over which curled and dashed waves from the Atlantic, bringing in razor shells, tellinas of a delicate pink, cockles, and mactras. It was the most delicious place that I ever knew, and to this hour a windy night will make me dream of the roll and dash of its waves and the delight of those sands.

Then "Uncle and Aunt Duke" were very kind, merry, engaging people, who loved to promote happiness, and lived such an easy-going scrambling life that they were said to be found dining at any hour from eleven to eight o'clock.

Antony was our farthest point, thence we worked back to Puslinch, the happiest place of all, and the most free from all teasing or quarrelling. Such teasing as there was was very mild. It consisted in exasperating me by calling Otterbourne Hoberton, which I received as an insult, and in terrifying me by rattling the shot belts in the study. Also in tormenting Duke by calling him "Sweet Honey," because he particularly disliked it.

The visit of 1829 ended in a dinner-party, of which my personal share was following Johnnie in a raid on the sweet things when they came out of the dining-room.

In the morning came the half-understood tidings that my aunt had become very unwell in the course of the evening, and had been found to have the measles. My mother had never had them, so she and I were instantly sent off without seeing another person in the house to Yealmpton, where lived my Uncle Yonge's mother, old Mrs. Yonge of Puslinch, with her daughter, Marianne, and son, Edmund, the sailor. She was very deaf, and I used to call her "grandmamma with the trumpet," and think I had three grandmamas.

Their house on a steep sloping hill-side was little more than a cottage, with a terrace and a delightful garden running down into an orchard, and then to a green gate opening into a meadow, with the Yealm running through it. But kind

as Aunt Marianne was, it was a banishment, and we were only released from quarantine to go home as soon as it was certain we had no disease about us.

Meantime my aunt had barely recovered before her youngest child sickened. All the nine had it one by one, and the fire was not out in her bedroom for six weeks, while she nursed them all there. They all recovered, though I fancy there was some permanent harm done to Frances, but my aunt never did shake off the effects; I don't know the exact nature of her illness, but I think it was some affection of spine or brain, for she never was well again, lay on her bed for a year, and was thought to be relieved by constantly having an issue in her back. Still she was the wise, efficient, all-ruling mother. Her eldest daughter, Alethea, became her father's out-of-doors companion and active manager. Mary, at twelve or thirteen, developed her wonderful powers as a nurse, soon took the nurse Harvey's place in the daily dressing of the back, and began that precious ministry in which her life has been spent, yet without losing the spirits of her age.



Ball, pinx.

Walker & Gocherell, del. sc.

*Frances Mary Yonge
and Julian Bergus Yonge
From a portrait in the possession of
Miss Helen Yonge at Eastleigh*

CHAPTER III

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ON the 31st of January 1830 came the greatest event of my life: my only brother was born. He came with rather short notice, and I remember the being left in the dark in my crib and the puzzled day that ensued. I believe my mother would not have me know the fact till she could see me herself, and soon after breakfast my father took me out to walk across the down to Twyford. There was a deep snow, I had not been properly equipped to encounter it, and though he carried me part of the way I arrived with bitterly cold hands, and when brought to the fire first knew the sensation of aching with cold.

The fire was at the Rev. Charles Shipley's. He had just come to live in a house of his own with his charming wife, and his children about my own age. Anna Maria and Conway Shipley were the first friends I had besides my cousins, so that in every way that cold day was an era.

When I came home, well wrapped up by kind Mrs. Shipley, I was allowed to hear of my brother, and

to see him. I wished him to be called Alexander Xenophon, but was not allowed to hear his name till his christening, when it proved to be Julian Bargas, the first of which had been chosen from the Duke pedigree, when it was brought out to suggest a name for Edmund Charles.

It may mark the ebb-tide of church-like customs that Mr. Shuckburgh had just found out that christenings ought to be after the Second Lesson, and wanted to begin with him ; but Mr. Shuckburgh was so uncertain and queer that there was no certainty that he would ever have done the same again, and it was feared that it would be thought a showing off of "the young squire," as the poor women called him. So he was christened on a week-day, with Mr. and Mrs. Shipley and my father representing his sponsors, the uncle and aunt at Puslinch and Richard Bogue. Both he and I were christened by Mr. Westcombe, who was so afraid of forgetting the sex of the child that he compromised matters by calling both sexes "it."

The regular lesson life soon began again, the chief novelty being that my father undertook to teach me to write, thinking that a free hand would be of great service in drawing. He made me write, not pot-hooks, but huge S S S in chalk on a slate, without resting finger, wrist, or even arm. Between incapacity and carelessness I shed many tears over the process, but I gained much ease from it, and even now I feel the benefit in the manner of holding

pen and hand, which saves me much cramping and fatigue. From that time he began to teach me some part of my studies. He was the most exact of teachers, and required immense attention and accuracy, growing rather hot and loud when he did not meet with it, but rewarding real pains with an approval that was always to me the sweetest of pleasures. Being an innate sloven and full of lazy inaccuracy I provoked him often and often, and often was sternly spoken to, and cried heartily, but I had a Jack-in-the-box temper, was up again in a moment, and always loved and never feared my work with him. So we rubbed on with increasing comfort in working together, well deserved by his wonderful patience and perseverance.¹

That summer of 1830 he was called to the death-bed of his brother Charles at Eton. Charles Yonge was the chief scholar of the family, and as full of fun as his brother Duke, not tall and dark like the others, but slender and light-complexioned. After going through Eton and King's, he had become a master at Eton, and was greatly looked up to. Bishops Selwyn and Harold Browne and the Rev. Edward Coleridge had been among his pupils, and always spoke as if they owed infinitely much to him. He had married Elizabeth Lord, a Welsh lady, of very quick temper, and not inclined to welcome his brothers and sisters. But we had paid

¹ The impression produced on onlookers was of great sternness and severity.

them one visit which I dimly recollected, chiefly because we saw a quagga, a kangaroo, and a lovely white peacock at a little museum at Sandpit Gate, belonging to Windsor Park. I wish I did recollect my uncle, for I am sure he was as charming as Uncle Duke. He would have been headmaster, and had designs for improvements of the system, but he fell into a decline. It was at the same time that George IV. was dying, and Sir Henry Halford came from one to the other. My father went backwards and forwards between Eton and Otterbourne, and used to sit in the dining-room with my mother after grandmamma had gone away for her nap, and talk over what had passed. I was allowed to stay, and many strange misty notions I gathered of my aunt's odd ways, when no one thought I understood.

Everything concerning the patient himself was calm and beautiful. There is a minute account of these last days, worked out from the letters of Duke, Charlotte, and William,¹ who were all there during his illness. On his death his widow kept on the house as a Dame, and Mr. Edward Coleridge, who had lately become a master, undertook gratis the tuition of his sons.

That summer was further diversified by the measles. My father had no confidence in the Winchester apothecaries, and doctored us through it himself alone—yes, and nursed too. I remember

¹ Her aunt, uncle, and father.

his sleeping on the floor in my little room and rising up to give me draughts. He was the best nurse I ever came under, with his tenderness and strength. He read me the *Pilgrim's Progress* out of Southey's edition when I was recovering, and on many Sundays—and how I loved it.

Then grandmamma brought me from Winchester a doll of a sort then new with leathern bodies and papier-maché heads. It was the largest and best doll I had ever had, and as I lay in bed with my hand over my treasure, my mother made it clothes. I can recall the pattern of those frocks now. "Anna" was more the doll of my heart than any other, and she came when the old establishment had been routed, the big wooden Eliza having been thought dangerous to the baby.

Eliza's fate is really worth recording. There came to the Sunday School a certain Marianne Windus in the charge of a little aunt, who could not prevent her from bursting into violent crying fits at church. She was promised "Miss Eliza" for her own if three Sundays were passed without a cry. Dolls were rare among poor people then, and the magnificent prospect proved successful. The girl had in process of time eleven brothers and sisters, and some sixteen or eighteen years after we saw the youngest of them hugging the stump of Miss Eliza, without a rag upon her, paintless, hairless, eyeless, noseless, the last wreck of doll-anity, but still caressed! Poor Marianne Windus, she was

my first school-child love, but she drifted quite out of sight, and I fear did not turn out well.

In the autumn we went into Devon, and there were much better times to me on the road, for the nurse, Maria Mason, went inside with mamma and the baby, and I was exalted to the box in company with my father. Oh, the felicity of sitting there with him! How he explained some things and made fun of others; how he told me stories, of which I above all remember "Bel and the Dragon," and the history of his old magpie who was cured of sucking eggs by having one filled with mustard! When my incessant chatter may have grown beyond bearing he changed places with Mason, and then the fun was to play at games, and especially Button, made by the mouth pursed up till the incitements of the other party forced it gradually to expand into a laughing buttonhole.

In the course of this year little Eleanor and Edward at the Crescent had both died on the same day. Only Jemmy was left, and it was the last time I saw him. In the winter he fell into an atrophy, and wasted away. He begged for the Holy Communion before his death, and it was sad not to grant it to him, but he was thought *then* to understand his Catechism *too* literally. He had talked of me, and of some curiosities he had to show me when I came. His poor mother put them aside for me, but never

could bear to part with them till long after, when I was grown up. Poor thing, she gave way entirely to her grief, she wore mourning for life, never went anywhere but to church, shut herself up from everybody, and could not bear the sight of a child. I, as Jemmy's playfellow, was specially dreaded, and never saw her again till I was grown too old to be a painful reminder.

It was very sad for my uncle. He was too good a man to be alienated, but the effects of the great grief, and the dreariness and desolation at home, showed themselves in the short sharp hurried manner that grew on him, and his rapidity of speech. To his patients he was most tender. He fairly loved many of them, and they were enthusiastic about him, but otherwise he was so quick, trenchant, and incisive as to be alarming. He delighted in paintings, and had two pet artists at Plymouth—Johns, always painting the exquisite blue sea and sky at Mount Edgcumbe, and Condry, who shone in figures and interiors. Once, as Johns¹ could never do a tolerable figure, Uncle James made Condry put a picnic into one of his pictures, but the lobsters and pies came out so heavy and out of keeping that they had to be taken out again.

Uncle James further tried to fill the void in his heart by speculation. The Delabole slate

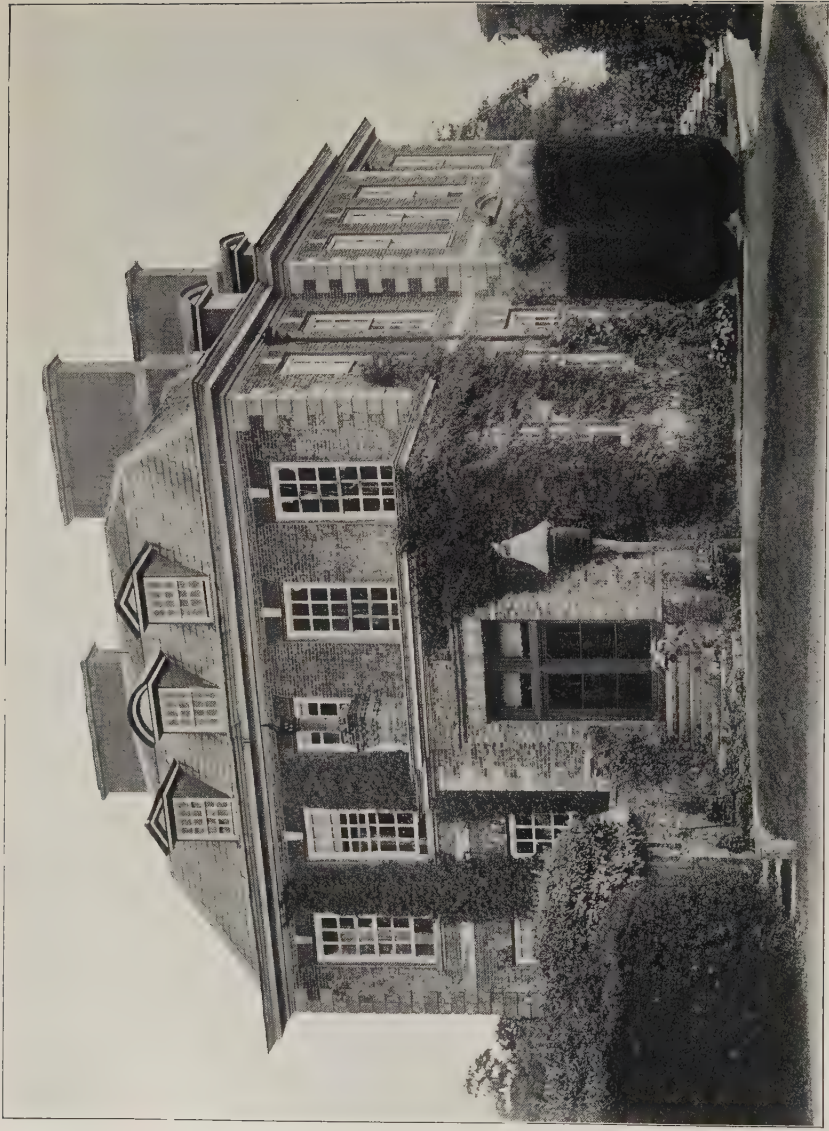
¹ The father of the Rev. Charles Johns, author of *Flowers of the Field*, and other books on natural history.

mines, and a sugar-refining process with bullock's blood, also some patent paint were the chief that I remember, but the two brothers never met without there being some new scheme taken up by James with passionate ardour, and eagerly laid before William.

At one time there was a saying that he was going to be rich enough to have golden nails to the Crescent, but of course the speculations went their usual course. He was nevertheless immensely respected at Plymouth, and at one time was entreated to stand for the Conservative interest there, but he would not hear of it, and assisted Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) instead, actually bringing him in. Aunt Margaret's grey parrot used to cry "Palmer for ever! Master's a Tory!"

But I have gone on too fast, for the first political event I remember at all was the Reform Bill, and the mournful predictions my uncles used to make about it, till I expected to see a repetition of the Reign of Terror. "Heathcote and Chute" for Hampshire was the first election I remember, Sir William Heathcote being then a slender, youthful-looking, handsome man, with a face like the description of Claverhouse's, and an appearance more like an Eton boy than a man of thirty-one or thirty-two.

We were in Devonshire when the great agricultural riots took place. Mrs. Bargus was alone at Otterbourne, and nothing was done to alarm



PUSLINCH.

her. In this part of the country, the labourers paraded in gangs and asked for money at the great houses, but were easily dispersed or turned aside, and offered no violence. The Heathcote children remembered being shut up in a strong-room while the parley went on, but nothing came of it.

In the north of Hants the rick-burning and machine-breaking were much more serious, the military were called out to put the rioters down, and there was a special assize at Winchester for their trial. Two of the ringleaders were Joseph and Robert Mason, brothers to our nurse. They had been well educated, and had so far, it was thought, less excuse, so they were sentenced; but a petition was got up, and they were finally transported for life. Their poor sister was broken-hearted, and I do not think was ever quite the same woman again. I remember her flood of tears and swollen face, and how at intervals she would receive letters that were a marvel of penmanship, quarto sheets written almost microscopically, and sometimes full of very amusing information about Sydney. The brothers flourished there, and were finally pardoned, when one came home and the other remained as a settler.

One visit to our Devon kindred had sundry charms for which it is still remembered. James had gone from Ottery to Winchester, and John was the head of the "playing party." Aunt

Yonge lay on the sofa in her room, Alethea sat at the head of the table, and there was a daily governess in the school-room, and plenty of liberty out of it.

Then it was that we made an enormous spider's web with pack-thread tied across from the rail of the balusters of the landing-place to the locks of the doors, intersected by cross lines so as to make a large octagon in the middle where John abode, while we lesser ones had cornerwise abodes all round in which we were just settled when all the owners of the rooms came marching up to dress, and acted the part of housemaid's broom to our web.

That too was the year when we took to "playing the fool," namely, dancing wildly about the hall in any fantastic garb we could manage to lay hold of. My uncle, to his horror, caught me skating about the stone hall in a pair of wooden pattens with tall iron rings.

"Charlotte," he said, "how can you be so foolish?"

"But, Uncle Yonge, I *am* a fool," I squeaked out, as if he had been paying a great compliment.

I was the noisiest of all, being very excitable, shrill-voiced, and with a great capacity of screaming. There was one game called "Cats and Mice" which I have really forgotten how to play, for we made such a riot that the children were always told beforehand not to play at it when

I was there. There was an attempt too at hockey in the hall, summarily squashed by Mary coming down and gathering all the sticks up in her hand.

But riotous as were those days, the great love of all our lives was getting to be conscious. Anne and I were always together. We wanted to walk about with our arms round each other's waists, but our mothers held this to be silly, and we were told we could be just as fond of one another without "pawing." I still think this was hard, and that tenderness would have done no harm. But I do remember a long walk with the nurses and little ones round Kitley Point, with the sea sparkling on one side and woods sloping up filled with blue-bells. We gathered them in the ecstasy of childhood among flowers, exchanged our finest clustering stems of blue, and felt our hearts go out to one another. At least I did, so entirely that the Kitley slope—yes, and a white blue-bell—still brings to me that dear Anne and that old love. It was cemented further by our passion for long words when we could utter them without being laughed at for affectation. Poor Anne, when ill with a bad cold, knew she should be called an affected little pussy-cat if she said she had a pain in her side, therefore she said "it pricked her when she breathed." She was derided for vanity if she looked at herself in the glass, but found consolation in the brass

handles of the locks of the doors. She was very enterprising and would taste whatever came in her way, even to a poultice.

The next time we went, 1832, my aunt had recovered the degree of health that she was to enjoy for the next twelve years or so. She moved about the house and garden with her hands on her sides as if walking were an effort, but she always sat in the school-room in the morning, taking some of the lessons; she managed everything in the house, gardened, and as she could not in general bear the motion of a carriage, used to go to Newton on a donkey, with the whole flock of children round her. Her fine complexion was gone, her colour was dead white, and she was a Puritan as to dress and ornament. She comes before me in a hideous blue cotton in large shaded checks and a perfectly plain white net cap, with very little ribbon about it, and she kept her daughters as simply dressed as possible, their hair cut bowl-dish fashion while little, and in straight bands when older. Alethea and Jane had a grace and an air that nothing could disguise, but Mary and Anne would have looked much better if better dressed.

I was afraid of Aunt Yonge. I always was getting reproofs from her, richly deserved I doubt not, but reproofs from uncles and aunts have a sting that those from one's lawful owners have not. The only scolding that ever made me more

angry than Aunt Yonge's was Mrs. Shipley's, when I did not like to eat orange juice out of a pewter spoon.

However, this summer of 1832 had a delightful episode. My father and mother, with my uncle and his brother Edmund, Alethea, James, and Mary, went for "the inside of a week" to see the North of Devon. How they all packed I cannot conceive, considering that two of the party were men not much under six feet high, but they had post-horses, and a box and dickey to the Puslinch chariot.

We were left at Puslinch, and Aunt Yonge really set herself to give us treats and make us happy—and now one thinks of it, how easy it was to produce that surpassing felicity, which certainly has been a "joy for ever." There was one day when we walked to Newton and came back in the boat up the lovely tide river; another when we had our tea in the plantation in Parson's Meadow above the house, and were exquisitely happy in a certain "lost bower" till a boy friend came and marred our bliss by cruelty to the hornet moths; and another evening we drank tea at the clergyman's at Yealmpton, Mr. Des Brisay, and Johnnie found a garden syringe and played some outrageous tricks with it.

Then we built shops all over the garden, and sold wonderful commodities, made of flowers, beans, and seeds; and down Undercliff, that is on the

bank of the tide river, were two heaps of sand, where we searched for tiny sea-shells. We, who considered ourselves reasonable, Jane, Johnnie, Duke, Anne, and myself had our regular divisions of the larger, the smaller was abandoned to the little ones, and called the Spuddler's portion, but Charles would make inroads on us, which I much resented, though Jane connived at them. The great prizes were mussel shells, and our object was to polish these so as to bring out their exquisite blue tinting as one may see them in shops. We did not know that acid was needed, and in the small part of our time we spent indoors we were scrubbing them vehemently with bits of pumice-stone, or else down on our hands and knees polishing them on the library carpet, and feeling how hot the friction would make them. We always came in at ten for lessons, but I believe this really made us all the happier, as we had the sense of duty, and were kept still.

One more of these picnicking teas I must mention; it was at the Round's Nest. This is a curious place formed by the gneiss (I believe) rocks that crop up all along the banks of the Yealm. One of the fields belonging to Puslinch is called Roughtors (pronounced Rowters), because it was once scattered all over with these rocks, and beyond came a good deal of copsewood with these rocks in the midst, the mound sloping upwards, till it ends in a precipice above the hamlet of Torre.

But this precipice is crowned and enclosed by a circle or nest of rocks, fine big ones, standing so as to enclose a space of rather less than a yard in diameter, only leaving a little opening for an entrance, and another large rock was close at hand. We all believed, like all the villagers, that "the Round" was an eagle who had here made his nest, and used the outer rock as a door, taking it up in his beak to shut himself in. It was a great disappointment when my father told me the real size of an eagle and how impossible this was.

Standing in the Nest—quite safe, for the stones were nearly as tall as we were—one saw the tops of trees close below, and beyond them Yealmpton Church. I believe it is possible to climb down the sides, and that Johnnie was supposed to have done it. The only drawback to this exquisite place is that one has to go along the top of a limestone quarry, and the possibility of their blowing up the rock has always been a terror to me.

Aunt Yonge was wonderfully kind that summer, and I suppose it must have been much against the will of the nurses, for after that time we were always told that we could be just as happy playing out of doors, and drinking tea in, which I beg to observe is contrary to all child experience.

In the midst of the pleasant journey our parents met the tidings that the cholera was in England. This was that first visitation of cholera, when it came like the plague, and its causes and treatment

had not been discovered. It had come in at Sunderland,¹ and had made its terrible way gradually westwards and southwards, and an attack of it was almost certain death. It was an anxious thing to have a brother a physician in a town nearly certain to be visited by it.

My grandmother no longer lived in Plymouth. Her daughter Anne had become attached to the surgeon who attended her after her accident, and after some delay they were married, and grand-mamma lived with them at Plympton. But my other grandmother had been too long alone, and my mother took us children home, escorted by Captain Edmund Yonge, who was going to Portsmouth; for my father had further business, and came home by coach a little later. I *think* the cholera had nearly spent its force before it came to Plymouth, and it never appeared at all in Hampshire that time.

Dr. Jones, the Rector of Exeter College, my Aunt Charlotte's husband, was Vice-Chancellor.

One summer the Duke Yonges paid Oxford a visit at Commemoration time, taking Otterbourne on their way, and there dropping Alethea, who was only fourteen. Then and there ended all my dread of her, and a love began that lasted for life. After that I remember being very happy at Antony

¹ The cholera came to Sunderland in 1831, to Edinburgh in 1832. I do not think Miss Yonge distinguishes very clearly between these annual visits to Puslinch. She gives the general impression.

in most respects. My uncle and aunt were most winning, open-hearted people, more indulgent to their children, and more sociable with all sorts of people than was wise, but there was a charm about the place that I was just old enough to feel. The vicarage looked out on the Tamar, full of ships on one side; on the other, blue water with white sails gliding. I remember wandering on the lawn one morning before breakfast with Uncle Duke, and his drawing a likeness between the passing vessels, the falling gum-cistus leaves, and our life. The garden sloped upwards, and was full of choice shrubs, especially a buddlea covered with yellow balls, and a large standard fig-tree. I do not remember the church enough to describe it, and it was improved and restored long ago. I fancy it was very dilapidated, for all I really remember was one square pew lined with green baize turned olive colour, like that in Millais' picture of the "First Sunday in Church," and another with some carved panels in it, which were an agreeable study when one knelt against the seat with one's face to the wall.

From the hill above the house could be seen a great round tower called Trematon Castle. There was a mysterious horror about the place which my cousin Arthur never failed to impress on me. He delighted in playing on my credulity, which was excessive. He told me cracks in the ceilings were signs the house was coming down; and having

deluded me into mentioning William IV. as King Bill, he declared that I had committed high treason, and that he was going to write to have a guillotine sent down in a letter and behead me on Trematon Hill. I believed him, and it poisoned all the rest of my visit.

I believe that was my last visit, for when we went next into Devon, my Aunt Catharina (Mrs. Charles Crawley), with her daughter Kate, and her son George, came to meet us, and after being with us at Plympton, went on to Antony, my father alone accompanying them. Kate was a grown-up young lady beyond my horizon, but George and I got on excellently. We used together to scramble about the old green mound on which the Keep of Plympton Castle stands, and when I had to go to bed while the elders were reading *Peter Simple* aloud, he used to tell me the next morning what I had missed.

One day, while the rest of the party were gone to Antony, Mr. Pode drove my mother, Aunt Anne, and me to Cornwood, and for the first time I saw the ravine down which the Yealm rushes from the moor between the bushes and rocks, in one place forming a little waterfall. It is a delicious place, and my ecstasy was extreme. It was the first of my few glimpses of really beautiful scenery, and the delight of skipping upon those stones, with the clean torrent of clear water rushing through, was a sensation never to be forgotten. Then the

ravine opened on the wild moor, scattered with rocks, and giving a sense of mountain freedom.

Near Plympton lived Admiral Mudge, of the family of that Dr. Mudge who was one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's first patrons. His wife was a Grainger, a sister of old Mrs. Yonge of Puslinch, and they had one son, Zachary. Admiral Mudge had been a hero in the great war, and his victory in the *Blanche* was thought worthy of record in James's *Naval History*, but to childish impatience, and perhaps to youthful arrogance, he always seemed the dullest and dreariest of old men. The family laughed at him and said he spent his time in combing the monkey, and Zachary in helping him, and to this day I always think of him as an example of what a hero may come to!

But there was one day when I was ready to fall at his feet, when, at the instigation of his kind wife, he gave me a small paper nautilus. I had a great passion for shells, and had at home really striven to learn their names and the system of arrangement, and this was encouraged the more because it was like my Aunt Charlotte. No present was so delightful to me as a shell. In the aforementioned visit of Uncle and Aunt Duke to Otterbourne, one went to Winchester and one to Southampton. Each brought me home a present, and each was an Argus cowry. My aunt made up a funny little story about them, and they have ever since reposed side by side in my shell drawers. Grandmamma

Yonge gave me a fine wentle-trap, and my father spent many a shilling, and even half-a-crown, on shells. Many more dropped in by chance, and I have for many years had a really good collection, endeared by many a recollection.¹

Mrs. Mudge's paper nautilus—kind lady—was given to me only a few days before the illness that caused her death. I believe she was much loved, but all I remember distinctly was my mother keeping guard over Anne and me and my grandmother, while everybody else was gone to the funeral.

We were at Puslinch, and she was buried at Newton. Grandmamma was very much grieved, and it was not thought right that we should run wild over the house and garden. So we were kept quiet, much against the grain, as our spirits were by no means affected, and our happiness in being together was too great to feel much for any great-aunt. So I believe we tittered and giggled, and were told we were unfeeling.

We did not know much about real grief then, and little thought how near it was.

In 1833 my first London visit was paid. We made a detour, for it was intended in the first place that we should drive in our open phaeton into Sussex to West Dean. My mother's old friend, Miss Peachey (who had married the Reverend Leveson Vernon Harcourt, third son of the Archbishop of York), had borrowed the house from her brother,

¹ Her beautiful collection of shells was left to Winchester College.

Lord Selsey, and we were to stay with her there.

Our first start was not propitious, for in fording the river at Brambridge our old horse, pressed by a heavier collar than usual, lay flat down in the middle of the stream! We were carried out, undamaged, walked half a mile home again, I had the *Talisman* given to me as a solace, post-horses were sent for, and we went in the old chariot.

It was very curious. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt and her orphan goddaughter, Caroline Jervis, whom she had adopted, were living in a corner of a vast house, with long passages, and hosts of empty rooms, each furnished with one copper tea-kettle.¹ There was a beautiful library, with a wonderful roof, a place to revel in, and great, lonely, highly-kept gardens, where Caroline and I played.

Then we went on to Kensington to stay with Mrs. Davys, the Marianne Mapletoft of my mother's youth. Her husband was now Dean of Chester and Preceptor to the Princess Victoria, and further, was editing the *Cottager's Monthly Visitor*, one of the earliest magazines for the poor.

Dr. Davys was a good and highly cultivated man, and educated his family most admirably. My contemporary, Charlotte, a bright girl, became great friends with me on the Sunday we spent together. Alas! she was sickening next morning with scarlet

¹ These copper tea-kettles appeared in the description of the great house in *Magnum Bonum*.

fever, and died before the week was out. I still have two cowries with black stripes which she gave me that last morning when no one grasped what the malady was.

We went undoubting on to Mr. Serjeant Coleridge's.¹ There began between his two daughters, Mary and Alethea, and myself an unbroken love and friendship, the joy of our lives. They too were their father's pupils. Busy as he was he gave them his time at breakfast, and as their mother was helpless with invalidism, he was all the world to them.

Museum, Zoological Gardens, Panorama of the Siege of Antwerp at the Coliseum, those are the sights I remember best in the country child's week of wonder in the sights of London. I remember, too, going to Westminster Hall, and the Serjeant in his wig and gown.

My home life had all this time had much less to mark it than the Devon visits. I remember little but great regularity in lessons. The house was added to enough to provide a schoolroom, where my mother taught me from ten till one, and my brother for part of the time. Afternoon lessons there were none, and I was out of doors, either in the garden with my mother, or the nurse and Julian, or taking walks with these last; playing at ball on the attic stairs on wet days, loving my dolls and the dogs, and being very happy on the whole, though with a dull yearning at times for

¹ Afterwards Sir John Taylor Coleridge.

something to look forward to. There were occasional meetings with the Shipleys, but they were the only children I knew, and they were not perfect playmates, for they called all "pretending games" falsehood. I read a great many little books over and over again, and tried to garden, but was never tidy or persevering enough to succeed, and, as Julian grew older, we used to play on sandheaps, scrape chalk and brick dust for magnesia and rhubarb, and call ourselves Dr. C. and Dr. J.

Mamma took me to her Sunday School. The children used to take places, and after three Sundays went into the first class. I began in the second and soon got into the first, where was one companion of my subsequent life, Harriet Spratt. Very unlike the attainments of their grandchildren of the present day were those of the big girls with whom I found myself, for at seven years old, in six weeks I took the head of the class for knowing "Who were they of the Circumcision?" I kept my place for three Sundays, and then was made a teacher.¹ It was a mistake, for I had not moral balance enough to be impartial, and I must have been terribly ignorant. This led to the worst falsehood I know myself to have ever uttered. A new girl, Lucy Knight, had just come into the class; I admired and favoured her, and took the first opportunity of prompting her so as to get her to the head of the class. My mother, seeing

¹ She was a teacher for seventy-one years.

her there, asked me if she was there fairly. "Yes," said I. The misery of that lie rankled how long I do not know, it seems to me for months, but at last, with my finger on a pane of glass in the schoolroom, I remember the confession of the falsehood and the forgiveness.

I do not believe I ever told an untruth knowingly after that, but I equivocated—when I do not know, but I remember my father's telling me it was worse than a falsehood, because it pretended to be the truth.

In religious knowledge I was forward. We always said the Catechism every Sunday, and we had a great Dutch Bible History, with two engravings on every other page, which kept up in our minds the Bible histories, besides the daily reading with my father. Still I was not at all devoutly minded, I always wished everything of the kind, except teaching the school children, to be over as fast as possible. I think I had a little sense of love and upbreathing devotion when I was by myself out of doors among the daffodils, or under a pink-blossomed double crab. The beauty uplifted me. But all the rest was fear, and I so dreaded the end of the world that, having understood "Watch lest He cometh" to mean that He would come when no one was awake, I used to try to keep awake by means of pulling hairs out of my mattress. All the little Sunday books in those days were Mrs. Sherwood's, Mrs. Cameron's, and Charlotte Elizabeth's,

and little did my mother guess how much Calvinism one could suck out of them, even while diligently reading the story and avoiding the lesson.

When James, my eldest boy cousin, came into Commoners at Winchester, a fresh delight began. Every Saint's day he had leave out to us, and the day of his arrival was always spent with us. What parcels used to come! Anne and I only wrote to one another by him, our letters not being worth elevenpence postage. And the oddest little gifts!—for it was a law in the two families that no presents except of our own manufacture should pass between us. Nor did I have an allowance, but I had certain hens of my own, and Grandmamma Bargus paid me two shillings and sixpence for each couple of their chickens, also she gave me a half-sovereign on my birthday, and I think my money was rationally spent, though with shame I confess that no diligent training, and diligent it was, ever succeeded in making me keep regular accounts.

It seems to me that 1834, the year when I was between ten and eleven, was like a new era, both from the friends we then first made and the events that happened.

First, our strange curate, Mr. Shuckburgh, went away. A Fellow of New College was to succeed him, but sent a substitute, another Fellow, for six weeks. It ended in the said substitute staying thirty-seven years! He was the Rev. William Henry Walter Bigg-Wither, to give his full name,

though he only signed the first; for when first he went to Winchester, one of the masters took up a book with the whole inscribed, and exclaimed, "What, sir, do you thus proclaim the folly of your godfathers and godmothers?"

He was the younger son of a good old North Hants family, the same to which George Wither, the poet, belonged, and was connected with half the county. Above all he was a Hampshire man, and next he was a Wykehamist of the truest old type. He brought a little hereditary surface Whiggery, but his nature was so intensely conservative that ere many years had past he was a Tory of the Tories.

He was a deacon when he came, very solitary, from his large family and Oxford friends, into a small lodging just opposite to us, and thenceforth he was like one of the family. He had hardly then developed the peculiarities into which he grew, but he always had a strange quaint ability, coupled with great narrowness of views, and great energy in carrying out his purpose. When at Winchester College he had been as nearly as possible drowned while bathing, and was rescued quite insensible. It was the week before the "Standing Up," *i.e.* the repetition of an incredible number of lines of Latin or Greek poetry. The shock so confused him that when the standing up began he would start with a Latin line and end it in Greek. He always said his memory had never recovered. I

do not know what it would otherwise have been, but he had an endless store of classical quotations (classics were all then ever taught at Winchester or New College), and as to the dates of real life, he never forgot one. He knew everybody's birthday, and could always tell the day when he had last seen a person. It was startling to the people to hear, "Mrs. Cox, you have not been to church since the 20th of November!"

He set to work on the parish as no one else had done. From his first coming, Holy Week and Ascension Day began to be observed, and christenings were after the Second Lesson. There were only twelve communicants, of whom at least half must have been in our house. Communion only took place three times a year, and his first step was to make it four times, and then repeat it the Sunday after a festival to give opportunities to those left at home.

A boys' school had, I think in Mr. Shuckburgh's time, been built of lath and mud whitewashed on a vacant piece of ground on the north side of the old church, where no one chose to be buried. But to our present notions the situation would seem as unsuitable as the building to modern requirements. As to our schoolmaster, good old George Oxford, he was goodness itself, and had a great deal of quiet peasant-like intelligence, but I doubt if he could have passed the "third standard." However, he hobbled half a mile from his cottage

on the hill to his school, and the boys were sent to him, from the time they grew too big and unmanageable for Mrs. Creswick, till they went out to work, not a very long interval. One fat spoilt boy was kept back to be the nuisance of the girls, his mother declaring that she was afraid he would be drowned, till my grandmother walked into school with a piece of yellow furniture lining in her hand, and told him that as he chose to be a girl, she should make it into a petticoat for him! We never were troubled with him in the girls' school again.

My father, Mr. Wither, and old Oxford managed the boys' Sunday School between them, and there was a general infusion of vigour.

That year brought another intimate. A young physician, John Harris, a Plymouth man, was intending to practise at Winchester, and was placed under a sort of care of my father by Dr. Yonge. He was a small man with a Jewish face and a nervous sensitive manner. The first day he called he found Julian on the floor playing with his wooden bricks. Before he said a single word to any one, he popped the child into the basket belonging to the bricks, and hoisted him on his knee, Julian quietly remarking, "I don't like it." It was all rampant embarrassment; the next moment he was likening the boy to Uncle James's Jemmy. He was a very curious character, full of enthusiasm and paradox, and he used to come to us as to a

home to pour it all out, and he argued with seriously or laughed at. Wordsworth was his chief delight, and he strove hard to infuse his admiration into my father, who cared for an entirely different school and turned "Peter Bell" and "The Pet Lamb" into ridicule. He had a hard struggle. Two old-fashioned general practitioners who believed in calomel had possession of the neighbourhood, and his adventures were so like those in *Middlemarch* that I am sure the picture was a true one. For eight or ten years he was the constant familiar of our house, enlivening us with his never-ending fancies and schemes, and even, poor man, by his occasional depression, when he used to complain of "the everlasting everything."

That same year gave Winchester College her noble and admirable Warden, Robert Speckott Barter. He was one of the three sons of the Rev. Charles Barter of Cornworthy near Totnes. All were men of great size and strength, and considerable brain power, but Robert was the flower of them all. Charles, the Rector of Sarsdon, Oxon, was genial; William, the Rector of Burghclere, Hants, was able and earnest; but Robert united the best qualities of both.

A New College fellow and tutor, and then Warden of Winchester, he had all his life been the home son who came for the holidays to Cornworthy, where his parents lived to a great age. His easy strength of body and mind, coupled with fervent

love to God and to all men, made him the most remarkable compound of might and sweetness I ever saw. So kind, so ready to see the best side of everything was he that one thought him merely good-natured till it was a question of principle, and then he would be a lion. For the Warden to find fault was a sign indeed that the case was bad! And oh, the fund of brightness he had within him! He never went to Cornworthy but he told us "his father and mother were very well—better than ever!" and when he had the gout at an inn, he "never was more comfortably off in his life." I remember the first evening he dined with us his talking to me about Flaxman's designs to Potter's *Aeschylus*, and telling me that Clytemnestra was a wicked woman who killed her husband, while I felt preternaturally virtuous for not saying I knew it already. (Was this a more elaborate form of conceit?) But I loved him then, and I loved him doubly when I went to luncheon at his house, or rather his rooms, for his house was repairing.

Such a garden—

Where Itchen sparkles 'neath the plane-tree's shade—

the bubble of the river ever in our ears, the wide grass plot, the terrace walk, the long wisteria, the shady trees—and the house, with the large wainscoted parlour, long gallery full of portraits of former Wardens, and the Warden's own study with the carved grotesque Caryatides. I have spent

many of the happiest hours of my life in those rooms, where for thirty years the dear old Warden beamed like perpetual sunshine. With him came fresh life and vigour into the College, and he was the moving spring of all reformations there and good work in Winchester, often against a most inert mass of obstruction.

I have described our visit of 1834 to Devon. Alethea was to come home with us, we all first going to spend Commemoration week at Oxford, at Exeter College, to see the installation of the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Jones being Vice-Chancellor at the time. Mrs. Mudge's death, however, prevented Alethea from going to such gaiety, and she was met by her brother James at Andover and taken to Otterbourne to grandmamma, while we went on to Oxford. The Chancellor is always lodged at Christ Church, but the Bishop of Exeter with Mrs. Phillpotts and two daughters, and Sir Hussey and Lady Vivian with a young cousin of ours, Elizabeth Daubeny, were our fellow-guests; also her grandfather and my great-uncle, the Rev. Charles Crawley of Stowe, more than eighty, but full of life and energy.

We children were taken out walking in Christchurch Meadows, and there saw the great Duke walking between two gentlemen. When I came in at dessert, as little girls then did, I reported having seen the Duke, and being examined as to what he was like, said he was a man with a nose like the

Duke of Bedford, *i.e.* the brother of Henry V., in Vertue's heads—which was considered satisfactory evidence.

They took me to the theatre, and I am very glad of it, for I was astonished when some thirty-five years later I saw the installation of the Marquis of Salisbury to find how complete my recollection was, and it was a great thing to have seen.

I remember the hawk-like profile in the black and golden robe, the centre of the grand semi-circle of scarlet doctors, among them the Bishops who were still wigged. Archbishop Howley's mild grave face, and old Archbishop Vernon Harcourt's, very red and extremely aged, and I think the handsome head of Bishop Sumner of Winchester, rise before me. There too was the great Lord Eldon, in the extreme of old age, and I remember the graceful act of his grandson, Lord Encombe, on receiving his degree, in going up to him and taking his hand. In another chair sat the Duke of Cumberland, not yet King of Hanover, with a red gown over his uniform. Catching a sight of his George I whispered, "Oh, mamma, there's Pegasus!" a mistake for which I was laughed at so much that I hated the sight of him.

Above were the shouting undergraduates, around us the peeresses—I remember the beauty of Lady Clanricarde,—below the arena full of heads, which surged wildly to and fro when a lane had to be made for the candidates for degrees. We

watched my father's head, and old Uncle Crawley's. The old gentleman was rather a charge, but was quite undaunted, and people on all sides were heard complaining of the sharpness of his bones.

The Duke made his speech, which I believe was in Latin as characteristically Wellingtonian and to the point as the French of his letters. The prize poems were declaimed from the rostrum; Lord Maidstone had the Newdigate, which was on the Duke himself. So in came the line—

We have one hero, and that one is here.

Out went his white gloved hand towards the one hero, and thunders of applause burst from every one.¹

There were three days of the theatre. One was a concert, when Braham and Catalani sang, but I had not sense enough to enter into that. The prime event of all to us was the last day, when the Duke came round to call on the heads of houses to thank them for his reception. We were all in the room to see him. My mother, in a sudden impulse, led Julian forward, saying, "Will your Grace shake hands with a soldier's little boy?"

He kissed Julian, and shook hands with me.

"I did not think you had been so impudent," said my father afterwards.

We gloried in the kiss, but the boy himself was desperately shy about it, and if his cousins wanted

¹ Compare her contemporary account of this function.

to tease him it was by asking him to "show the place where the Duke bit him."

That visit was further memorable as the last sight of the good Aunt Charlotte, the godmother who was always held up as my model. She gave me a *Bishop Wilson* then, in case she should not live to see me confirmed. I have it still.

We came home, and found Alethea with grand-mamma. She stayed till her brothers' holidays (for John Bargus Yonge had now joined James at Winchester).

But in the next half-year, in the autumn of 1834, death for the first time was in our house. James, then eighteen, suffered from headache and nose-bleeding. He was sent out to Otterbourne for rest and change of air, and for a week was our playfellow as usual. We loved him very much, and it was held as remarkable that Julian, learning Watts's hymn on dress, saying

This is the raiment Angels wear,

paused and observed, "I think James has that clothing."

Indeed he had, and well it was. In a week other symptoms came on that caused his father to be summoned. The next night he was unconscious, and never was fully himself again. He died on the Sunday. It was the first experience of an illness since too well known in his family, which has left (1889) only three of the joyous band of nine.

Uncle Yonge's calmness and patience were beautiful. Never can I read the verse,

The father who his vigil keeps
By the sad couch whence hope has flown, etc.,

without recollecting him.

His wife, who could not come, was patient and resolute, showing such self-command that she would not send for his letters by the second post in the evening, that her girls might not have bad news before they went to bed. I remember her writing, "It was on the 2nd of November that our little John died." It was on the 2nd of November, twenty years later, that James was taken. They buried him in our churchyard.

To me the time was a dull dreary dream. I thought of it with much awe, but I was a frivolous creature of untamed spirits, and I was in much disgrace for being unfeeling. I could not cry, and I was ready for any distraction. It was a great satisfaction to run down the kitchen garden, and recollect the cats must be fed whatever happened! Yet I think I carried something away. Reverence for James I know I did, and for my uncle a veneration only expressed by the verse I quoted before. I have no very distinctive recollection of 1835, except that when Julian was five, and I eleven,¹ we began Latin; my father teaching us, and I, who of course went on the fastest, having to help him to learn. I think too that it was then that

¹ She would have been twelve in 1835.

my father took my arithmetic in hand. He used to call me at six or half-past, and I worked with him for an hour before breakfast. It was in a degree like the writing lessons. He required a diligence and accuracy that were utterly alien to me. He thundered at me so that nobody could bear to hear it, and often reduced me to tears, but his approbation was so delightful that it was a delicious stimulus, and I must have won it oftener than it used to seem to me, for at the end of the first winter, my watch, the watch of my life, was given me as a reward, to my great surprise. I believe, in spite of all breezes over my innate slovenliness, it would have broken our hearts to leave off working together. And we went on till I was some years past twenty, and had worked up to the point of such Greek, Euclid, and Algebra as had furnished forth the Etonian and soldier of sixteen, till his eyes were troubled by Homer and Algebra, and his time too fully occupied. Of course the serious breezes had long been over, and the study together had become very great pleasure. He did hear me read French for a little while, but a capital French master came into the neighbourhood.

Oh the French masters! What characters they were! Maria Kingsman learnt of a Monsieur Beau, who had been dug alive out of the earthquake at Lisbon. In my time the College master was one Arnati, an Italian, who had been to Moscow in the

Grand Army, and had there had his skull fractured and been trephined. When in good humour he would show the boys the silver plate on his skull, but this was rare. He generally raged and they laughed, and a *standing* joke was that when he called to an offender, "Stan' up," a boy named Stanhope should instantly comply.

My master was named De Normanville. He was an old man, with white hair powdered, and a huge French nose, and hemless ears. He said he had left France in the early days of the Revolution, crossing the border to Spain, and had been unable to save any property. He had since been in the West Indies. How far his account of himself was true I do not know; he had good manners, but he had married a very low stamp of Englishwoman, and his son and daughter were very ill-managed. He did not even teach them to speak French! However, he was a very good French scholar of the old idiomatic style, and he taught me both French and Spanish. From the French letters I was bidden to write rose my first beginning of composition—an endless story, in which Emilie, Rosalie, Henriette and Pauline Melville had endless adventures. I did not write easily enough even then to write *out* of lesson times the stories that filled my brain.

M. de Normanville was my only master, except a dancing master from Southampton, a lugubrious man, so pious that he gave us tracts, and said

going to balls was contrary to his profession. How we hated his lessons!

My brother and I began Latin together, as has been said, when he was five years old, with my father. Of course, at eleven, I got to learn the quickest, so for some years longer I had to teach him his work in preparation for my father. So we worked through Latin Grammar with the old "*Propria quae maribus*" and "*As in praesenti*," and through Phaedrus and Cornelius Nepos. (Our old copy of Phaedrus has served me again with one of his boys.) Then I went on to Virgil, and selections from Horace, but all this work was spread over a good many years. Looking at my mother's jottings, I see in the year 1835 the beginning of the service of our faithful gardener, George Collins.

The appointment of Mr. Coleridge as a Judge brought us for the first time the great pleasure of having his wife and children with us for the Assize week at Winchester, when he went on the Western Circuit. It was ecstasy to May and Alley to be in the country, and the going into Court and seeing trials was a great pleasure to me. And the play, the jokes, the romancings, the debatings—whether Napoleon was courageous; whether St. Louis was "henpecked by his mother," as May called it; our horror at the age of a hero of Madame de Genlis, "Lord Arthur Selby," who married at the venerable age of twenty-six; an exclusive preference for

imaginary heroes with "pokers in their backbones"—all this childish, harmless fun, frolic and aspiration, was like a fairyland of imagination to us.

People used to tell us then, as we say to children now, that we had too many books to care for them, but I am sure we did heartily care for our favourites, Scott above all. I think I was allowed a chapter a day of the Waverley novels, provided I first read twenty pages of Goldsmith's *Rome* or some equally solid book.

As to new books, in those days circulating libraries consisted generally of third-rate novels, very dirty, very smoky, and with remarks plentifully pencilled on the margins. It was thought foolish and below par to subscribe to them, and book-clubs were formed in which each family might either ask for or order a book, which was covered with white cartridge paper with the list of subscribers pasted on one side. After going the round of the society, the books were disposed of either at half price or by auction, any book that no one would bid for being necessarily purchased by its orderer. Thus every one was responsible to all the rest, and though people grumbled sometimes, the plan prevented an immense amount of mischievous reading. People mostly dined at 5.30 or 6, and in the long evening that ensued the books from the club used to be read aloud to the assembled family, and the effect was a guiding power on the parents' part, and a community of

interest in the subject before them that scarcely exists now.

The secretary of our society was Mrs. Emily Coxe—single ladies used to drop the Miss and take the becoming old title at a certain age then. She was the sister of the Archdeacon Coxe who wrote the *Life of Marlborough* and the *House of Austria*, standard books still. She was a pretty, dark-eyed old lady, and—like Miss Matty in *Cranford*—it seems to me that there *were* a great many old ladies in those days. The most notable of them were “the Lady Knollyses.” Poor old things, they were descended from Queen Elizabeth’s Sir Francis Knollys, and were the daughters of the last of the family, who bore the title of Earl of Banbury till his death. There was a blot on the scutcheon, and their brother had failed to prove his right to the peerage, but they consoled themselves with saying, “we may be ladies as long as we live,” and there they were, Lady Letitia, Lady Caroline, and Lady Amelia. I think they were under-educated and very poor, and they had sharp tongues. Their sayings used to be repeated, but I only remember one. When they were staying at some place where their hostess provided more mutton and lamb than they liked, one of them put up her hand with a stage whisper, “I say, Emmy, we shall baa.”

I remember Miss Porter’s one really admirable tale coming in the book-club, *Sir Edward*

Seaward, in which I think a good many people believed—I know I did. There too came Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, a book that was absolute delight to me, and is still, showing forth that most attractive character in its fulness. I may respect, admire, rely on other authors more, but my prime literary affection must ever be for Sir Walter!

Another great influence came at this time in the persons of Mary and Julia Davys, who used to come and stay with us in the summer. They were put in the coach at Kensington, and came out at Otterbourne, fresh, bright, delighted to be in the country. Grown-up young ladies as they were, they kindly treated me as a friend, and their pursuits, drawing and botany, their intelligent reading, etc., all drew me up. But what made one great charm was the introduction of those paper games, which were ecstasy to me.¹ Dr. Harris and Mr. Wither were much with us, and the fun was extreme at times, indulging sometimes in most vehement politics, such as perhaps alarmed the good Dean, for something of a check was put on the intimacy—more especially when the two young ladies were loved and loved in vain by those two friends of ours, who both, as a fact, remained single all their lives, and constant to that one affection.

But this break did not come till after the Queen's

¹ Her delight in "paper games" lasted for life, and gloriously she played them.

accession in 1837, when Mary had an appointment in the Palace. She made us one visit after that, and amused us much with her stories of palace life in Queen Victoria's maiden days. Only one I remember distinctly. Miss Cocks (Lady Caroline afterwards), one of the maids of honour, had a melon sent her from home. It was hard to dispose of it, so she invited the other young ladies to a midnight banquet on it in their night-caps and dressing-gowns in her room. "The feast ate merrily," but it disagreed with one of the ladies, and the story became known. "And pray, Miss Davys," said the young Queen the next evening, "how does Miss Cavenish look in her night-cap?" Perhaps she longed to have been able to join in the fun.

One of the Queen's first appointments to bishoprics was of her old tutor to Peterborough; Mary and Julia both married clergymen, and I have seen comparatively little of them since.

I think I look on the finishing era of my childhood as a visit to Devon in 1836, when, Julia Davys being left with Mrs. Bargas, we went to Puslinch earlier in the year than usual. It was a time of rare fun and highly developed games, and they seem to me to have culminated on the 21st of June, Duke's thirteenth birthday. There was an ordinance against our active spirits disturbing the house at an outrageously early hour in the morning, and we sent in a petition the night before that we might rise soon enough to finish

our purse, our birthday present, before breakfast. Our ecstasy was unspeakable when Uncle Yonge answered us in verse. Here are a few lines :—

No doubt when the music has ceased in your nose,
You will rush to the room where the Graces repose,
Miss Mary, Miss Jane, and Miss Prate-apace Anne,
To make them get up as fast as they can
To put on the tags and the tassels so gay
On the purse you have made by night as by day.
Take heed lest my nest you disturb with your racket,
And force me to rise and to put on my jacket,
Then you'll say, "Oh I wish that my restless young head
Had known wisdom enough to lie longer in bed."

How very delightful it was! We not only finished our purse, but we walked to Yealmpton and purchased by subscription a hen canary (I can see her now, she was of a very pale complexion). I do not think we had holidays on birthdays, but in the afternoon we went down Undercliff. The tide was out and we wanted to catch materials for the feast which was to take place at home. The two maids were intent over one of Joseph Mason's Australian letters, and we were left to our own devices, which resulted in my plunging ankle deep in the mud, Anne with me, the little ones following. We were hauled out by the boys, and the maids made up for their negligence by scolding us. Harvey, the Puslinch nurse, "Now, Miss Anne, you don't care, and there's Miss Charlotte sorry, she's crying!" Mason, "Now, Miss Charlotte, don't be crying. It's all pretence.

I'd rather you were like Miss Anne, who doesn't pretend to care."

Our mothers met us, and laughed so much at the maids' wrath that they forgave us on the spot, and we had our feast. One captured winkle was bestowed on me, as the visitor, and being extracted with a pin disgusted me extremely! The evening concluded with "Dicky's Ground," till Duke, always conscientious, decided that he ought to go in and learn his lessons.

Thus brilliantly ended childhood's wild delights. We did not go into Devon again for five years *en famille*. Partly I think it was because my grandmother was growing too old to be left, and partly that all that my father could spare of money, and much of his time, was devoted to the new church.

Already it had become plain that the parish had outgrown as well as grown away from the old church. The first idea had been to raise £300 to enlarge it, and the proposal had been made, but G. W. Heathcote had just resigned the living, and we were advised to wait for the new incumbent, and he was Mr. Keble!¹ And thus came in the chief spiritual influence of my life! He resided at Hursley, to which this parish was then joined, and he retained Mr. Bigg-Wither as his curate. The church-building plan was taken up at once, and it was decided to have a fresh site more in the centre of the parish. In 1836

¹ Mr. Keble was instituted to the Vicarage of Hursley in January 1836.

church-building was a far less familiar idea than now (1896) when I take the pen up again! Architects who had made ecclesiastical subjects a study were not to be had, and what had been produced was in the style of Mr. "Compo."¹

My father only knew that he admired York Cathedral extremely. He and old Canon Vaux traced out a cross plan with a stick on the ground at Cranbury. C. W. M. Carter, an architect at Winchester, supplied a certain amount of technical knowledge; the fortification drawing came into use for working plans, study of Bloxam and Hooker's books and talk the rest. Finding that the reredos at the Cathedral was of Caen stone, the French of the family was employed to write a letter to a stone-cutter there, the stone-mason at Winchester was sent over, and the first stones imported of the quantity since used. As flint could not be had for the walls, grey brick was used; wood-carving was picked up in curiosity shops in London; and the labour my father bestowed on the drawings, the choice of materials, of workmen, and in superintendence, was beyond calculation. What is now done by ready tradesmen had all to be devised, contrived, and executed originally. There were numerous mistakes and failures from these ignorances, but at last a church was produced much in advance of many in reverence and beauty.

The first stone had been laid at Whitsuntide

¹ I think this must refer to some local joke. See Paget's *St. Autholin's*.

1837 by Julian. It had been a time of alarm. My Uncle Duke had died in the preceding year, and the first move the widow and her daughters, Delia and Alethea, made was to us. My father, on the 11th of May, was driving my aunt, my mother, and Julian to Botley in a phaeton, when on Crowd Hill the horse started and overturned them into a ditch. Julian fainted, and for three days after was constantly sick; my mother's face was frightfully bruised, and my aunt had concussion of the brain. My father was unhurt, and the immediate danger to my aunt was over in a few days, Julian quite well, so the stone-laying took place, with a short service, compiled I think by Mr. Keble. All the ladies murmured, "Pretty dear," to the boy's exceeding discomfiture!

My aunt was three weeks only half-conscious. Her first wakening to pleasure was over a collection of pansies ranged on her bed, and all through life a flower, a view, a pleasant trifle, would cheer and brighten her in her many heavy sorrows. When she was fairly on the way to recovery, she was asked how many times she thought the doctor had visited her. Three, she believed—once she supposed, once she dimly recollected, once she knew. He had come eighteen times!

She got better and went to the Isle of Wight. Her second daughter, Alethea, was one of the most beautiful people I ever saw, with splendid dark eyes, regular features, and a brilliant com-

plexion, and she had that effect on all strangers that one reads of and only half believes. Afterwards they went to Scotland to be near a son studying medicine at Edinburgh, and then went to Germany for a year.

This was to us a time of making friendships. The Kebles had come to Hursley Vicarage, and as this parish was then joined to Hursley, our intercourse was doubly close, over church-building matters, parish affairs, and one especial blessing of my life, that Mr. Keble prepared me for Confirmation, when I was fifteen. It was done by working through the Catechism and the Communion service, with the last comparing old liturgies, and going into the meaning. It was a great happiness, and opened my mind to Church doctrine, but I well remember the warning at the end against taking these things up in a merely poetical tone for their beauty. He did not call it aesthetically, for he did not love long words.

The fatherly kindness and the delightful sympathy I received then never failed, through all the years of happy intercourse between our two houses. My master he was in every way, and there was no one like Mrs. Keble for bright tender kindness. In her transparency of complexion and clear, dark, hazel eyes, she was like a delicate flower.

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

CHAPTER IV

GIRLHOOD

So far, Charlotte Yonge has told her own story. She has shown how the influences of family and neighbourhood formed her character in early years, and has recorded the beginning of the intercourse with John Keble and his wife and sister, which she truly says formed the great *conscious* influence of her life.

The story of childhood is specially important in her case, because the child was so entirely the mother of the woman; what she was at fifteen, that she was, with modifications, at fifty. The principles, the loves, the habits of youth, remained with her through life, and she lived so much in the life of her family that her history cannot be picked out and separated from theirs. The foregoing record of her early years must now be supplemented and continued from other sources. There are four little papers which she contributed to *Mothers in Council* in 1892 and 1893, which are of great value, and, with one or two articles published in the *Monthly Packet*, cast interesting side-



S. Richmond. R. A. pinx.

W. Hooker. sculp.

*Charlotte Mary Yonge
æet 20
From a portrait in the possession of
Miss Helen Yonge at Eastleigh*

lights on her history in her teens. Some of the letters written to Anne Yonge, and sent by the cousins, James and John, when they went home from school at Winchester, because they were not "thought worth elevenpence for postage," and franks were scarce, have been preserved; one or two are given as specimens. It will be seen that they are not at all precocious, and I think are chiefly remarkable as being longer than the letters most little girls manage to write, and as communicating a great many facts. They were the beginning of several life-long correspondences. Writing was to her much more like speaking than is the case with most people. She never *invented* letters, but sat down to write what she wanted at the moment to say.

Her home childhood, as she says herself, was solitary. "I have paced alone, on days unfit for 'grubbing,' on the gravel path round our field, dreaming and castle-building, and it has had the advantage of learning how to be alone." These must have been the times when, as she says, "I imagined ten boys and eleven girls living in an arbour in the garden, but I can remember nothing about them except that their names were Caroline and Lucy;" and when "a scene in a wood, or a lane with a child going along it, would be the theme of a mental story;" when "there were perpetual dreams of romance going on, and somebody was always being wounded in the Peninsular war and coming back with his arm in a sling."

In spite, however, of these imaginings, and of other story books and pets, she was so companionable a creature, always so eager to tell and to hear, to share her enthusiasms, and to imbibe other people's, that it is no wonder that "cousinland" was fairyland in her eyes. One of these cousins, older than herself, still surviving, says that she always felt that there was something remarkable about Charlotte, and that her visits were always the greatest delight. They used to laugh at her for being clumsy and for not being able to cross planks or climb stiles easily; indeed, she was always unready of foot, though in youth she was a good walker. She says herself that more comprehension of the causes of her clumsiness might have enabled her to overcome it, and though she entirely acquiesces in the wisdom which checked her high spirits, her lively tongue, and the vehemence that was only the effervescence of her strong impulses, her training appeared to her contemporaries strict, and even severe. Her father was her ideal, her mother her closest friend, but a less loyal and loving nature might have found the criticism and repression hard. One of the letters which the boy cousins took home with them for the holidays is here given, as it records the interesting visit to Oxford, mentioned in the autobiography, and shows the beginning of many future tastes. It is written in a large round hand.

OTTERBOURNE, July 4, 1834.

My dear Anne—Have you seen any more of Charles's owl? The shells got home quite safe. I send you a *carrier Trochus* and Charles a *waved whelk*, Duke a fresh-water *mussel*, and Jane a *cyprea*. I went to the theatre whilst I was at Oxford; it is a great large place shaped like a horse shoe; at the flat end sat all the musicians and singers on a stand raised on pillars; in the middle was a great round place called the area, in which all the gentlemen squeezed in if they could; at the tip-top of all the college people all round under them were all the ladies and doctors; there were two great sticking-out boxes like pulpits, at the end of each was an axe tied up in what was meant to look like the Roman lictors' bundles of rods. The Duke of Wellington sat on a most beautiful velvet cushion on a carved chair. The Duke of Cumberland on a velvet and gold chair. His uniform was very funny; first he wore a red coat, then fastened on his shoulder a blue coat trimmed with fur; tied to his sword was a sort of pocket called a sabre-dash. The Duke of Wellington wore robes of black and gold. One day when he came to Exeter C. he kissed Julian and shook hands with me. There were a great many people besides doctors; they all wore red robes. We went to New College and Magdalen; the windows of the first were painted all manner of colours, but the other was brown.—I am your affectionate

CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

Conchology, power of painstaking description, interest in historical ceremonial, hero worship, a mind taken up with outside life and not at all with her own share in the proceedings—in this letter the little girl of eleven shows the stuff of which she was made.

She was told as she approached her teens that she was "too big a girl" to write to her boy cousins. Nevertheless the Winchester school-boys were constantly at Otterbourne for the

saints' day holidays. In those days thirty coaches passed every day through Otterbourne, between Southampton and Winchester, and as the holiday boys were assembled at supper the butler used to come into the dining-room and say "Gentlemen, the last coach is coming down the hill," and out they would rush and hang on to it somehow, so as to be back at school in time for calling over. Charlotte played freely with her cousins. In a letter to Anne written in March 1836 she says that she and Johnnie and Julian had made a see-saw and see-sawed all the afternoon. It is also noted that Johnnie brought Julian "one of the new silver fourpenny bits." She also tells Anne, "One of the things I have to do for M. de Normanville (her French master) is to write a story in French, and my story goes on for ever and ever . . . my poor little girls meet with all sorts of dangers." It should be noted that Anne was two years younger than herself, and though her return letters have not been preserved she must have been a most intelligent and receptive child to evoke so much information. The "little girls" of these French stories, first dreamed of in the garden summerhouse, and developed through the *Château de Melville*, met the public in *Scenes and Characters*, grew up and grew old with their creator, and all through life were expressions of herself.

As Charlotte advanced from childhood through

early girlhood we find, as will be seen, that the impulse of character creation strengthened, and was put into the limits of definite tales and stories, but, as she says, they never appeared to her "as a work of art but always as a company of friends," and she thus defines the impulses that started them¹:—"History never failed to have great power over my imagination. This, and the desire to supply good tales to my school-children, and the pleasure of living, as it were, with large families, were three separate fields of delight in which my pencil could expatiate." "My mother could not take long walks, and to go far beyond the garden with my father or even with a maid was always something of a treat; but there were endless occupations out of doors except on the damp days, when three times round the gravel walk which bounded what grandmamma called the premises was reckoned as equivalent to a mile and made my required exercise, enlivened by many a fancy."

The three times would hardly come up to modern requirements for a young healthy growing girl; but to be constantly out of doors was never natural to Charlotte, and though she was in the habit afterwards of taking fairly long walks, I think she always regarded "out of doors" as a temptation to dawdling.

¹ "How the Stories Come," *Monthly Packet*, January 1893. The statements in this paper marked 6 are by Miss Yonge. "Life-long Friends," *Monthly Packet*, December 1894. The other quotations are from *Mothers in Council*.

The school-children for whom she wrote tales more than contended with the tales for the place of the main object of her life. But "there was not cottage-visiting, save within my mother's short tether, or when sent under escort on a definite message. I was a great chatterbox, and my parents had seen evil consequences from carelessness about young people's intercourse, so that all gossip and familiarity was decidedly checked. I have often wondered how far this was for the best . . . the shyness of other classes that was engendered has never left me; and though I have been working for my villagers all my life, I have never been able to converse with them with any freedom, nor so as to establish mutual confidence, even where there is certainly mutual esteem and affection, and this has become a serious drawback to helpfulness, though old use and loyalty diminishes the evil effects among the native inhabitants."

I think the drawback was considerable. From youth to old age the Otterbourne school-children were the joy and delight of her life. She would talk of them for hours, and discuss their characters, their attainments, and their needs, but when they left school, with a few exceptions, she did not seem to be able to keep in personal touch with them. This made her interest be rather in the class than in the individual, in spite of her strong interest in personal character. She never forgot

her scholars, but the old ones belonged to the past. No doubt the immense influence of her personality held them to her in a way she did not guess—indeed after letters often showed it. She could not, as we say, “keep up” with them. If she could continue to *teach* them all was well; she was the most skilful and brilliant teacher I ever knew. She taught in school like the most sympathetic and cultivated of day-school teachers, conveying an immense amount of knowledge and without a trace of stiffness or shyness, while only two years ago to hear her read Shakespeare with a young kitchen-maid, or teach French to a national school-mistress, was delightful. But she could not talk to girls, and much as in after life she appreciated the work of the G.F.S. and other kindred Societies, she would never have been skilful in carrying it out. I know the names, habits, and histories of nearly all the inhabitants of Otterbourne (it will be seen that many of her letters were full of them), yet I never saw her stop in the road to speak to a neighbour, and I think I only once went into a cottage with her. In fact she kept at seventy the rules imposed on her when she was seventeen. I think it was only gradually, and almost of late years, that her village friends really learned all that she was. Two anecdotes about her views of school-children occur to me, showing both her kindness and good sense, and her old-fashioned view of good village

manners. "Oh dear," said a friend, watching the many-coloured tribe of children running into school out of Charlotte's drawing-room window, "look at their smart aprons bound with red. Alas for the long straight pinafores of our youth!" "Why shouldn't they have pretty aprons?" said Charlotte, "they look better, and the children like them." Indeed, she never grudged pretty clothes or refinements of mind or body, and yet, on the other hand, when a set of school-girls asked a girl little older than themselves, a Sunday-school teacher, to give them a swing, she thought that they took a great liberty in asking such a thing of a young lady.

Her faults in early youth were, as she herself says, those of nerves and temper; she was very vehement and eager, and probably never realised that an interesting subject could bore any one. She began life with an amount of enthusiasm and fun inconceivable to most of us. As a girl she laughed and cried, loved and hated, admired and despised with all her might, and it was mighty. She often speaks of herself as "selfish." If so, self-denial won a great victory over self, but in youth no doubt her own output was too full to give much room to consider others. Besides, she suffered very keenly. She told me once that Mr. Keble had told her that forecasting and terrors for those we loved was the price paid for having an imagination. It is very hard for imaginative

people not to fly from the sight of suffering which they cannot cure, and so lose the chance of mitigating it. Charlotte, through life, did not fly, but nature did not make it easy for her to be helpful in illness, or ready with consolation in sorrow, and it is possible to make the troubles of others your own so much as to make active help difficult.

I think she had to fight this battle all her life, but she was never beaten in it.

The restriction in youth on long walks and any sort of solitary roaming and scrambling also gave a sort of unreadiness in country pursuits. Strong as were the country tastes which were her pleasure through life, she could not ride nor drive, nor manage animals, though she was very fond of dogs and cats; she never herself gardened, though every plant in her garden was an old friend, welcomed each year with delight. Even in youth she was never agile or light of hand and foot in climbing about, and yet she knew the homes and habits of every wild flower in the place. She would watch the shepherd leading, not driving, his flock in Hampshire fashion, and listen to the various calls by which he brought them together, but I doubt if she ever talked to him about them as she passed him by, though she knew every detail of his life and character.

With her the rules of childhood became the habits, not to say the principles, of after life, and

before the point when she declares that her childhood ended, we have all the elements of her future life—deep conscientiousness, loyal love for authority, warm friendship and kinship, industry, eager interest in school-children and in nature, and, though by no means precociously developed, the beginning of the story-weaving, the character-creation, which was the main occupation of her after life.

We also see by her own showing that she easily accepted limitations, social, intellectual, and practical, regarding them as safeguards rather than hindrances.

In 1835 Dr. Moberly became Headmaster of Winchester, and in the journals and letters kindly placed at my disposal by his daughters it is recorded that Mr. and Mrs. William Yonge came from Otterbourne to call on the new-comers, and brought their daughter Charlotte with them, then a girl of twelve. Charlotte herself remembered it, and said that she thought the beautiful Mrs. Moberly was like a Madonna in a picture. This was the beginning of constant and happy intercourse, and for four consecutive years Charlotte wrote plays for the young Moberlys to act. The *Strayed Falcon* and the *Mice at Play*, afterwards published by Messrs. Groombridge in the *Magnet Stories*, were among the most notable of these. Her own letters record her pleasure in the task. She wrote the parts to suit the performers, and many were the merry discussions over costumes and characters. Charlotte was stage-manager, and

occasionally helped by taking a part, but she was not, I fancy, much of an actress.

In 1835, also, John Keble became Vicar of Hursley, and what Charlotte calls "the great influence of my life" came into play.

Nothing could have been more alien from the minds of the "Tractarians" than the idea that they invented doctrines, or imposed them from abroad upon the Church of England. Their aim was to bring out what was already there, to develop what had been neglected or forgotten.

In the early fifties a very old gentleman used to read the lessons in St. Mark's College Chapel. This was the Rev. Thomas Bowdler, author of *Prayers for Christian Households*, taken from Scripture and from ancient Liturgies, and from the Book of Common Prayer.¹ His father and grandfather had been non-jurors, and I well remember being told that "he was a High Churchman before the High Church movement." I think this memory helps me to understand in what kind of soil Charlotte's religious life was planted.¹ The traditions of the Yonge family were evangelical in tone, and their deep seriousness, and profound value for scriptural knowledge, fitted in with the lofty enthusiasms for the newly discovered or newly accentuated truths which filled the young men and women of that generation with ardent zeal. Charlotte believed that she received

¹ Her grandfather, the Vicar of Cornwood, must have been of this school.

everything and gave nothing from her own personality, but I cannot but think that her delight in and value for religious knowledge, her strong sense of the paramount importance of doing right in every particular, did a great deal to spread "that sober standard of feeling in religious matters" in her own generation, which it was the object of her Master—as she loved to call him—to inculcate.

He must have felt that in the vehement, eager, unformed girl he had a most exceptional disciple. She says of his teaching, "It must have visibly excited and impressed me very much, for his two warnings when he gave me my ticket were: the one against too much talk and discussion of Church matters, especially doctrines; the other against the dangers of these things merely for the sake of their beauty and poetry—aesthetically he would have said, only that he would have thought the word affected."

To the end of her life she obeyed these injunctions, not only in the spirit but in the letter, and the ideas which were thus fostered were the joy and the inspiration of all her work and of all her days. And I do not think she ever felt anything to be really worth doing which was not in some way, to quote her favourite motto, "*Pro Ecclesia Dei*." It was this great object that made self-culture, or good works, worth while. I do not think she ever changed the practices and habits to which she then grew up; that they came to

mean more and more to her no one can doubt, but she never found any of them hampering or insufficient for her growing spirit.

LETTERS

TO ANNE YONGE

August 6, 1838.

My dear Anne—As Sir William Heathcote is coming here this evening I take this opportunity of writing to you, I hope, to thank you beforehand for the letter I am to expect on Saturday. I think your Coronation Festival must have been most splendid, especially the peacocks' feathers. You must have wanted Duke to help you arrange it all, I think. I know he always used to be famous for arrangements. Sarah Williams, a young lady whom I know very well, was in the Abbey and saw all the Coronation. Her party went at five in the morning, and though they had to wait five hours, yet the sight of the people arriving was so amusing that they seemed like five quarters of hours. They were very much amused by the way in which the foreigners behaved when they came into the Abbey. They had to pass the seats of the Peeresses, and no sooner did they come in sight of them than they all, Marshall Soult at the head of them, stopped short and began to bow to the ladies, whilst the unfortunate ushers whose business it was to get them into their places were exceedingly afraid the Queen would come whilst they were stopping the way, and at last they raised a report that the Queen was coming and they all had to get into their places as fast as ever they could. But when the English Peers came they all walked into their places, scarcely looking at the ladies. Mrs. Harcourt¹ and Caroline Jervis were staying here the week before last, and they made a very pleasant visit. Mrs. Harcourt gave me a most beautiful workbox as large as mamma's and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The thimble is a Coronation thimble. On one side of the rim it has "Victoria" and on the other "Crowned, 28th of June 1838."

¹ Mrs. Vernon Harcourt, her godmother.

The box is fitted up with blue watered silk and it has scissors, knife, pinchers, and all sorts of working tools. As to the pinchers I do not know what use in work they can be, but the woman who sold it told Mrs. Harcourt that they were to take out thorns out hunting, but I think it is possible to get thorns in one's fingers without going out hunting. Yesterday Mrs. Chamberlayne's two youngest children were brought to church to be christened. They were to come at half-past-two but were late, and we got to church just as Mr. Wither was going to take the little girl, Francesca Maria, into his arms. She behaved very well, but when Mr. Wither took Frederick Cranley, who is about two years and a half old, he cried terribly. There were so many people that came to the christening that there was no room in the great Cranbury pew, so several of the gentlemen went into their servants' pew, and grandmamma, who was in Mr. Wither's, took Mr. Chamberlayne¹ into this. To-day there is a great cricket match at Cranbury between Hampshire and Mary-le-bone to which everybody is invited, papa among the rest, so he and Julian are gone there to see it. We have a chicken with three legs belonging to the little bantam hen. I hope we shall not lose it, of which there seems some chance, as Thomas Powell has just lost sixteen old hens and fifteen couple of chickens. We can now vie with you in singing birds, as I had a present the other day of three live canary birds, one of which, a green one, we have given to the little baker, and the other two, one yellow with a black saddle on its back and one very like a goldfinch, we keep. Julian has given them the names of Saddle and Goldfinch. Mr. Wither moved into his new house last Thursday, and it looks very comfortable indeed with all the furniture that we saw at Mrs. Warren's. He has at length had his poor old dog Psyche killed. Grandmamma says she was grown like a pig. I have finished little Alice Moberly's shoes at last, and now I am doing a paper case in tent-stitch on wire. It is a pattern of carnations. Miss Tucker's aunt has been staying here and has taken back little Alfred. Miss Emma has been ill, so there is some fear of Miss Katherine's being wanted to supply her place at home, which would be a terrible thing for Miss Tucker. The

¹ Mr. Chamberlayne of Cranbury Park, the great house of Otterbourne.

church, I hope, will get on a little faster now, for there are fifteen workmen at it to-day, and the tower is up and one of the bells and the school-bell are come. You cannot think how pretty the new bell-turret looks amongst the trees from a distance, especially from the poor old church. The Boys' School (which mamma says is built of pincushions and penwipers, and do you not think that your W. H. W. B. W. bookmarker must have had something to do with it?) gets on very well and is come to the windows. I do not know what Julian would say to that parenthesis, as he has a great objection to parenthesis, especially in his Cæsar. The answer to Charles's riddle was S, as if you add S to I it makes IS, the Latin for *him*. The answer to the one about the Coronation is, because it is a rare occurrence, *i.e.* rare o' currants. It is a very bad one, but is funny. Mamma desires you to guess why a mouse is like mangel-wurzel? I suppose you have been out in the boat this summer, if it was not too wet. Mamma desires me to say that she fully intended to write, but just before papa went off to Cranbury he gave her something to draw for the church, nevertheless she does not forget the obligations she owes to Aunt Yonge and great A and little a,¹ and she will certainly answer their letters, with all and each of which she was very much pleased. Mrs. Royle is here talking to mamma and grandmamma very fast. I do so wish that the Mags might have an answer to their letters. They have both been moulting, and Stumpy's new tail is growing very fast, and Longtail is shabby in nothing but his head, which is covered with young feathers looking so funny. He pecked my throat furiously about a fortnight ago, besides stealing two pair of Martha's scissors and mamma's thimble, but now papa has cut his wing and grandmamma has put up a net in front of the drawing-room window, so that he cannot get in so well as he could before, which makes him "send forth his venomous noise" most vehemently. Mamma's whooping-cough is almost gone now and Julian only coughs in the night in his sleep, so he has it very comfortably without waking himself. There is to be a Confirmation here on the first of October, when I hope I am to be confirmed. I am to

¹ Alethea and Anne.

go to Mr. Keble's to be examined. Mrs. Keble does not seem the worse for her journey. I have not set about the story in the Davenport family yet, but I hope I shall some time or other. I wonder whether this letter will arrive before you send yours. If it does pray tell me whether a certain black chrysalis with a yellow corkscrew round him belongs to that caterpillar that you and I saw eating when we gathered the gooseberries, and what sort of moth he comes to. Little Whorley was very ill all night, but is a great deal better this morning. Richard Smith could not be found last night to give them an order for Mr. Dennis, so they went without him. Mr. Rudd, Alfred's friend of bows and hospital paper, has been going on ever since better and worse, but now Mr. Wither thinks he cannot live much longer. Papa has bought the blacksmith's shop that was Betsy Comely's, so Mr. Wither says that I in future must represent her. She is going to live there still though, and Julian informs us that the new blacksmith will make edged tools.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO ANNE YONGE

. . . Mr. Wither has given Julian, that is, is to give him on his birthday, though I have it now to keep, *Thoughts in Past Years*, a book of poetry by Mr. Isaac Williams, a friend of Mr. Keble's, and I like it exceedingly. Mr. Keble is going to publish a new version of singing Psalms, and they are almost ready. William and George Heathcote have a tutor these holidays. His name is Mr. Mules. I think you will be surprised to hear of your old friends the *Young Ladies* being in print. The truth is, that we were somewhat in despair about the Girls' School. We would have another bazaar if we had not thought that people would be tired of it; so mamma and I were one day looking over my French translations which had all been duly corrected by the old Monsieur. They consisted of the *Faithful little Girl*, *Corylla*, *Mamma's New Story without an End*, a Fairy Tale of Miss Talbot's, etc., which, using the *Young Ladies* as a peg to hang them upon, we thought would do very well to publish for the benefit of the School, so the *Young Ladies* really made a very pretty story, with the nonsense

being taken away as much as we could. The papa is a Colonel at first and then Jules goes into the army, and the story ends with Aunt Selina, Henrietta, Rosalie and Pauline setting off to join them at Paris, just after Waterloo. I hope the story is not very foolish, but I am in hopes that it has a little better *moralité* than the French stories by the French themselves usually have. Now the cost of printing 300 copies will be £30, and when we can get 109 copies taken at 5s. 6d. apiece, the printing will be paid for, and the rest will be clear gain to the School; but as we do not mean to run any risk, it is not to be printed till we have 100 copies promised to be taken, and I want to know how many you think you will be able to dispose of for us. I hope, Anne, you do not think me horribly vain and presumptuous, but I am sure I should be glad to be able to do the slightest thing for the School, and if you find anything very nonsensical, you must remember it was written by your shatter-brained cousin of fifteen. It is to be called *Le Château de Melville, ou Recreations du Cabinet d'Étude*. I am going to have the sheets looked over by M. de Normanville. About thirty copies we can reckon upon. Now I have written so much about my own affairs that I am ashamed of it, so all I shall say in this page is, that I most sincerely wish you, dear Anne, a very happy New Year, in which I hope we shall see each other.

TO ANNE YONGE

OTTERBOURNE, Sept. 25, 1838.

My dear Anne—Though I wrote to you so short a time ago, I cannot let an opportunity pass without writing. I wished for you last Friday, for I think you would have liked our party of pleasure. As it was St. Matthew's Day, we asked leave out for Johnnie, Duke, Archer and Charles Wither at seven o'clock in the morning. They came here in a fly, the horses of which were afterwards put on to our close carriage. But I had better tell my own story, for I do not know what was going on at Otterbourne at that time. I have not told you that the occasion of all this set out was to see the first stone of Ampfield Church laid. At a quarter past ten Duke and I set off in the fly for

Mr. Keble's, Duke to take back word at what time Mr. and Mrs. Keble meant to set off for Ampfield, I to go to church, have my lecture and dine, and a delightful morning I had there. Dinner was over, the gig with Whitethorn, the flea-bitten grey horse, was at the door, and Mr. Keble began to say there was no time to lose. We began to think that mamma was not coming for me, so they said they had room for me; so behind in the carriage I went with Caroline Coxwell, where she and Alethea made that fine telescope with their bonnets on the Netley Abbey day. We were just settled when the carriage came with mamma, but I stayed where I was, and fine fun Caroline and I had, for we went over the park anyhow, over dells which the post-horses behind looked finely amazed at, and we looked back and laughed. Then we came into Ampfield wood and passed the place where Caroline and I left you and mamma sitting near the great ants' nest, and we talked of that pleasant day. Then we came into the road and there we found a great assembly of people arriving, three carriages from the park, two carriages of our own, and more from all Hursley. The church is in a beautiful place, where the Hampshire paper says "An appropriate service was performed by the Rev. J. Keble." Little Gilbert Heathcote laid the stone, spread the mortar about underneath in fine style, and finally gave the stone three taps with a mallet. Then came some of the 132nd Psalm, which was exceedingly appropriate, especially the sixth verse, when we looked round and saw the plantations of fir-trees round us. No sooner was the service finished than Mr. Fowler the steward stooped down and kissed Gilbert, saying "Little dear." You know when Julian laid our first stone everybody said "Pretty dear," which made him very angry, so we had a fine laugh at him. In the evening Johnnie and I had some fine games at backgammon, in every one of which he beat. The Confirmation is to be next Monday, and I am very sorry papa will not be at home on that day. I went to Hursley yesterday for the last time before it, and Mr. Keble gave me my ticket. He is so kind as to promise to go on with me after the Confirmation, which I am very glad of. The church bells are to be put up to-day, and the inside is being painted, paved, and plastered, but the work does not make much

show. Papa says he wishes the men would employ the time of his absence in drinking all they mean to drink till the church is finished, so Mr. Wither is going to give them a supper on Michaelmas Day I believe. Tell Alethea that Mr. Rudd, the tall man we took the hospital paper to, is dead, and as it was said that he was the handsomest coachman that ever drove to St. James's, his wife thought, I suppose, that he would make a fine skeleton, so she had his grave done two feet deeper than usual that he might not be dug up again, and employed two people to watch him every night; but those people being great poachers spent the night at the river, and left the poor man to his fate. Poor Mrs. Moore has been disappointed of her journey to Bognor, for they were actually on the road, when about Guildford Mr. Moore was taken so ill that she was obliged to go back again, and she does not wish to leave town again. He is better now I believe. I had a letter from Alethea at Heidelbourg the other day. Aunt Duke had had some bad headaches for the last few days, which was the only new news to you I suppose. Old Mag has just had his wing cut, which affronts him very much. Mamma held his beak whilst papa cut his wing. I have now three hundred and ninety-seven dried flowers. I hope your work will be ready to come by papa as well as Jane's night-cap. Tell Charles that Julian is learning Greek and has got as far as \acute{o} , $\acute{\eta}$, $\tau\acute{o}$, and can read a line of the Greek Testament without help. A gentleman who has been a good deal in Germany told us the other day that Heidelbourg was a bad town, so I am glad that Aunt Duke lives out of it. I enclose the form that was used at the laying the first stone. Give my love to Jane and Frances, and tell them that I hope to have a letter from each of them by papa. Mamma will be very glad of her worsted if you can get it for her, and pray send a pair of black purse sliders, for one of those of the beautiful purse, both yellow and black, is broken, though the purse is as good as new.—In the meantime I am, dear Anne, your very affectionate

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS TO ANNE YONGE

1837.—I wish you could see my young ladies, who have advanced to copy-books since they were at Puslinch. All their uncles, aunts, and cousins are staying with them, and in the midst of all poor Rosalie's horse threw her, and she had a strain which is keeping her on the sofa. One evening when everybody but her and her friend Isabella were gone to see the Eddystone, they heard a carriage come to the door, and after some time up came the man with a card on which was written Colonel Melville. He was their Uncle Frederick who had gone out to India five years before, and in coming back was supposed to have been drowned, as nothing has been heard of him since, 1837.¹

1838.—On my birthday I went to breakfast with Mr. Keble, and then after I had my examination, or rather Mr. Keble talking about the catechism to me so kindly.

In 1839, Journey to West Dean.—At the Hall is a beautiful picture of King Charles the martyr, a full-length, and with the beautiful forehead we always see him drawn with.

1839.—I am going to Hursley to-day to stay with Mr. Keble, in the hopes of hastening the departure of this tiresome cold. I like the thought of the visit very much, though it being the first time of my staying out by myself, how I shall manage winding up my watch remains to be proved.

(Wedding of Mr. Peter Young)

The bride looked very well and very pretty in a white châlet gown with silk stripes, a tippet the same as the gown, and a white silk bonnet and veil. . . . I must say this wedding really seemed the wedding of children of the church, for we all went to the daily service at the usual time, then the Communion service was read as far as the Nicene Creed, then they were married, the children went out and the Sacrament was administered. Mr. Keble read the morning service and married them, and Mr. Thomas Keble read the Commandments. I assure you all this greatly took off from the mere feeling of rejoicing and merriment at a marriage.

¹ *Château de Melville.*

NOTES BY MISS YONGE, ROCKDALE, YEALMPTON, THE
"MARY YONGE" OF THE LETTERS

From my earliest recollections of C. M. Yonge she always struck me as being different from other children of her own age. In fact, although she was five years younger than me, I used to feel how superior she was to me in knowledge, etc. Yet in those days she joined with me and my sisters in all our amusements. Particularly I remember our all getting into disgrace by getting into the "Black Mud" on the sea-shore below Puslinch, to the anger of our nurse "Harvey" and hers, the faithful "Mason."

We always looked forward with pleasure to our walks with her, and even when five years old she would tell us histories of her children as she called them, her dolls, as well as children of her imagination, who all seemed as real to her and to us as if they had been living beings, and I can now clearly remember the delight of listening to her histories of them after we were in bed, for she and I and one sister shared the same room; also our distress when Mason came with a peremptory order of "No more talking." She was always very obedient, and both her father and mother were strict over her, which was what made us very sorry for her sometimes. Shy she certainly was with her elders, but we had many delightful days after my cousins returned from Canada and were for a time at Kitley, and we used to meet daily and take long walks, and have long talks about botany, etc., etc.

I do not remember the date of *Abbey Church*, but she wrote little shorter stories, *Anne in London*, *Leonard the Lion-heart*, etc., and used to read over to us any addition she had made during the day.

It was very striking her natural fear of a gun, or any loud report. I know she was once terrified when my brother brought his shot belt into the room, as if there was danger of its exploding, and never liking to hear of what sport they might have had in a day's shooting. She never, up to a late period, had much pleasure in a boating expedition, and I believe she never forgot the fright we once had in Plymouth harbour by being *nearly* in collision with a yacht.

You ask if she "used often to talk of her books"? She

always seemed after she grew up to have a diffidence in doing so, and shrunk into herself if people or *strangers* began to ask her about them. I can remember, however, that it was most interesting to hear her discussing the Waterloo time with Lord Seaton, and again, after his return from Canada, all that time of the Rebellion and Church matters there, in which he took so great a part. She had such a pleasing and attractive manner in talking to people, after the first little fit of shyness passed off. A lady once remarked to me not many years ago, "What a shy reserved manner Miss Yonge has, looking at me as if I was a lion and afraid of me." Yet you and I know this was really only in great measure her feeling a sort of idea that people were come to look at *her* as a wonder. She was always so particular to close her blotting-book or shut up her manuscript if any visitor was shown into the drawing-room ; this was even up to the last time she was here at Rockdale. Then I think she was writing for the *Mothers in Council Journal*, and particularly about "Skirt Dancing" and "Tennis Parties."

As children we used to laugh at her careful way of going downstairs, or across any little plank over a rivulet, and her fear at the loud blasting of a rock. Even last year she said in a letter to me, "How glad you must be the railway is not to be extended farther, and I hope you are now free from those loud rock explosions *so* startling and *so* dangerous." What a tender heart she had also, not the smallest insect, etc., would she hurt, and how cruel she thought you if you killed a wasp, and the same with regard to fishing. I have heard many discussions on that point, on hunting also. I remember her refusing to go in our boat when one of the boatmen put out a line and brought in a fish into the boat. She saw it still breathing in the bottom of the boat. It was a trait of her truly tender heart which was ever open to every one. Yet how firm was her determination to do what was the right thing ; she never shrank from what was *duty* ; and how reverent she was in a thousand ways, though unobserved by men. I recollect one Sunday when returning from church I heard her say to her mother—she was about six years I think—"Mamma, I could not understand that clergyman's sermon, it was too difficult, so I employed myself in thinking how very

wrong Abraham was to say that Sarah was his sister. Was I naughty to think about *that* instead of the sermon?"

Was she pretty? you ask. Yes, she was a remarkable-looking child with such bright gleaming eyes, and her dark hair in ringlets on each side; then she was slight and with a good figure and upright, and never to be seen lolling about in an easy-chair or sofa, as, alas! so many *young* folks do now. Her mother never dressed her in any very stylish way—plain and neat, and no bangles or curb-chain bracelets; in fact, of late years I used to wish she thought a little more of her own dress, etc., but that never entered her head I think, though her faithful Harriet would sometimes suggest a thing.

CHAPTER V

1837-1850

GROWING POWERS

It has seemed best in dealing with a life so outwardly uneventful as that of Charlotte Yonge to try to give a clear impression of her life in all its aspects at different times, rather than to chronicle the exact sequence of the small events which diversified it. She brings her own story, which the preceding chapters and letters have illustrated, up to the date of her Confirmation, which took place in the autumn of 1837. The next period may be said to reach to the time when the *Heir of Redclyffe* began to be written in the opening of 1850. These thirteen years were spent in the even flow of happy, prosperous, energetic girlhood. Their chief events for her were those connected with the building of church and schools in Otterbourne, the development of her intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Keble, the commencement and growth of her friendship with the Dyson family, and the invention and publication of the books prior to the *Heir of Redclyffe*. The time of

their conception and invention was much more important to her than that of their publication ; they filled nearly all her thoughts and her leisure except what were devoted to the school-children in whom she delighted, and they were all in hand pretty much at the same time. They were all excellent in their way and successful, but they were presented, so far as she was concerned, to her own circle ; she was still to herself a girl seeking the approval of her older friends, and with the publication of the *Heir of Redclyffe* she became a famous person and one of the authors of her time. She had those greatest joys of high-minded and enthusiastic youth, hero-worship, and the sense of being in the van of one of the great movements of the day ; but whereas in many cases young people buy these joys by discord with their elders and by severance from home interests, in Charlotte's case authority, family ties, faculty, and aspiration all flowed in the same full and powerful stream, and for her the newest *youngest* thing was to do home and family duties more perfectly. What greater happiness can be given to youth ? The fact was the keynote of her character, and produced that atmosphere of mingled ardour and submission in which she lived all her life, while all other contemporary and contending inspirations were so entirely outside her ken that she did not so much oppose them as remain in ignorance almost of their existence, and certainly of their force.

It would be useless to deny that this environment produced limitations when in her turn she became the leader and the oracle, but it is also true that it produced *her*, for which her generation may well be thankful to it.

Her life was varied by a very occasional share in rather brilliant society, and by intercourse with such men as Lord Seaton, Sir William Heathcote, and Sir John Coleridge, and this, besides her devotion to her own father, gave her all her life a strong belief in the religion and goodness of laymen, surely a very valuable possession for a clever woman. Besides all the dear girl-cousins, she also saw a great deal of clever young men, Yonges, Coleridges, and Colbornes, so that her friends were by no means exclusively feminine.

She has herself told us how charming Mr. Keble was in daily life, and Hursley Vicarage was, it must be remembered, an intellectual as well as a religious centre of a high kind. There were also Dr. Moberly and his family, Warden Barter of Winchester, and other like-minded neighbours and friends, so that her early life was extremely full of interest and companionships, and was not in the least dull or provincial.

No doubt she preferred the Sunday School class to the dinner-party, but it must be remembered that that class embodied all the new views for which her heroes were fighting.

The drawing taken of her by Richmond, here

reproduced, while it shows her as a handsome dark-eyed girl, gives, I should suppose, very little idea of the brilliancy and vigour of her face. She was always, by her own account, awkward in movement, and did not manage her dress well, but it does not at all appear that she despised pretty clothes, either on herself or other people.

When she was about twenty—it is difficult, and perhaps not very important, to find the exact date—she became acquainted with Miss Marianne Dyson, the sister of Mr. Charles Dyson, the Vicar of Dogmersfield, a college friend of Sir John Coleridge and Mr. Keble. As far as I can make out from the letters, Charlotte must have been taken either by the Kebles or the Coleridges to visit the Dysons, and a life-long friendship was at once formed, and an almost daily correspondence begun.

Miss Dyson was twenty years older than Charlotte, and something of an invalid; she was lame and suffered from headaches, but she must have been a woman of much force and cultivation, with a great enthusiasm for education.

Her charming story *Ivo and Verena* will be remembered by many as one of the joys of youth, and she really was almost the first pioneer of middle-class education for girls. She set up a small boarding-school for superior village girls; this was afterwards modified, perhaps when the improvement of village schools made the first plan less necessary, into one for the preparation of girls

for the teaching profession, but in these early days about half a dozen girls, children of superior servants and small tradespeople, were housed in a cottage at Dogmersfield under a matron, and were mainly taught and looked after by Miss Dyson. No doubt experiments were tried, and a good deal was expected of these little maidens, but the scheme was worked on the fine principle of giving them the very best their teacher had to bestow in the way of cultivation and refined interests. Charlotte's first efforts at educational writing were made for the benefit of these children. *Kings of England*, *The Chosen People*, and teaching which afterwards developed into *Conversations on the Catechism*, were sent to Miss Dyson regularly for the use of "Calldom," as the little school was playfully called, probably because the little calves were fed with the milk of literature—certainly they had the milk of human kindness. The village children at Dogmersfield went by the name of the "Dogs," those of Otterbourne were called the "Otters," and the doings and sayings of the various classes were repeated to each other by these friends in the early letters of that life-long correspondence which, together with that with Anne Yonge, forms the basis of this memoir. Charlotte's devotion to her Sunday School class was such that she actually wrote out on Sunday evening the answers which the "Otters" had given to her in the morning, and sent the report to Miss Dyson. No wonder that the

Langley School children come to us "in their habit as they lived."

In 1842, when Charlotte was nineteen, the first number of the *Magazine for the Young* was brought out by Miss Anne Mozley, the sister of Richard Mozley of Derby, the well-known Church publisher. This small and unpretending twopenny, "The Pink Mag." as it was called by its friends, was remarkable among children's magazines through all its career for good sense, refinement, and absence of folly. Charlotte began very soon to contribute little stories and papers to it, and in 1847 *Langley School* began in its pages. Whatever this record of the doings and sayings of a set of village school-children may have done for the school-child readers themselves, it is certain that it set a whole generation of girls to work at village school-teaching, and no one who knew the little girls of Langley will ever forget them. Clementina, who came to school with her bonnet strings flying and was made to tie them before she went to church, clever Kate, good Amy, and conceited Rose, in their pink cottons and white capes, are as real to many as their own young playfellows, and moreover, when they reappeared recently as head servants and elderly matrons they were still their very selves, unerring character studies, which have been often imitated, but rarely, if ever, equalled.

For this was really the gift given to Charlotte,

the talent for which she was to render an hundred-fold. She was to create individuals; her field was limited, but in it the creations *lived*.

Some of these vivid personalities first saw the light in the *Château de Melville*, which was written as an exercise in French in her early teens. It is a little family sketch imitated from the *Veillées du Château* by Madame de Genlis, with short tales interpolated, which, as we have seen, was printed and sold at a bazaar for the benefit of Otterbourne School when she was about fifteen. Here we find the germ of the inquisitive girl who figured as Jane Mohun in *Scenes and Characters, or Eighteen Months at Beechcroft*, and who has appeared developed and improved certainly, but quite unchanged in the last works of the author. Some of the stories in the list here appended did not appear in print till afterwards, but they were all in hand and were discussed week by week, almost day by day, with Miss Dyson. These early stories are all marked by distinct incisive character-drawing, and although the young people judged their own faults with appalling severity, and some self-importance, they all have the cheery pleasantness of tone which recommended religion to their contemporaries, and which made them feel religion to be worthless without moral effort of the most strenuous kind. The people breathe a hard and bracing air, but the golden sunshine of youth and hope brightens it.

That an eager girl should discuss her interests and occupations with an older friend of congenial tastes is not unusual. Charlotte delighted in submitting her doings to Miss Dyson and in working under her advice. She called her and Mrs. Dyson her Drivers, and herself their faithful Slave, and many little jokes passed on this subject. What is not usual is that Mrs. Yonge shared in it all, read the letters, wrote little bits in Charlotte's, helped in the work, and in fact, to use a colloquialism, was "in the friendship too." What wonder if, in after life, Charlotte was apt to be hard on daughters who did not "get on" with their mothers!

Nothing is more characteristic or more curious than Charlotte's habit, when a girl, of writing down the conversations which passed during the day with her friends and cousins. A good many of these have been preserved. They are evidently an almost exact record of what was said, mixed up and disjointed as family talk is apt to be. They are on all kinds of topics—books, dress, poultry, walks, botany, fancy work, everything that was going on—and to any one knowing the talkers they are extraordinarily characteristic. They are not discussions, preserved as expressions of opinion, but the ordinary chat and chatter of clever young people, and seem to have been written down from the keen delight of dwelling on the happy intercourse with those she loved. One is given

in the Appendix to show on what kind of foundation she built up the conversations which form so large a part of her published writings. Most of them took place at Puslinch, but some few at Heath's Court, and in Eaton Square when staying with Lord and Lady Seaton.

It appears from the Heath's Court conversation that brilliant young men and learned judges were more ready to discuss with interest stories for little girls than would seem likely at the present day, and an interesting side-light is thrown on the fact that these children's stories by Miss Sewell, Miss Newman (sister to the Cardinal), and by Charlotte herself, were even then recognised as contributions to the literature of the great Church movement.

The local events that chiefly interested Charlotte during this period were the consecration of the new church at Otterbourne in 1839, and the gift to the parish of the vicarage house by Mr. Keble in 1846. She paid a visit, after a considerable interval, to Puslinch, I think in 1843, certainly in 1844, and these were followed by subsequent ones.

She contributed articles to the *Magazine for the Young* from soon after 1842 onwards. *Abbey Church, or Self-Control and Self-Conceit* was published in 1844.¹ *Scenes and Characters, or Eighteen*

¹ Her elder relatives did not think well of this story, but Dean Church, then a young Oxford don, said to Lady Seaton, "It is a very clever book,

Months at Beechcroft in 1847, and *Kings of England* in 1848. *Henrietta's Wish* appeared in the *Churchman's Companion* in 1848, and subsequently the *Two Guardians*; but besides these, *Kenneth, or The Rearguard of the Grand Army*,¹ the first part of the *Landmarks of History*, a story that subsequently developed into the *Castle Builders*, two continuations of *Abbey Church* which were never published, the germs of the *Little Duke* and the *Lances of Lynwood*, and even of the *Prince and the Page*, the *Chosen People*, and the first beginnings of *Conversations on the Catechism*, were all in process of development and under discussion at this time, besides various others, "ideas" which, as far as I can trace them, did not take any final shape.

The accompanying letters are chosen to show the kind of interests filling Charlotte's mind at this period. The fact of the unpublished conversations being recorded is characteristic of her.

and the young lady will write well in future." "Oh, why?" said the lady. "Because every character, however simple, is perfectly distinct and living."

¹ Charlotte once said that before she published her first book (*Abbey Church*) there was a family council held, as to whether she should be allowed to do so. In consenting, there was an understanding that she would not take money herself for it, but that it would be used for some good work—it being thought unladylike to benefit by one's own writings. Asked what she would have done if forbidden to publish, she quickly replied, "Oh, I *must* have written; but I should never have published—at least not for many years."

Shiverydown, as *Kenneth* was at first called, was begun long before its publication. Her father used every evening to hear her read what she had written in the day, and then altered her expressions and criticised; till even the dutiful girl found it impossible to write in such fetters and laid it aside, to be re-written later on.—M.A.M.

They also show how habitual was the discussion of botany and history in her circle. Otherwise they are not of much intrinsic interest. Her grandmother, Mrs. Bargus, died in 1848.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, *October 29.*

My dear Driver—I rather doubted about sending you Cyrus, because, as you will see, he does not stand alone, but is a chapter of general history, and therefore is not very minute, nor has he been written more than once, so that you must excuse numerous deficiencies and please to let me have him again. To my shame be it spoken I have not read Clarendon; we ought to have read him aloud when we were diligent Dicks, instead of which I was set to read him to myself when I was too young and could not get on. I think you get a great deal of him well adapted in Lodge, but you see I am not competent to give an opinion. *Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers* cannot help being interesting in spite of the man that writes it. I think you would find it a useful string to your bow. He certainly makes out a very good case for Rupert, who, always having been rather a pet of mine, I am glad to see exculpated. It seems that he fought Marston Moor against his own opinion, under positive orders from Charles, which he never showed to any one under all the accusations he suffered, but carried about him to his dying day.¹ I wish I could do more to help you where you are. Don't be afraid for the Confirmation story, it will be written all the quicker when it once begins for being well cogitated at first, and I do cogitate it. Lucy and Juliet are the names of the sisters still, I could not make the first do with any other. I have been settling how Lord Herbert begins the Confirmation with them—something in this way; they are staying at his parsonage, you know, just after he and Constance are come back from Madeira. He says,

¹ A justification for the episode in *John Inglesant*.

"Don't you think, Lucy, that you could be spared to stay with us till after the Confirmation." He was little prepared for the manner in which his invitation was received. Lucy rose up and sat down, then said with an effort, while the tears began to flow, "Oh, Herbert, you don't know how bad I am! When Aubrey died, and I was ill, then I thought I was really going to be good, and we set to work and made rules, and went to Mr. Fellowes to be prepared for Confirmation. Then I was out of spirits and weak after all that had happened, and mamma thought it was the Confirmation, and took us to London, and Juliet and I came out! And I could not help liking the parties very much, only what with them and with the masters too, all my time was taken up, and I could not mind my rules, and so whenever I got time to think I only found myself growing worse and more unhappy."

So this is to be the state of mind in which he takes her up. And I have made out why Constance was so superior. I think the three sisters were sent home when Constance was seven, Lucy five, Juliet four, and all put under the protection of an uncle, Mr. Berners, who always lives abroad, and concerns himself no more about them than to send them to a very good clergyman's widow who takes young Indians, and there they stay till Constance is thirteen or fourteen, when on their father's death or mother's second marriage they are suddenly recollected and all moved to the fashionable school where they have been ever since, Constance having brought away with her too much good to be spoilt in the atmosphere there, perhaps confirmed before she goes. At seventeen she goes to stay about with relations preparatory to going to India, stays with some school-fellow for the consecration of a church where Lord Herbert, just ordained, is to be curate. She is a delicate, graceful, winning, white-lily sort of person, not striking, but very lovely, and he forthwith falls over head and ears in love and only waits to get all the different people's consents. Lucy and Juliet spend one happy little week of summer holidays with them at his curacy, and are promised Christmas, then he grows ill and is ordered abroad, and they have one little meeting with him and Constance in London. All this before the beginning of the story. If

Henrietta¹ does not tarry on the road again your mind will be relieved about Fred on Thursday, and I hope the Old Slave's aunt will recover it. I am just sending off two chapters more. My idle work now is writing a play for the Moberlys' Christmas sport, about that time when Edward III. and Philippa found their children left all by themselves in the Tower. As they say great novelists cannot succeed in the drama, I suppose I shall make a fine mess of it, but it will do for them at any rate to make fun of. Do you want to know where to get red cloak stuff two yards wide at four shillings per yard. Mamma saw some at the Consecration in Sussex, and has a famous bale of it which is just going to be made up. I read a piece of the *Allegro* at school last week, and I never saw a child in a state of greater delight than Marianne Small, Elizabeth's younger sister. I have just given Jane Martin a real old *Christian Year*.² Thanks for the news of Allens; the economical fire amuses us much. Abbey Church No. 3 would begin after the laughing.—Your most dutiful

C. M. Y.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MISS DYSON

Sunday, 1846.

My dear Driver—I never expected Henrietta to produce such pretty fruits. I am delighted with it. I wish you would give Linny *Sintram* to read, and see what she would make of it. Ours are hearing it with great satisfaction. The Tree was very successful; the gentlemen would come to look on, which made the children very silent, but they were exceedingly happy. Mr. Wither cut down the fruit, and there was much fun. They had *calf* manners exactly, merry and joyous, whispering to each other, and never pushing forward, altogether very nice. They had two pomegranates for tea, which Fanny told them came from Spain; then they looked at certain Indian birds of which they are never

¹ *Henrietta's Wish*.

² This means not *The Child's Christian Year*. The story here dwelt on developed into the *Castle Builders*. The letter is given as a specimen of the way Charlotte discussed all her tales with her friend, and also as showing the way in which they gradually grew up in her mind.

tired, and at my shells, some of which were so little that Lucy marvelled how a fish could be got into them. And the evening was filled up with dissected maps.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, May 14, 1848.

My dear Driver—Thank you for all your encouragement with regard to Henrietta; I assure you I mean to have my own way, and if the *Churchman* finds he has caught a Tartar, he must make the best of it. I am very angry with *Sister's Care*, for it has done the very thing I wished not to have been done, that is to say, in one way I am glad of it, for I made a bargain with Mary that if she killed her child she must leave me in peace to kill my mother, so now she only threatens me with Henry. However, I am much of your opinion about the story, I think Lizzie is rather over-sentimental, at least I never saw the child (no, but once) who was not in too great raptures at getting out in the world to think of anything else. It is easy to think it the best in the *Churchman* without liking it nearly as well as *Michael*.¹ I hope the cow² goes on and prospers. I intended Warwick's relationship to be the reason of his taking the York party. I have really set about the *Cameos*, and have done a bit of Rollo to get my hand in, and then a bit of "the kingdom of Northumbria" by way of real beginning "for good." I was thereto much encouraged by a letter to "the writer of *The Kings of England*" from the sub-warden of St. Columba, where it seems the younger class read it, suggesting some alterations, such as genealogical tables, etc., and notices of styles of architecture, etc., in the manner of Mr. Neale, also introductions of poetry, instancing Drayton's *Polyolbion* and Gray's *Bard*. To architecture and poetry I turned a deaf ear, because I think one thing at a time is enough; and as to Gray's *Bard*, you know I have far too much tenderness for the ruthless king so to asperse him, and besides, I do not know what to say about the

¹ *Michael the Chorister*, a little story which led the way to many others, and was written by Miss Mary Coleridge and published anonymously.

² The matron of the little girls, the "calves."

Christian temper of the old bard himself. He also wanted more about the Crusades, for which he referred me to Mr. Abraham's lectures, and altogether I thought he was worthy to be encouraged with a promise of the *Cameos*. Also Mr. Mozley sends me a letter from a Mr. Douglas, a clergyman, wanting a cheap village school edition, but Mr. Mozley says we must get rid of some of the 2000 new ones first. I know I wish he would let me have some solid pudding as well as empty praise. How glad I am that they will have the wedding at Ottery after all,¹ though I suppose there will be fewer of the people she would like to have. The Kebles have their great tea-drinking on Ascension Day, and on Whit Tuesday they go to Bisley, and on to Exeter to Tom's ordination. I suppose Henry Coleridge will be ordained then too. I wonder if you have any later news than ours of Miss Sellon; I can hardly believe she will live, she is so much too good for the world, and I suppose there must be a martyr to make the cause come to good.

I imagine you under the tree where I first made your acquaintance, no, not first, for you once came to see the church, but where I made your acquaintance for good and put on the yoke of slavery. I wish I had some Alderney² to send, but a slave can't do more than she can do. By the bye, we have some Miss Yards come to live here, who seem disposed to do much in the school way.—Your very obedient and devoted

C. M. Y.

FROM MRS. YONGE TO MISS DYSON

June 14, 1849.

My dear Miss Dyson—If developments interest you, you should begin with Charlotte long before *Abbey Church*, and trace the dawns, not only of herself, but of some of the Beechcroft young ladies in the *Château de Melville*. Let me send you one

¹ The wedding of Alethea Coleridge to the Rev. John Mackarness, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

² A story afterwards called *Mrs. Elderney's School*, printed in the *Magazine for the Young*.

if you have not seen it, and if ever you begin to teach your herd to low in French, we can furnish a complete stock. The French is probably good enough for beginners, and it is at all events free from any breach of the third commandment, a fault that seemed to belong to all French books for children when I knew anything about them.

I think you are fortunate to have a child left for the holidays ; the books you will read ostensibly for her benefit or amusement will be of great use to the mistress. At least, I think I learnt a great deal more about teaching from children's books than I did from graver treatises and systems. Not that I am without a great respect for Mrs. Trimmer's old *Guardian of Education*.—Your dutiful Slave s'Mother—as Charlotte writes the name of her story, Henrietta s'Wish.

EXTRACT FROM UNDATED LETTER OF CHARLOTTE'S TO
MISS DYSON

I send a *Château de Melville*, and if you do not stick fast in it I should be amused to hear if you can identify the people with the Magnanimous Mohuns in their youth, that is to say, tell which is the origin of which. I have a most funny series of MSS. connecting them, which my executors may hereafter publish as a curious piece of literary history—I don't mean that I keep them for the purpose, only they are so comical that I cannot find it in my heart to throw them away, such absurd pieces of advice as the old people do give ! and the pathetic parts so ridiculous.¹ You will meet with the origin of Ben and Philip there.² What exquisite weather ! Wish for it to last till after St. Peter, when we are to have a grand picnicking with all the Hursley public at Merdon Castle, fifteen or sixteen Winchester boys to go home in an omnibus. I think I deserve a good long letter as a reward for this one. Don't you long to see *Prince Rupert* ? [His life, I suppose.]

¹ Not in existence.

² *Langley School*.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, *Midsummer Day*.
(*Undated*,¹ about 1850.)

My Dear M. A.—O that the sky of the Church was as clear as the sky above our heads, and how, as they always do, yesterday's *Christian Year* seemed to chime in with the thoughts that must sadden one even in this most glorious weather, as we thought last night when the full moon was shining so gloriously in the midst of the sky, and the elm-tree making such a beautiful shadow on the field. What can I say but that I am very sorry for you, and for her, it is like seeing tower after tower in a fortress taken by some enemy, and every time the blow seems nearer home. I do think such things as these make one know the comfort of people's being dead and safe, so that one can give them one's whole heart without the fear of having to wrench it away again. "Death only binds us fast." When I say one's whole heart I mean one's heart of admiration, and that kind of half-historical love for living saints that we were talking of one evening, for I am thankful to say that no personal friend of my own, no one indeed whom I knew well, has gone, none indeed whom I knew so well as Miss Lockhart. There was a cousin indeed, but I had not seen him since he was a youth and I a child, and we feel most about him for the sake of his mother and of his wife, who holds firm, and as to his mother, nothing could ever shake her I am sure. After hearing of such a thing as this, it does seem indeed a warning to any woman not to put herself in the way of being shaken by personal influence, and yet what could one do if one's Mr. Keble went, meaning him as an example of one's Pope. I remember Mr. H. W. saying he could fancy making a Pope of Archdeacon M.; is this what he is doing? And then why is Rome better because England is worse? that is the great wonder.

[This extract shows the feeling caused by the numerous secessions to the Church of Rome about this time.]

¹ I suppose Midsummer Day fell on a Monday and she refers to the Sunday poem.

UNDATED LETTER, 1850

I was thinking of the Southey and Scott controversy, and wondering if the self-consciousness of the men had anything to do with the personality of their heroes, whether Sir Waltër went any deeper into himself than into the rest of mankind, and whether Southey from looking at the inside of himself *con amore* did not get inside of other humans too. I always do think it a strange thing how one can care so much personally for that Ladurlad in *Kehama* in the midst of the impossibilities and verses I don't like at all. As to *Thalaba* I do like it almost every way ; the opening scene dwells on one with a sort of horror that shows its power, and the Angel of Death, how very fine that is. But I think Southey treated the Catholic faith, just as he did the idol mythology, as a framework, and not in the allegorical way in which Fouqué makes the mythology serve to shadow truth, and therefore it does not satisfy me ; there is a falseness about it all, he was not in earnest.

Yes, prejudices are very precious things, in Church matters especially I suppose, but I think history of England takes care of them because the R.C.'s are always the enemy, and the burnings and Gunpowder Plot will keep an English mind well prejudiced, so that I think you might afford to soften a little.

CHAPTER VI

THE 'HEIR OF REDCLYFFE' AND THE 'MONTHLY PACKET'

IN the spring of 1850 Charlotte paid a visit to Dogmersfield. At this time she had several stories in active progress, the most prominent being the *Two Guardians*, while the *Castle Builders* was in a less advanced state. During this visit Miss Dyson showed her the MS. of a story which she herself had written, but which she did not feel to be entirely successful. She wished, she said, to depict two characters, "the essentially contrite and the self-satisfied." There were plenty of heroes who were repentant for having accidentally killed a friend out shooting for instance, but the penitence of the saints was unattempted. The conceited hero was to persecute the other, and finally to cause his death, which was to be to his own worldly advantage. This story of Miss Dyson's existed in MS. until quite recently, but has been unfortunately lost or destroyed. Charlotte thought the characters interesting. The good hero was called Geoffrey, and the denouement was brought about by his

having to rescue the Philip of the story from a marsh, in doing which he caught a severe chill and finally died of consumption, and there was some scene in a church in which I think his face during the Psalms brought the Philip to a sense of his errors.

Miss Dyson had generous insight enough to know that her friend was a far better story-wright than herself, and Charlotte's imagination was at once fired with the idea, and she began to work it out and improve upon it. The letters which she wrote about it are in themselves so interesting, and show so well the kind of way in which she discussed her stories through life with her friends, that some of them are here given as specimens. The story was evolved through much discussion and consideration; almost every incident in it is recorded in some letter, incidents often much improved before they took final shape. Even the names underwent change. The Philip of the story was at first called Martin, which was changed to Philip, on the suggestion of Mrs. Yonge that Guy and Martin would remind readers too much of "Day and Martin's" famous blacking.

All through the autumn of 1850 and the spring of 1851 "Guy" was growing and prospering together with the end of the *Two Guardians*, the main part of the *Castle Builders*, and the *Landmarks of History*, besides the first beginning of a new enterprise.

The *Magazine for the Young* to which Charlotte constantly sent contributions was intended in the first instance for children of the working classes, children whose development and welfare was the new great enthusiasm of the day. The *Churchman's Companion*, published by Masters, was certainly the "High Church" magazine. Charlotte was at this time sending the *Two Guardians* to it month by month. Its tone was, however, extremely controversial, and it was given to insist more on the surface peculiarities of the Church movement than the wiser members of that movement thought good. The Dysons, and possibly others, suggested the putting forth of a magazine for young people, suited to the schoolroom rather than the village school, and which should avoid personal controversy as unsuited to the young. They speedily asked Charlotte to edit it, and she took to the idea with eagerness, planning it out, and in fact creating it, while she thought she was humbly following the suggestions of her elders. The name was a difficulty. "The Maidens' Manual" was suggested amid various others. Among themselves they called it "The Codger," saying that it was intended to please steady old codgers; and we see how different in those days were the conditions of advertisement and publication, for the name and contents were still doubtful in November 1850, though on the first of January 1851 the *Monthly Packet* made its first appearance. It contained *Conversations on*

the Catechism and *Cameos from English History* by the Editor, with the *Little Duke* for its leading serial. The *Castle Builders* was added after a few months, and indeed, though in after years the *Monthly Packet* contained many excellent papers and stories, notably those of Mrs. Alfred Gatty and Mrs. Ewing,¹ it was from first to last the expression of Charlotte Yonge's individuality, and the means of extending her influence. How much that influence continued to mould it even in those few latter years when her hand was partly withdrawn from it, only those concerned can know, and in its early years she fought pretty hard for its tone and character.

There were not wanting those who thought it daring and dangerous, and its innocent love-stories and gentle playfulness were not permitted without a struggle. It became indeed a Maidens' Manual, and the strength and depth of its influence as well as the definite limitations of it, as its readers grew up and grew old with it, would form a curious study. What we are concerned with just now is, that its conception and publication coincided with that of the *Heir of Redclyffe*.

No doubt the conditions of editing were in those days very easy. A day or two's delay in the appearance of the magazine troubled no one, and twelve or fourteen pages could be added if matter

¹ Miss Peard, Miss Keary, and the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* were also contributors.

outran space. On the other hand, the pay was nominal, and fifteen or sixteen hundred copies was thought an enormous sale.

The *Heir of Redclyffe* was finished in August 1851, and had to run the gauntlet of that private public which was always to its author the most important.

First of all "Guy's mother," as Miss Dyson was fondly called, and Mr. and Mrs. Dyson had to express their approval of the manner in which the leading idea had been carried out. Then the MS. went to Ottery St. Mary and exercised the critical faculties of the Coleridge family. Sir John gave it considerable approval, but implored that Amabel's baby might be a boy, for the public would never stand seeing Philip heir of Redclyffe. The future Lord Chief Justice said that when Philip came to inquire into Guy's debts, Guy should have kicked him downstairs, an opinion upon which Julian Yonge improved by saying that he would have horsewhipped him round the quad. Mr. Keble, who saw it afterwards, thought that Guy had no sufficient reason for refusing to satisfy his guardian as to his demand for £1000.

Charlotte accepted all this advice, and no doubt much more unrecorded, with deference and gratitude, but she took none of it. Intuition was for once stronger than authority. Her father apparently polished up the style of the sentences, and Alice, Dr. Moberly's eldest daughter, enjoyed the new

story, and was the first of many maidens utterly to lose her heart to Guy Morville. Whether the critics really knew that they had got hold of something remarkable, whether they were afraid of making their young lady vain, and what they said about it to each other, is not recorded. Sir John Coleridge advised that the MS. should be submitted to Mr. Murray, and after Mr. Yonge had, according to the author, corrected the language and polished up the sentences, he took it up to London in the February of 1852. Mr. Murray declined it on the ground that he did not publish fiction and, with Sir John Coleridge's concurrence, it was passed on to Messrs. Parker. There is a tradition derived from an external source that the elder members of the firm wished to decline it, probably from not knowing how to class a work which was neither a novel nor a girl's story-book; but that Mr. John Parker read it, perceived that it was something quite new, and insisted on accepting it. However this may have been, there was no enthusiasm shown about it and much delay in giving an answer, so that the final agreement to publish the book in October was not signed until May 1852.

Charlotte does not seem to have made herself unhappy under the suspense. Guy and his friends were to her like real people away on a visit, and the new book, the *Heir of Redclyffe*, was hardly realised. "If Guy could only have seen Mr. Keble

to-day, how he would have enjoyed it!" she writes. Besides, there was all the story of *Heartsease* to be invented and worked out, and a whole second part of the Morville story, following the characters to their life's end.

This sketch was never, I think, really written, and though the facts were always at the service of eager admirers who wanted to know more of their old friends, she always said that the public would not stand anything so melancholy, and her literary judgment told her that its publication would be unwise.

The idea of expiation of, and retribution for, the faults of youth in Philip and Laura was certainly carried to an unreasonable extent, and it is enough to know that Guy's daughter was all she ought to have been, and a sort of guardian angel to the rest of the family.

The chief family event of this period was Julian Yonge joining the Rifle Brigade, 2nd Battalion, and sailing for Canada in the summer of 1852. Charlotte, when he got his commission, compared it to a young squire obtaining knighthood, and felt it to be a sort of revival of the romance of an older day.

The chief shadow over this period of prolonged and happy youth, when all the daily tasks were, as she herself says, little strokes in the great cause, was the secession to Rome of various leaders of the Church movement, and of several friends and

cousins of her own. These failures of faith in the Church of England caused the greatest grief and fear; "the separation," she writes, "was worse than death," and though it does not seem that she entertained one definite difficulty or doubt on the subject, there was evidently a vague terror of an influence that might take people unawares, and overcome their loyalty and faith. People who "argued" might easily be lost, and when she wished to represent a heroine as being tempted to "Romanise," she says that she must be careful not to realise her difficulties for fear of becoming confused herself.

Mr. Keble, however, whose steadfastness was an entire protection to her, does not seem to have taken this view in the case of so clever a woman; she says that he talked the matter out with her, and certainly, in after life, any one less likely to "go over to Rome" never lived and died a faithful daughter of the Church of England. It was not only that she was entirely satisfied with the Anglican position, but that she had no turn for the kind of sentiment which leads some people to idealise the Church of Rome. She did not like foreign books of devotion, and had a profound dislike for sentimental expressions of religious feeling, which she thought irreverent; not only her belief, but her tone of mind, was thoroughly in harmony with the Book of Common Prayer, and fed on an accurate knowledge of Holy Scripture.

These letters will perhaps be regarded as having little intrinsic interest except for those who are familiar with every detail of the book; but no description could give so clear an impression of the innocence, the simplicity, the scrupulous conscientiousness of the writer's mind, in fact of the *Codgerism* which made for so much good, though doubtless for good of a limited sort, and which was the native atmosphere of the highly educated and gifted girl, who was soon to become one of the most popular authors of her day.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, May 4, 1850.

My dear Driver—I don't mean to send this till to-morrow, but my head is so full of Sir Guy Morville that I must write it to get him out in order to go to Emmeline,¹ and in the first place I must tell you that after meditating on him all the way home, I explained him to mamma at tea, and when she heard him described, she said "Like Mr. Hurrell Froude," which I hope is a sign that I have got the right sow by the ear, as far as knowing what you mean. Now, then, how will this sort of plot do—Mr. Dashwood, a good honest common-place sort of squire, is connected with the Morvilles by marrying Miss Edmonstone, a second cousin of theirs, her nephew Martyn Edmonstone being the heir-at-law to Sir Guy. The story should begin with the news coming to the Dashwoods of the sudden death of old Sir Guy, whereupon all would begin talking, and telling old stories about old Sir Guy's faults and repentance, and Mr. Dashwood and Martyn having to go to the funeral, and bring back young Guy with them. They don't know much about him, Martyn the most, and *I think* there should be some instances

¹ The *Castle Builders*.

of wild escapades of fun together with a tremendous temper, the very vice of the house of Morville. I think a fiery temper would be the thing that would chiefly leave on Guy's mind the impression that he was and must be good for nothing, and though he may have it really under most noted control, it may now and then show awful flashes before he can curb it in, so as to be just what smaller minds cannot understand. Well, Mr. Dashwood finds him very much overwhelmed by the loss of his grandfather, and brings him home; then comes what we settled, how Mrs. Dashwood, who is to be superior to her husband, gets into his confidence and he is quite unreserved with her; how he finds himself enjoying the lively family too much, and curbs himself sometimes in an odd sudden way which is now and then misunderstood and gives offence; how Martyn Edmonstone, from having seen him in his boyhood, never trusts him, and looks upon him as a young tiger's whelp sure to break out some time or other, and cannot bear the sort of admiration in which the young ladies hold him. Martyn should before, I think, have been their great hero, and find his nose a little put out of joint, especially with Laura, his favourite, and the beauty whom Guy first took to; he should not in the least know that he is jealous and invidious, but think it is all brotherly interest in his cousins. Then, just as Guy has found out his real love, Amabel, it should somehow happen that Martyn sees him at Oxford or somewhere under some violent provocation, where he really does struggle and gain a glorious victory over himself, but Martyn only sees the first flash of anger, and misrepresents it first to himself and then to the Dashwoods, in a sort of all-sincerity. Then comes a great cloud between Guy and Amabel and all her family, and when he finds out it is Martyn's fault, it must be a marvellous effort by which he prevents himself from calling him to account for it, at the same time blaming himself too much in his own penitent spirit to exculpate himself to the Dashwoods as much as most people would have done.

At last must come a sort of clearance, not so far that Martyn at all retracts, but only that it blows over, and he gets on his former terms with the family; Amabel and her mother thoroughly understand him, Mr. Dashwood forgets his doubts, and the marriage comes all right, and they are only so wondrously happy

that he fears it, and she is sure it cannot last. They go abroad for their wedding tour, and at some small place where Sisters of Mercy don't grow, they hear of an English gentleman desperately ill of an infectious fever. It must be just a sort of case in which Guy would think it only common humanity to go and nurse him, whereas other people would think it immense generosity, more especially as it turns out to be Martyn Edmonstone, whom he has never seen since the days of the slandering. So he nurses him till he begins to recover, and then catches it himself, and is quite convinced from the first that he shall die, and rejoices in it, in the same spirit as Prince Henry was so glad not to be king. Then of course it is all cleared up, and Martyn (who shall be his heir after all) shall come and see him, and enter into all that he would have had him do, and not only do him full justice but very nearly worship him, and Amabel shall behave gloriously, and understand her husband enough to feel with him like a certain book of Fouqué's, *Death is Life*, and when her father and mother and Laura come to her, just as it is all over, they can only wonder at her, and I think if in some remoter distance Martyn and Laura should marry, it would be a very good instance of what it is to be too good for this world, and what to be just good enough for it. I should like to know what you think of all this.

TO MISS DYSON

Saturday.

My dear Driver—The first thing I did when I opened your letter this morning was to laugh, it was so exactly what I had been thinking about before I was up, as far as regards Guy's character, for what I had been planning was to make the encounter with Martyn happen at Oxford, whither Martyn has volunteered to go to hunt up the supposed debts of Guy's. I mean Guy to have hazel eyes which when he is angry grow dark in the middle and flash (a traditional feature in the wicked ancestor), and when Martyn comes to his rooms with all these unjust suspicions and kind exhortations to confess and moralisings, it is almost beyond bearing, and he speaks in his tremendous tone of suppressed passion, and flashes with these eyes, and they

part quite in a quarrel, Guy proudly refusing all explanation. Then he repents, comes to Martyn's inn next morning, tries to make it up, but, as you say, Martyn fancies it is for fear of his making further discoveries, and is very ungracious, perhaps rather disappointed at the excellent character all the dons give of his cousin. Guy is comforted by his humility though it is not accepted—I think his contrition should have the “princely heart of innocence” following it. But whether this would be more effective if Martyn interfered with the estate I don't know, perhaps it might considering what is to happen afterwards, and Martyn's remorse; but then, on the other hand, would it not hurt Guy more to think his cousin had been giving that grudging sort of character of him to the people at Oxford, and so be more of a trial? I had been devising his lonely vacation already, when he goes to Morville alone missing his grandfather a good deal, and fancying all sorts of things about the ghost and his destiny whenever he passes the ghost's portrait, and writing verses and thoughts, making in short a grand communing with his own mind which is a steadying of him. He contemplates the living there alone, without Amabel, without much of the pleasures he has taken to, and sets his face to think it the safest way, and to give up happiness if he may but escape sin, and then his chief wish is that the Edmonstones should understand him, and Martyn, whom all this time he more than half admires, should be cordially his friend. Then he takes heart and soul to his people, finds cottages wanting repair, etc., and writes to Mr. Edmonstone about it. Luckily Mr. Edmonstone has just, though Guy did not know it, taken model cottages for a hobby, so he goes into an ecstasy, sends Guy a dozen plans once a week, and asks him to come to them the next vacation. And then it is all right. Oh further, Mr. Edmonstone has the unlucky custom of showing his letters to whoever is by, and so, as he had shown Guy's letters to Martyn, he shows Guy a letter written by Martyn on hearing of his engagement to Amabel, one of Martyn's grand letters of good advice to his uncle, against being hasty about it, calling on him to observe that the question about the money has never been explained, and saying that he considers it as a great risk to give her to a man with Guy's temper, etc. etc.

At this, what Guy does is to give one of his eye flashes, which he cannot help, and say with a sort of smile, "You should not show one such letters, Mr. Edmonstone." Then in that meeting which he sought in Switzerland, his eyes do not even flash, showing that the temper is conquered as well as the outward demonstration. I think Mr. Edmonstone must be so inconsistent a man that the cottages really reconcile him to Guy, and he takes it all for granted and returns of himself to his former opinion of him when Martyn is not there to poison his ear, and Charles is saying all in favour of Guy; it would be quite as probable and more entertaining. I like your idea particularly of Martyn's softening being the one thing wanting to Guy's happiness, which is found at last, and I think it should be poetical justice on Martyn that his illness should leave his head so weak and incapable of thought, that he feels himself quite unable to be of the least use to Amabel in her husband's illness, not even able to write a note or give an order for her, instead of making arrangements better than any one else. Yes, Laura's faith in him never fails, nor has it any reason to do so, she only admired Guy as a novelty just at first, but never thought him really equal to Martyn, whose judicious arrangements seem to her unparalleled, and Charles is always laughing at her for this.

I have found out what the offence was that made Guy bang the door. Martyn had been advising him to read with a tutor, the curate I suppose, to prepare for Oxford, which would have been all very well if Martyn had not proceeded to disparage Guy's former education, which nettled him. He tells Mrs. Edmonstone that "Martyn had been giving him some good advice which he had been unreasonable enough not to take in good part," and Charles tells him "he knows what Martyn's good advice is." But Martyn is surprised, and something between pleased and disappointed, when Guy acts upon this same advice forthwith, and speaks to Mr. Edmonstone about the curate. Also I think the suspecting him of gaming is a particularly cruel suspicion, because it is notorious among the Edmonstones that old Sir Guy had made him take a vow against it, and he will never even play at billiards even in their house, though not by any means thinking them wrong for other people. I fancy

Guy a man who would cry over a story, and have all sorts of expressions he was not conscious of flitting over his face. I shall not send this till Monday, not because I think you will be like Mr. Edmonstone and show it to John Coleridge, but because I think you must want to rest from Guy on Whit Sunday at least, and so do I.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, May 24, 1850.

I have taken a sheet of paper and turned my *dramatis personæ* loose upon it to see how they will behave ; at present the part of Hamlet is left out, that is to say, they have only got a letter from Guy announcing his grandfather's death. I find that Philip is greatly inclined to be sententious and that Charles likes to tease him by laughing at him, and mimicking his way of saying "It is the correct thing," Charles doing so like an idle boy, taking Philip all as goodness, but not liking that sort, and Amabel not able to help laughing at his ways of teasing Philip, though thinking it wrong all the time, which will suit her present merriment, and capacity of being moulded by Guy. To be bright and buoyant with depth within should be her nature ; a gay temper would be best for Guy in his lady. I like the cheating steward very much. I don't think Charles was in earnest enough before Guy came to take Philip as his *Bild* ;¹ it was Guy who made him in earnest, and by respecting Philip himself almost taught him to do so. I meant it to be a device of Amabel's to put Philip in good-humour to write to him to take their rooms, at which she laughs and makes her husband do so too. On reading my first chapter I doubt whether Philip will not strike those who do not know him as intended for the perfect hero ;² I rather hope he will, and as one of those perfect heroes whom nobody likes. I have been reading Mr. Hurrell Froude over again ; I am sure he is wrong when in that essay on fiction he

¹ This expression is constantly used by the friends for an object of hero-worship, an ideal to be imitated.

² The public, I am sure, was never so stupid.

says the author has no pleasure in it, and feels the events and people are under his own control. I am sure I don't, and what Guy and Philip may choose to turn out I cannot tell, and they seem just like real acquaintances. I think Guy wrote to Charles about the cottages, Charles never having given up his correspondence.

An idea has struck me about the flare-up with Amabel. You hold that there is such a thing as innocent and proper flirtation; now I think, without understanding their own feelings, Guy and Amabel had very simply got into a very exclusive way with each other, which Mrs. E., afraid of the accusation of manœuvring the young baronet, thinks best to check, and so just before some great out-of-doors party—a school-children's feast perhaps—she gives Amy a hint that it is more than is quite proper, which so frightens the poor girl that she shuns Guy as much as possible, will not walk with him, and by sticking fast to Laura somehow gets bestowed by Philip on his friend whom he has brought there, and thereupon Guy flashes at her. She goes on for two or three days thinking it a duty not to walk in the garden with him or stay alone in a room with him, till the last day he is at home he catches her, tells her she is unlike herself, and demands an explanation; it ends in rather a confused way, but Amy has no doubt of his love for her, though don't you think he might almost tell her so? He wants to feel himself a more settled self-depending character before engaging her or asking her of her father, and this confession had broken from him unawares. She says she shall tell her mother after he is gone the next morning, and so she does, and Mrs. Edmonstone thinks it best to leave it alone, as Guy is still not twenty, and not do anything either to lead to or break it off. Do you think she would be justified in this? Then come all the troubles which certainly prevent true love from running too smooth!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MISS DYSON, 1850

Sir Guy Morville has just arrived at Hollywell, and Charles does not know whether to like him or not. I have got hard into the beginning now, but I believe some work at the *Landmarks*

will be very wholesome for him. You know his first confession of love was made at a time when all was going smoothly, and I should think the consciousness of the doom was not at all strong upon him then, though it revived in the days of his troubles and solitude. I am really getting fond of Philip, and mamma says people will think he is the good one to be rewarded, and Guy the bad one punished. I say if stupid people really think so, it will be just what I should like, for it would be very like the different morals caught by different people from real life. Have you had the third volume of *Southey* yet? there is a most curious thing in it at the end about *Thalaba*, by which it appears that some one actually published a sketch tracing out the whole allegory of faith all through it. Southey is pleased, but in a strange manner shows that he did not mean it, or even understand it when it was shown him! I am sure this seems as if poets themselves were not the composers of their works, and how strikingly it joins in with the grand right parts of the old Greeks. And then in one of his letters about Roderick, he says he means to make Florinda kill Sisabert!

Good-bye to the calves for the present, and tell them they have my good wishes for happy holidays.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

OTTERBOURNE, August 22, 1850.

Do you really mean that you are thinking of a rival magazine? I have a great notion it would be a very good thing, and you would make Mary Coleridge write, and keep her from being sentimental. Also mamma goes into it so vehemently that she desires it to be observed that it might be printed very well and cheaply by the man at Winchester who did *Shivverydown*,¹ a communication which I consider as premature. Did you ever see such a dreadful little note as she has perpetrated to go in this letter? Pray tell the fellow-slave² that I am going to Plymouth, and ask if she would like to have a chapter on flowers from thence. I send Edith a promised ear of mummy wheat,

¹ The pet name for *Kenneth, or the Rearguard of the Grand Army*.

² Miss Mozley, editor of *Magazine for the Young*.

enough to sow the whole garden I should think. I am glad the curate has got his holiday, I hope it will cheer him up. Our new school-master comes just as we go, which is I think a pity. Amabel is at this moment in the midst of comforting Guy about his doom; he has just begun to establish an influence over Charles and to develop a soul in her, both very unconsciously. I don't think I have thanked you for the reflections on Emmeline; thanks to both drivers, she wants an infinity of smoothings down. We are reading the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, some part very pretty, other by writing fine very nonsensical, other very powerful, and the beginnings of chapters only fit to be in German.—
Your most affectionate C. M. Y.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, *October 20.*

My dear Marianne—Your letter has so made me overflow that in spite of Sunday evening I cannot help beginning to write after finishing my task of the 7th Command. You see one part is founded on a saying come down to me, I don't know how, "that nice men are men of nasty ideas." I don't know how far all this ought to be administered, or whether innocence should be let alone, innocence of thought I mean. I like a bit very much in the *C. R.* review of the *Prelude* about harm not being done by the things children read in books. If I had thought of it I would have sent the *Listeners* in the parcel for Mrs. Dyson's Sunday evening selections; at present I believe I return to my old recommendation of the dear old *Pilgrim's Progress*, where I am sure they could learn nothing but good. I have nothing better at this moment to suggest than Marco Visconte, unless you were to give them some good book of travels, such as Franklin's *Voyages*, which I used to read for ever. Or perhaps Palgrave's *Merchant and Friar* would do; there is a great deal I do like exceedingly in it, and only one thing I don't, and that is not important, namely some unpleasant philosophising over a dissected eye, which I think has a bad tendency, but I do not perceive that wiser people think so. As to Mr. B——, there were reports of the worse danger, and he did not act wisely

certainly in having Mr. Maskell staying with him just as all knew he was going to secede, but he seemed quite steady as far as could be guessed by his ways when we saw him, and his whole soul seemed in the Church restoration, not like a man who meant to abandon it; he took such pleasure in showing all that was doing and telling of the further schemes, and with the belief of early death about him which he has expressed I cannot think that he would remain in our Church if he doubted her really. He has been very unwell, and does not take care of himself, so my uncle has ordered him abroad, and the Warden has just been to see about him; we heard to-day that it is to the Nile that he is to go, and choosing that instead of Italy seems like a very good sign. He is certainly more like a man in a book than like the rest of the world. What you say about Archdeacon M. seems almost too terrible to be possible, but I must tell you a curious thing. Five or six years ago Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt took us to a great Agricultural meeting at Goodwood, and papa sat next the Archdeacon and had a good deal of talk; but what struck papa was this, that Archdeacon M. first said to him that he hoped not to be called on to speak, and then put himself forward and showed that he wanted to do so. Papa said of it at the time that it showed a want of simplicity, it was so unlike what Mr. Keble would have done; and he never had full confidence in him after that. How strange it is that the goodness and holiness of life that one would have thought would secure people only seems to lay them open to assaults of the faith, like Eustace in the *Combatants*, which you really ought to read. I suppose Miss Martineau is the Socinian specimen of pretty writing that you mean; I read a beauty that I am sure was hers the other day, about a heroic lady in a parish with a deadly fever; there was such a pretty piece about the clergyman and his wife going about fearlessly for themselves, only now and then a terror striking them for each other.¹ And there is *Mary Barton*.

I think what you say about hero-worship exemplifies the difference between looking at a man as a saint or hero and as a

¹ She means *Deerbrook*, by Harriet Martineau, an excellent novel in its day. *The Combatants* is an allegory by Monro.

Pope, in which latter case I think it is really making him infallible, and putting trust into something visible, giving our eyes up to him, so that if the light in him becomes darkness, he leads us into the ditch. Alas, how well I recollect Mr. H. Wilberforce on your lawn saying he could fancy making a Pope of Archdeacon M. I dare say you have read those letters of Dr. Pusey's which the Coleridges have about the danger of the craving to be guided. It must be the difference between looking up to a tree and clinging to it; in the case of saint-worship, the tree's fall seems to carry away half of you and leave you scarcely knowing where you are, in the other case you go with it.

I like the notion of the Mag. exceedingly, and when the Landmarks are done would devote the best part of my energies to it, and put in the Cameos, and work up the Catechism papers into Conversations, but I have my fears, for I believe a new Mag. is an immense risk, and I think it is very doubtful whether the Mozleys would choose to start one in opposition to Masters. Besides, who will guard us from the universal fate of good Mags. of growing stupid as soon as they get into circulation? However, it is my will, but not my poverty, and it would be a very pleasant thing if it can but be done. I don't think though that I shall venture on a letter to the fellow-slave¹ just yet, till I know a little better how far she is in earnest; tell her to write to me, or better still if she would but come and stay. Do send her when she comes to you. Is her history of France going on? I wish any one could tell us what the cost of starting a Mag. would be. I advise you to set up a blackboard in your infant school; my eyes were opened to its uses by Duke. I don't think I would make our Mag. much of a poor people's concern, more for young ladies and calves; perhaps started in that way it would not seem so like an opposition. I have got a book about the Reign of Terror which mamma hates the sight of, but which has some beautiful stories in it. Do you know *Tales of the Peerage and Peasantry*? One of the stories in it about Lady Nithsdale would be excellent for Calldom. I am going to give Laura and Amy a sensible

¹ Miss Mozley, sister of the publisher, and a writer of essays, many of which appeared in the *Saturday Review*.

friend, a Mary Ross, about 25, daughter to the clergyman in the next parish, very clever, reading and school-keeping, without a mother, taking long walks rather independently and caring little for dress, quite feminine, however, and very nice. Charles delights in her, but Philip cannot abide her, because of her superiority in reality ; he fancies that it is for want of feminine grace. Amy is intensely fond of her, and she watches the two girls as they come to be on an equality with her with a motherly sort of interest. It is at her house that Guy made the outburst that led to the explanation with Amy. Penny Club awaits me. Good-bye.—
Your devoted slave, C. M. Y.

CHAPTER VII

1853-1854

SUCCESS

THE *Heir of Redclyffe* was published in the first days of 1853, and the reception it met with astonished author, advisers, and publishers alike. It was an immense success, newspaper puffs began to pour in, letters were received from acquaintances and from strangers, and, as Charlotte writes, "every day brought some new peacock." Mr. and Mrs. Yonge were full of delight and pride in their daughter's honours, and Charlotte herself was full of honest enjoyment. She was, however, evidently most anxious for the opinions of friends and cousins, and immensely relieved when the new book was passed with approbation at Puslinch, and distressed when an old friend thought that Guy ought to have gone first to Amy's parents before he spoke to herself about his love.

The fear evidently was that the book should be felt to be too daring and wanting in the quality which the Dysons called "Codgerism." Other remarks were made upon it of an opposite kind, but

it justified itself. It embodied the spirit of the Oxford Movement in its purest and sweetest form, and in Guy it created a new type of "good hero" so congenial to his day that we find that he was taken as what his creator would have called a "Bild," that is, a hero model, by the young Pre-Raphaelites, William Morris and Dante Rossetti. Julian Yonge found that nearly all the young men in his regiment had a copy. Scholarly gentlemen wept over Guy's death, and what is far more important, trying to be very good was made interesting and romantic to thousands of good girls.

The interesting note in a hero was no longer wickedness but goodness. That was the work which Guy Morville did for his generation.¹

I do not think that when the *Daisy Chain* began to rise in Charlotte's imagination she was at all aware that in Ethel May she was creating a character destined to be quite as influential as Guy Morville.

The story again rose out of discussions with Miss Dyson, and its root idea was the danger of ambition. The characters were all conceived with the notion of impressing this moral, though fortunately they took their development into their own hands, and became far too real to serve only one purpose.

¹ Miss F. M. Peard, speaking of a visit made to Oxford with Charlotte as late as 1865, says that the enthusiasm for her among the undergraduates was surprising.

The person who most interested the author at first was the eldest sister of the May family, Margaret. Ethel grew up by the way, but it is difficult to say to how many girls she was an inspiring example of conscientious usefulness. To speak plainly, she made girls want to do parish work, and to do it from its highest motives, and with her awkwardness, her enthusiasm, and her real goodness was a most lovable person. Dr. May is also an entirely delightful creation, and there is a breadth and simplicity about the sorrows with which the book begins which must have appealed to a wider circle even than the *Heir of Redclyffe*. The romance of missionary enthusiasm, which was one of the great aspirations of Charlotte's life, also found expression in this story.

It is well known that the proceeds of it were given to the Melanesian Mission. The *Daisy Chain* began in 1853 in the *Monthly Packet* and ran through two years; but as there were two more years of it to come, it was thought better to stop at the end of the first part. The whole story came out in book form in the spring of 1856.

Her other great enthusiasm of church-building also found expression in the earnest purpose of Ethel May, so that the *Daisy Chain* expresses and enforces the three great enthusiasms of the author's life—for parish work especially in the form of education both religious and secular, for missionary

enterprise, and for the building of churches to meet the wants of the population.

To these three causes she devoted the best energies of her life. *Pro ecclesia et Deo* was her favourite motto. But here perhaps a word of explanation is needful. It is difficult for an unreserved and out-spoken generation to understand the intense reverence, the shyness of direct expression, which marked the school to which she belonged. The use of Holy Names came most unreadily to her tongue; but for her, however it may sometimes have been with others, by devotion to "the Church" she meant devotion to the Church's Divine Master, though she would have felt herself wanting in due reticence if she had said so. Perhaps she never fully understood that there could be any doubt on the matter for any one.

At this time *Heartsease* was also in full career, and ideas that afterwards developed into *Dynevor Terrace* and *Hopes and Fears* were already in her mind.

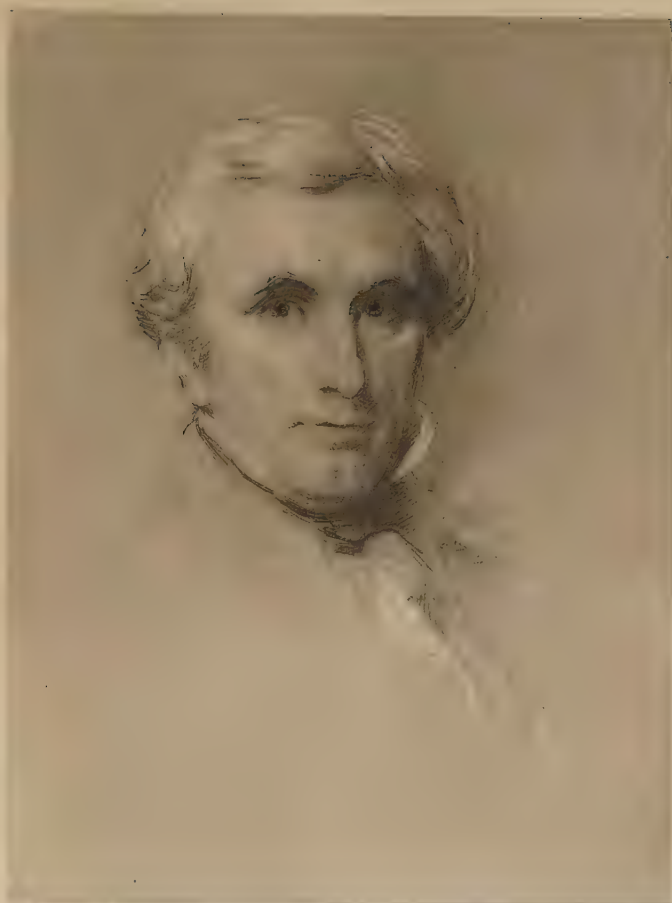
The *Monthly Packet* continued to develop, and the *Cameos* and *Conversations on the Catechism* were constantly being supplied for it. The late Lord Coleridge contributed some papers on the Holy Grail, and the foundations were laid in it of many interesting studies.

The talks on the Catechism deserve a word or two since they formed the ideas of many young

ladies, since grown into hearty workers in the cause of religious education.

Three girls of different stations in life talk with their godmother about the Church Catechism, and its precepts are conveyed in a practical way to each of them. The method is of course lengthy ; the doctrines are not given cut and dried in little sentences to be learned by heart as is now the custom, but the true spirit of that reverent Churchmanship was imbibed unconsciously and lastingly, though of course much of the actual practical advice would now be inapplicable. And such was always her power of keen characterisation, that the three girls who are instructed in sound Churchmanship are almost as individual as Ethel and Margaret May.

It is said that a long childhood is the privilege of genius, and in the sense of absence of responsibility and joyous trust in her appointed guides, Charlotte, in spite of her hard work and her achievements, may be said to have enjoyed the happiness of a child for a longer time than is often permitted. But in the February of 1854 Julian Yonge's regiment was ordered to the Crimea. His father, recalling his own days of active service, threw himself with great ardour into the needful preparations, and found his experience of great value in those days of ignorance of military matters. But after a week of hurry and bustle, and after the parting with his only son, he was



W. Crawley Yonge, 1844

W. Crawley Yonge, 1844

William Crawley Yonge
From a portrait in the possession of
Miss Helen Yonge at Eastleigh.

taken suddenly ill with an attack of the nature of apoplexy, and died after a very few days' illness. His son was able to come home for a few hours, but was not allowed to see his father except when asleep, and he sailed before the final blow fell.

The accompanying letters tell the story of those sad days of grief and anxiety for themselves. Charlotte was not a person to whom sorrow brought loss of interest in work and occupation; she had through life the blessing of finding in her imagination a refuge from grief, and this great sorrow was borne with the help of ardent faith and of that high romance which she often said was the secondary help in trouble. Her intense admiration for her father carried her through the misery of his loss, though it was indeed irreparable. She and her mother settled down together to endure the anxiety of the absence of the son and brother at the seat of war.

In the course of the summer, however, a sun-stroke brought on an illness which obliged the young officer to return to England, and finally to leave the army. The joy of his return was of course much tempered by anxiety about his health, and disappointment at the check to his career, but his company was manifestly a great joy to his sister, and she frequently quotes his opinion as to her writings and undertakings.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, *January 15, 1853.*

My dear Marianne—If the maids had not an evil habit of keeping the arrival of a parcel a secret for some hours, I should not have let the dear Guy go without note or comment, but we never heard of him till just as we were starting for Winchester, when I wrote his mother's name in the first that came out, and carried him off. I hope she has had him by this time, and that she is satisfied with the son she gave me to educate, who has been one of my greatest pleasures for two and a half years. On that same day I took the first step to sending you my daughter for the same purpose. I spoke to Mrs. Collins, who was much pleased, but her heart is so full of George that I was edified by the comparative value of a son and daughter. She was very nice about it, when I said Miss Dyson chiefly cared for their being well brought up at home, and that I was sure of that with Bessie. "Yes, to be sure, we do try to teach them our best, as far as we know, and I don't think they have ever heard anything bad, and that was what Mr. Fielder said about George, he wouldn't mind having him with his own children." I thought you would be glad of that voluntary testimony, coming out of the fulness of the heart, and quite forgetting it was to recommend Bessie. She will be going on the 24th of July, and her mother says, "she will be happy, for she does not mind being away from home." However, as her visits have been made with her grandmother, I would not answer for the felicity at first, but I like to think it is in train. I send "St. Margaret" on approval; you see she is quite to the level of the Pink. I will make an exhortation to Miss Mozley to put it in as soon as she can; I told her it was coming when she sent me some pay the other day. I suppose you are parting with Miss Lefroy—wasn't she to go on Saturday? Is the Old Man come home? I hope he was not too much tired. Slave's mother says she enjoyed insulting you with the *Morning Herald*, which she had done up before Guy came *in propria personâ*.—Your most affectionate

C. M. Y.

FROM MRS. YONGE TO MISS DYSON

My dear Miss Dyson—It seems almost as if Guy and Amy had been here themselves this morning, so much have we talked of them with Mr.¹ and Mrs. Wilson. You should have heard him draw out all the different moralities. I wish he would write a review of it; and as for her, she says she does not get over the feelings with which she finished the book, as if she had lost a dear friend.

Mr. Keble still takes Harriet's view of Philip, that he thought he was right all the time, and Mr. Keble thinks his repentance almost beyond bounds. I have not time to think what I am saying, but Charlotte must make up for my deficiencies. They are reading it aloud at the Vicarage, and *he* is accused of sitting up to read to the end of the book every night after they have left off. Mrs. Wilson seems to know all the little speeches by heart, as we ourselves do.

Mr. Wilson has composed a new end to torment the Vicar, and remarried Amy to a very good clergyman in a very long black coat. Such a pleasant morning as we have had with them, and while Mr. Yonge was pouring the defences into one of Mr. Wilson's ears, the other took in little bits of Guy, and he thought if the story had been taking place now, the Shag Rock would have been fortified.

Mr. Keble thinks it was Philip's character to over-do repentance, not that his author had overdone him. Mr. Keble says everybody is like Philip, and what do you think your amiable Slave wishes—no other than to see Mr. Keble and Mrs. Dyson fight over Philip.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, 1853.

My dear Marianne—That Bild-worship question is, as you know, a puzzle to me; I am not quite sure that Dorothea² is an exemplification of it, because her Bilds were not so much Bilds

¹ The Rev. R. T. Wilson, one of Mr. Keble's curates, then Vicar of Ampfield, and afterwards of Rownhams.

² The character afterwards called Honora in *Hopes and Fears*.

as human attachments. Mr. Llewellyn was her lover, and it was marrying love she had for him; on Owen she fastened herself with something of maternal spoiling; her real reliance was on Bertram Charlecote, and he died instead of disappointing her. I believe she put her trust for happiness rather than for guidance, and I suspect it was idols rather than popes that she made, the true genuine safe confidence in Bertram being a different and soberer thing than her feeling for either of the Llewellyns. Of course, example and all we are told about it shows that, to a certain extent, Bilds are right, but somehow, whether it may be coldness or self-sufficiency I don't know; I don't think I go as far in it as you do in theory. I know women have a tendency that way, and it frightens me, because the most sensible and strong-minded are liable to be led astray; but I do not think it is such an order of nature as to make it a thing to be preached against and struggled against. I always remember one of Dr. Pusey's letters that speaks of the desire for guidance, a good thing in itself, turning to be a temptation. I am very much afraid of live Bilds; you say, what makes you safe, have a standard external to your Bild, and do not make the Bild the standard, but I think considering the way of womenkind, that should be the prominent maxim, not only the qualifying one. You being strong and sensible yourself, the Bild worship has done you no harm, but for women with less soundness, to carry it as far as you do would be dangerous; I believe that is the mind of your impertinent Slave. The holy saving example in living people is what I fully recognise as you spoke of it, and I think you will see it in what Dorothea is to Lucy, or what Guy was to Charles, but there I think it ought to stop, and pope-making be treated in different degrees as silly, melancholy, or wrong, an infirmity.

I fancy all this is very arrogant, especially as I really do not know how far a woman's strength of sense and discrimination goes, and have no certainty of not going off headlong into something very foolish, fancying it right. I don't think I could while I have papa to steady me, but I don't hold that as worship, first because he is my father, and second because I don't think he is my pope. Whether I have said what I mean I don't know.—
Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS DYSON

OTTERBOURNE, *February 23, 1853.*

My dear Marianne—Please to return this testimonial to Guy by return of post, as papa has not seen it (being as usual gone to London), and I believe he will enjoy it more than any other. He and Julian started for London yesterday morning, and mamma and I made an agreement with the Miss Yards to walk to Hursley, and take the fly back, then attempts at snow and rain began, and messages passed whether it was safe ; but at last it cleared a little, and we thought now or never, another day the roads would be impassable, and off we set, and got there to church. We went after church to the Park for the second time lately, crossing Lady H. However, she had had time to come home, and we had a nice little visit there, and Sir William said things of your son that set my cheeks tingling ; and meanwhile the Yards were at the Peters, and Peter declared he sympathised with Philip in his jealousy, for his own wife had fallen in love all along of Miss Yonge. Well, we met at the Vicarage again, and stayed to tea, and most uncommonly delightful it was. Mr. Keble hardly did anything but talk all the evening. His view of Philip is that there are many such who, having done one grand thing, think themselves safe, and do not guard themselves ; also his being so young accounts, he thinks, for his being such a prig. It is curious how it has grown on them, and on the Heathcotes too. Mrs. Keble's favourite part is the *Mondenfelsen*¹ time, and Ascension Day, but twice the other night she talked in her sleep warning them against the fever. It seems as if people were first angry, then sad, and then the peacefulness of the end grew on them ; altogether the effect has been much more than I ever expected, and if Guy was not your son I should be frightened to think of it. Fancy their thinking Charles like Mr. H. Froude. I suppose the veiling feeling in fun may be, but it surprised me. It is curious that the Vicar and Harriet should take the same view that Philip blamed himself over-much. But I did not mean to

¹ The time when Guy was banished to Redclyffe, in imitation of the banishment of Sintram to the Rocks of the Moon.

write only of this, I wanted to tell you that Miss Adelaide did what I should not have dared, brought on a talk about Dr. Newman. It was she, the Vicar, and I; he talked of him as if the connection was a thing so past that he could speak of him without pain; he said he had lately seen a letter from him, "a very kind letter," and then he talked of his looking so ill, and being gone to Abbotsford. Afterwards the paper came in, and he read about that comment on the Judge's speech; he ended with "So that's the way Newman takes what Coleridge says to him; I could not have thought it of him." Then we went to something else. Mrs. Keble seems well and brisk. Fly was engaged, so an express went for our vehicle, and I had a happy drive home in white moonlight, wrapt up in Mrs. Keble's fur cloak, and there we found at home this grand puff, which I hold to be the finest yet. A note from papa tells us Parker has sold 500 out of 750, and talks of an edition of 1000. I wish you could have heard Mr. Wilson's morals: one was that the steady battling with one fault perfected the character.

Private

I should like you to know the comfort and peace I had in the little study at H. V. yesterday. It is too precious to have him to bring all one's fears of vainglory, etc., to, and hear him say, "Yes, my dear, I have been thinking a great deal about you now," and when he said a successful book might be the trial of one's life—it was so exactly what was nice, not telling one not to enjoy the praise, and like to hear it talked about, but that way of at once soothing and guarding, and his telling me to think of the pleasure it was to my father and mother; and then, besides the safeguard of prayer and offering of talents, etc., he said in this case I might dwell on how much it is yours, so you see you must not mind my sending it all to you. I wish I could give you the effect of the peacefulness and subduing happiness of it, especially when I asked for the blessing, and he said, "you shall have it, such as it is," and then he took the words he never used with me before, "prosper Thou her handiwork," which seemed to seal a daily prayer, and make all bearable and not vain. The going

back and chattering in the drawing-room did not hurt that twilight time; and then came a moonlight drive home, when we found this note, and I just glanced at what he said, and then came home prayers—and the first was the collect “knowest our necessities before we ask”—“and wont to give more, etc.”—it did so seem to fit—that opportunity of pouring out to Mr. K., and being set at rest as to how to look at it coming just when it did—and the peace went on into this morning’s church-time. I thought of what you wanted me to ask him, but it was tea-time, and I could not.

I could not help telling you, but keep it to yourself. “If you keep watch and go on in your own natural way, it need do you no harm,” he said.

TO MISS DYSON

(On her Father’s last Illness)

OTTERBOURNE, February 24, 1854.

My dear Marianne—I thought often of your saying papa would be the worst of us, for we have had a terrible night. After the long day at Portsmouth he came home, and about 10 o’clock at night a sort of attack came on that frightened us very much, and we sent for Mr. Lyford who cupped him, which relieved him much, and he has been getting better since, though still with very bad oppression and headache. Mr. Lyford seems to make sure of his being better to-morrow, and I hope Julian will go off with a cheerful account. He has been able to come home for a few hours to-day, but only to see papa asleep, for the agitation of a talk and renewing of the good-byes is not to be. It seems as if it would have been apoplectic if not taken in time, and just at first when he could not speak or use his limbs it was very frightful, but that soon went off, and to-day he is fully himself, only heavy and sleepy, thinking that he has an unusually bad headache; but since the afternoon he has been reviving, talking more, and telling mamma and me to go out, so she has had one walk round and I two with Julian, and after all, I hope the last impression will be a hopeful one to carry to Malta, where he can first hear again.

Mamma will be able most likely to go to bed to-night; she is now lying on the bed by him. It is the very dread that always haunted me, and has been so like old visions that it seems like a dream, but it is going off, we think we may trust, and the thing will be for him not to overdo himself again. Julian says Uncle James rather apprehended something of the kind when they were at Plymouth. This seems to have eaten up poor Julian's going away, except for the sorrow for him going at such a time. How good and helpful the men were when we were forced to have them to carry him! It does seem so like a dream, but it has been much thankfulness, after those first words. He remembers nothing of the worst time.

Tell Bessie her brother Charles has had his mumps to match hers.—Your most affectionate
C. M. Y.

OTTERBOURNE, *February 25, 1854.*

My dear Marianne—Your letter was the pleasure of sympathy that I knew it would be. We have been going on what seems a long time, with a great deal of severe pain in the head, which gets better late in the afternoon, then he sits up, overtires himself, and makes it worse again. Yesterday mamma had one of her worst varieties of headache, as might have been expected, but it mended in the middle of the day, especially as Mrs. Keble came and sat three hours with us, which refreshed her much, and she was able to attend the cupping in the afternoon. We are feeding ourselves with a dim hope of Uncle James coming, though I don't know whether it is a reasonable one. However, he is really better, but it is more of an illness than I believe I expected the day before yesterday. To-day he is more restless and anxious than yesterday when the oppression was greater, and this is certainly a good sign, though more visibly distressing. I do not think he had come to the full perception of the extent of the attack till this morning, and Mr. Lyford says people always do get anxious about themselves in this sort of case as they mend, and his being so much of a doctor adds to it, as it makes him watch his pulse and devise remedies. However, it is better than yesterday, when we could not prevent him from writing to Uncle

James, about the worst thing he could attempt, and which, I do believe, brought back the pain in the head to that terrible degree. I wrote this in the morning, and now at five he is rather better, though still exceedingly uncomfortable, but the perspiration much desired has come at last and relieved the pain. I believe it is all right. This slow nursing is more like reality to me than the night itself was. I am glad Bessie has come provided; Olive gets pence for carrying out letters, so it is an amiable attention I should not wish to disturb. I am glad you are rid of Emily. Pray tell us all the news. We are in a state when letter news does better than anything else, but I cannot answer news or kindness in full now as the post summons is come. Mrs. Keble has been here with Lady Heathcote. The Isaac Williamses, with three boys, are at Hursley; it is so kind of her to come as she has done, and we have had such a kind note from the Warden. I am glad Old Slave should think of me. Perhaps I may write on Sunday, for, of course, school will not be practicable.—Your most affectionate
C. M. Y.

TO MISS DYSON

February 26, 1854.

My trouble has come; he had a second attack and died at six to-night.

Mamma is too like Amy, excited with thankfulness. I dread what it will be; I don't think we half believe it yet.

You will write to me; perhaps I may write to-morrow, but I can't tell. We have Mr. and Mrs. Keble helping us to-night. Oh what will the waking be! So many of our Psalm superstitions have come true.—Your most affectionate
C. M. Y.

CHAPTER VIII

1854-1862

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

As Charlotte and her mother gradually recovered from the immediate effect of their great sorrow, there was a great deal of quiet and happy intercourse with Hursley Vicarage, with the Moberlys at Winchester, the Heathcotes at Hursley Park, and other dear friends.

Mrs. Yonge seems to have been at this time in fair health, and the letters tell of walks to Hursley and other little expeditions together. Charlotte's work was of almost equal interest to her mother, and after the great comfort and relief of Anne's long visit they settled down peaceably, though there was of course much anxiety about Julian away at the seat of war. After his return he went to Norway for his health, and in due time, when that was re-established, Charlotte went out to dinner or paid morning visits with him, and seems to have enjoyed conversation and society very much. The gradual development of Otterbourne schools and the education of successive generations of children

were still among her very chiefest interests, and her powers of invention were at their fullest flow. *Heartsease*, which is perhaps superior as a novel to the *Heir of Redclyffe*, delighted its author nearly as much, and had full success, while plots and plans were constantly developing themselves in her mind. The *Daisy Chain* was succeeded in the *Monthly Packet* by the *Young Stepmother*, a much less popular story.¹ Charlotte once remarked that those of her books which had taken most with the public had always been those containing a character of whom she herself had been really fond. The people in the *Young Stepmother*, though cleverly drawn, are not very engaging; but the necessary object of affection was soon found in Louis Fitz-jocelyn, the hero of *Dynevor Terrace*, which appeared in 1857. "I think I have always loved him more than Guy," his author once said. Perhaps Louis was a little too charming for this world, but the book contains some most solid and excellent character-drawing which, if a personal opinion may be given, I do not think she ever surpassed. Mrs. Frost is hardly, if at all, inferior to Dr. May. She told Miss Dyson that one of the heroines, Mary Ponsonby, was meant to recall her dear cousin Anne, but though real people seem sometimes to have suggested her characters, the characters walked away from them, and in this case I should suppose

¹ Nevertheless this was the story so eagerly read by Tennyson, as related in his *Life*.

that Anne was a much cleverer and more humorous person than her reflection, who, though good, is rather dull.

Professor Dowden, in his book *The Mind of Shakespeare*, makes an interesting remark to the effect that Shakespeare glorified practical people like Henry the Fifth because he felt in himself the passions and perplexities of a Hamlet or a Romeo. Charles Kingsley probably knew the temptations to the faults he denounces most vigorously, and as Charlotte Yonge, however good, could never be humdrum, she rebukes in herself any tendency to intellectual pride by glorifying good people who were not clever.

The *Lances of Lynwood* carried on the line of historical tales at this time, and two little books, *Leonard the Lion-Heart* and *Ben Sylvester's Word*, were written for school-children, with the author's peculiar power of representing village life.

In the September of 1857, however, an important break occurred in the routine. Lord Seaton was at this time Governor of the Royal Hospital at Dublin, and Charlotte, with her cousin Anne, went to act as bridesmaids to his daughter Jane, on her marriage to Captain Montgomery Moore.

Miss Jane Colborne was a very favourite cousin, full of animation and liveliness, and the sweetness of her temper appears to have given Charlotte hints for the character of Amy in the *Heir of Redclyffe*.

Charlotte wrote many letters to her mother during her fortnight's stay, of which one of the most interesting is here given. It shows her vivid sense of all that was most striking in what must have been a really remarkable scene from its historical setting—the noble old age of Lord Seaton himself, for which Charlotte always felt the most loving admiration, and the many remarkable people gathered together on this occasion.

The author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* may have been one of these in the estimation of others; in her own she was only the cousin bridesmaid, conscious of shyness and unreadiness in social matters, and taking a curiously youthful attitude towards the affair. The experience of this visit supplied the *mise en scene* for the Irish tour described in *Hopes and Fears*.

A change, however, in the home circle presently came about. In 1858 Julian Yonge engaged himself to Miss Frances Walter, and married her on the 25th of August of the same year. The young couple came home to Otterbourne House, and Charlotte looked forward to the new companionship with the greatest delight. The village people told her "she was quite proud of having a sister," and her letters to Miss Dyson and to Anne are full of the beauty and the charms of the young bride.

The arrangement was one which it is always difficult to carry out. There was not much scope

for the newcomer in a house already in full working order, and there must have been much that was new and perplexing to a girl of nineteen in the bookish talk, and the rather peculiar intellectual atmosphere of that unique circle of friends and relations. Also, it does not seem to have occurred to any one, and certainly not to Charlotte herself, that a person of so much consequence as she had become, with so many occupations and interests, and calls upon her time, required more space, both mental and physical, than she could obtain in a mixed household. It is not therefore surprising that, as the babies came, Mrs. Yonge and Charlotte decided to migrate to Elderfield and to set up there by themselves.

In the meantime, however, the first little nephew was a wonderful delight, and during his short life her letters are filled with his little doings.

It was in 1859, the same year as little William Yonge was born and died, that Charlotte added another interest to the many that filled her mind. Owing to the destruction of the correspondence with Miss Mary Coleridge, it is inevitable that this third great friendship of Charlotte's life should appear less prominent than was really the case, but it was very warm and strong, and continued happily till much later in life, as this friend was spared to her for many years. Mary Coleridge suffered at this time from severe headaches, and led an invalid life.

John Duke Coleridge's daughter, Mildred, was then an exceptionally brilliant and clever child, in her early teens, and there were several girl cousins growing up, cousins' cousins also and young friends. Most of these girls had time on their hands. Education was often desultory, and High Schools had not been thought of. Magazine competitions were not invented, and it occurred to Miss Coleridge that the young ones needed a spur to their energies. She proposed that they should form a society among themselves, setting four questions a month in turn, and sending in the answers, the best set to be chosen and to travel round the circle. She very soon, if not at once, proposed that "Cousin Charlotte" should be the critic and referee. I think Charlotte was asked to be Minerva to a set of young owls. She chose to be Mother Goose to a brood of goslings, and for many a long year she gave us of her best—her eager interest in interesting knowledge, her careful guidance in good taste and good feeling, her love of innocent fun, and her hearty encouragement of every one's best faculties. Each girl had a name by which her papers were signed—Lady Bird, Gurgoyne, Chelsea China, Bog Oak, and many another.

Among the set were afterwards numbered Miss Peard and Miss Florence Wilford, and for a short time Mrs. Humphry Ward. Among the first members were myself; Paulina Martyn, granddaughter of Dr. James Coleridge; Alice, daughter

of Francis Coleridge, and afterwards Lady Warden of St. Anne's, Abbots Bromley; Mildred, now Mrs. Adams; the Miss Fursdons, and several others; while Emily Moberly, now Mrs. William Awdry, Miss Anderson Morshead, and Miss Butler, now Mrs. Lewis Knight, joined the brood in later years.

"Mother Goose" had a veto on the questions asked; she allowed us to endeavour to "define space," but declined to correct papers on *all* the revolutions in history in which money matters had been concerned. She did not consider "Who was the man in the iron mask?" or "What is the secret of freemasonry?" sufficiently hopeful subjects of inquiry, though they then appeared to many of us of absorbing interest. There was a proportion of questions on religious subjects, and others on historical, scientific, or literary matters. After a little while our MS. magazine, called the *Barnacle*, was got up every quarter, in which drawings, fiction, and verse had their place. This was modelled on the *Hursley Magazine* of her own youth, and its best title-pages were adaptations from the older ones. The *Barnacle* contained some clever writings and still cleverer drawings; it lasted for several years and died a natural death, as its chief contributors found their way into the *Monthly Packet* and its Christmas numbers; but the "goslings," with many ups and downs, for of course the young cousinhood grew up and

passed away, lasted about fifteen years, when one Michaelmas Day "Mother Goose" and one of her first and last goslings, myself, dined together on roast goose, and solemnly decided that our work was done and we must merge into "Arachne" and her Spiders in the *Monthly Packet*.

I have dwelt on this subject, not only because it is the sweetest of old memories to many who may read these pages, and because it was as a "gosling" that I began to grow up to the great joy of intimacy and friendship with her whom I always loved to call "Mother Goose," but because I think her relation to us precisely exemplified that in which she stood to numberless other girls and young women who only knew her through her writings. The pleasure she took in all that pleased us, the guidance she gave without seeming to preach, the enthusiasm with which we regarded her, also inspired her readers and made them all her life like a circle of friends.

In the January of 1861 she and her mother paid a visit to London, and there, at Sir John Duke Coleridge's house in Southwick Crescent, all "goslings" within reach were asked to meet her. I imagine that she felt very shy, for our mothers were behind us as we sat in a circle round her, and I remember hardly anything that passed. She was then tall and rather thin, with dark hair touched with grey, worn in a net, and very bright dark eyes.

In the spring of 1862, almost immediately after the move to Elderfield, I paid a visit to friends in Winchester and went out with Miss Emily Moberly and spent the day at Otterbourne, and afterwards spent two or three days there.

This first visit, which seemed to me then an admission into Paradise, was typical of many others, and I recall several things in connection with it most characteristic of Charlotte.

She discovered that I had never made a cowslip ball, and she took me into Cranbury Park and made one for me on the narrow velvet with which a locket was tied round her neck. She took me with her to the Sunday School, and let me sit by while she taught her class. Her brilliant skilful teaching, and the various methods on which she enlightened me, set the standard for me of what might be done in school-teaching. A nightingale, the first I ever heard, sang loudly in a lilac bush outside the window of the little rustic school (now the Otterbourne reading-room) as she taught.

Then she told me the story on which she was then engaged; it was I think the *Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, but at this distance of time it is difficult to distinguish between many such visits. She always knew her stories, so to speak, by heart, and would stand still, when out at walk, and pour them out eagerly and dramatically, claiming sympathy for each detail; or sit on the floor in



Charlotte Mary Yonge
From a photograph by M. A. Bassano.

front of the fire and discuss the characters with unflagging interest. The fascination of all this to a girl with the same tastes and aspirations was of course immense.

I cannot really distinguish between the events of one of these early visits and another. We played paper games when other "goslings" were of the party, and worked up each other's wits in all kinds of ways.

Charlotte comes before me in the period of her early middle life, with hair already white turned off her broad forehead, but with still black brows and lashes, with hazel eyes which flashed and laughed, and a constantly changing countenance. She was at this time very handsome, and when she was at ease a most brilliant talker—talking and writing almost at the same time—with an untiring capacity for interest and enjoyment.

FROM MISS MOBERLY'S JOURNAL

In 1852 Charlotte had been asked to be godmother to the youngest of the Moberly daughters, and she writes, "How I shall look forward to the christening day and to having a possession of my own in your house! I wonder what you will think of my venturing, since you have said nothing about a second name, to say how much I should like her to be Margaret *Helen*, though it is only on account of some fancies of my own."

We learn also that after the baby was christened Charlotte said that she proposed to write a story about a good Margaret, the Margaret in the *Heir of Redclyffe* being very disagreeable, and May was chosen for the family name in the *Daisy Chain* because little Margaret Moberly was born in May, and the story

seemed especially to belong to her family, who had taken a farm between Otterbourne and Hursley called Field House, where they came for change of air, and which was near enough to Otterbourne for frequent intercourse.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MISS DYSON

(Visit of Bishop Selwyn to Winchester)

OTTERBOURNE, *June 9, 1854.*

My dear Marianne—. . . But all this time you have not heard how I had three walks between College and St. John's house arm-in-arm with the Bishop! Don't you call that preferment?

We went to the Cathedral with the troop of Moberlys, and I am glad my first sight of him was in his lawn sleeves. I never saw a face of which one would so much say it was inspired. I was surprised to see so much youthfulness of complexion, I don't mean redness, but that fresh fair clearness that one would not have expected after having been so much exposed, and his hair quite bright brown. "How beautiful he is," Mrs. Keble and I said to each other. She thinks his head like some print of an Apostle, and says she cannot imagine any savage resisting his eye. It is such a striking eye, so calm and yet so keen. I thought, though the colouring and form were very different, it had a likeness in expression to papa's, the repose and yet the quick observance. Mrs. K. thought the same. The print is just like, except that from being a full face you would not know from it that the chin projects somewhat. Calfdom ought to report the sermon, so I will not, except that it was a very grand one, and it showed me how able Mrs. Abraham's abstracts are. His speech at the meeting was quite the daughter of the sermon, saying all that was not fit for the Cathedral in the same spirit. But I had better tell you in more order, how after Cathedral we went to the College, and I shrank into the Moberly home to avoid the mighty luncheon at the Warden's. I had previously given Dr. Moberly £146:10s. for Maggie to present in an envelope, whereon mamma had written "Towards the vessel

for the Island Mission." Dr. M. was as kind as possible, and managed beautifully; after luncheon he took Maggie in his arms, and Emily in his hand, and went into the Warden's garden, where he let me creep off out of the way into the path by the river, and sent Johnnie, who was cutting capers on the lawn, to fetch out his papa and mamma. So then on the lawn, where there were no spectators but Mary Barter, they made the dear little Maggie trot up and give it to him, and he took her up and kissed her, and I believe Dr. Moberly told him how it began, etc., so after a little delay Dr. M. called Alice, who was with me, and we turned and met, and Dr. M. introduced us, and Johnnie came and shook hands, and the Bishop talked to me of my Uncle Charles who was his Eton tutor, and of all my Eton cousins, till the Warden came to call us to the meeting. Mrs. Selwyn did not go, and the Bishop took me, and was as kind to me as if I had been Wabisana.¹ Anne had the Warden to walk with. At the meeting I happily pitched into a corner between the Kebles, and all the little whispering comments were delightful. . . .

The grand old Warden returned thanks in a glorious speech, especially where he said what the heathen wanted was not only money but men, not only men but gentlemen, yes gentlemen, for a true gentleman was the perfection of the Christian law, Honour all men, love the brotherhood. Honour all men by being ready to do the least service for the poorest savage. It was all with the quiver of earnestness from the bottom of his great warm heart. That was all of note, and then came the going home. The Bishop asked me if I was going back to the College, and when I said yes, if I would come with him. I asked if the Miss Palmers were there, and he said yes, just behind us, so he introduced us in the street, and we said we should meet in the evening, and off we walked again, and met Mr. Keble in a narrow alley with Mrs. K.'s shawl on his arm, and his eyes dancing partly to congratulate me, I think. It was real good talk that I got, about the doings in N.Z. I went in at the Moberlys, where the children, who are very fond of

¹ A Melanesian convert.

Anne, were showing her over the house. Mrs. Selwyn had had half an hour's little private meeting with Mrs. Moberly, who saw no one else, not even the farm children. At five we (Miss Croker, Alice, Anne, Dr. M. and I) went to the cram-full drawing-room at the Warden's, and there I sat next Miss M. A. Palmer on the ottoman, and had a talk about you, etc., and I saw a little of Mrs. Selwyn, who has been introduced to Prince Albert and one of the princes, and rejoices in having it to tell her N.Z. folk. She looks thin and brown, but her eyes *do* sparkle, and I can quite see how she makes beds instead of difficulties. Johnnie¹ was lost. He had been sleeping by the water, and seems to go about rather as if he was exploring a savage country. Mary Barter found him creeping on all fours upstairs, and asked if he knew his way. "Oh no, but I shall soon find it." Every one is charmed with him, but he preserves his loyalty to N.Z. and will not admire too much. A mighty long, not in time but in length of table, dinner in the gallery. The Bishop had Lady Eleanor Wodehouse for his neighbour. I should have said she came to shake hands with me, but I could get no talk with her as we were on opposite sides of a street of ladies seated (I mean in the drawing-room), with gentlemen meandering between. Mrs. Williams was on the Bishop's other side, which I was glad of, as she could not go to the meetings. I was next to Mr. Woodcock. After dinner every one scrambled to get ready for the meeting, and for a wonder, Anne and I fell in with the Warden and Bishop again. "Happy girl," said the Warden to me, while the Bishop was looking out a Maori letter to show at the meeting. Then the Warden began to lament over having to take the chair. "Never mind," said the Bishop, "you have an Artesian well, and it is the warmest near the source." The Bishop had said he was so struck with that warm earnest way the Warden reads family prayers in. Then in walking on, the Bishop spoke about the money, saying it was so much he almost scrupled at it, but all in the kindest way, and sending thanks to mamma for her interest in the matter, and it ended in his saying, "I suppose

¹ John Selwyn, afterwards Bishop.

I am joint heir with the heir of Redclyffe," which delights mamma particularly. He has the price of the old ship ready towards the new, and good hopes of doing it; indeed he said he had never known what it was to want, though he had often not known whence the supplies would come. At the evening meeting he told more anecdotes, all Maori history, and some Maori stories, and the like, and at 9½ it was over. Anne, Mr. Wither, and I came home, and there was mamma quite ready for our news. We feel much as if we had been to a ball, but are off to Hursley at six, hoping to see more of Mrs. Selwyn and Johnnie. You shall have a supplement on the subject perhaps to-morrow.

Mr. Keble sent us a beautiful letter to read from Colonel Wilbraham, telling of the service Julian mentioned. It was in the hall of a Turkish barrack, a deal table for an altar, great numbers of officers present, and as they had no benches, all stood till the confession, and then at the kneeling the clank of so many swords on the floor was, he said, a very impressive sound. Full half the Rifle officers were there. I am glad he goes in the same division; it is so pleasant to get his side news of Julian, besides the value of such a friend. He has had much talk with Greeks and Greek clergy, and finds them quite against the Russians, because of Nicholas' usurping authority over the Church. One old priest showed him his church and school, and was delighted to see his little Greek Testament, and compare it with his great book in church. They are all gone to Varna now, and perhaps on to relieve Silistria. I fear it will be long before we can have other letters.—Your most affectionate

C. M. Y.

Miss Moberly's recollections are given. It will be perceived that her account does not quite tally with the letter, but no doubt the children were unaware of the previous preparation.

FROM MISS MOBERLY'S JOURNAL, 1854

The Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn came to Hursley at the beginning of June, and there were large and interesting

missionary meetings at Hursley and Winchester. On the day that it was at Winchester, we children were playing about in the Warden's garden in the late afternoon. We saw Mr. Keble coming over the bridge with the Warden and Bishop Selwyn, as they came down the garden towards us. Miss Yonge put a packet into little Maggie's hand, who was a toddling thing of two years old, and told her to give it to the Bishop, which she obediently did. It was the proceeds of the *Heir of Redclyffe* with which the missionary ship the *Southern Cross* was afterwards built. Afterwards the proceeds of the *Daisy Chain* (which was not yet published) were given to the missionary college at Kolimarama.

TO MRS. WILLIAM YONGE

ROYAL HOSPITAL, *October 1, 1857.*

My dear Mamma—The day is over, and a most satisfactory and prosperous day it was ; if people are to have a grand wedding it should be just such a one. You heard of us till just after the real breakfast, from which time Miss de Salis, Anne and I worked at the flowers and wedding presents till twelve, when we dressed, and Jane came to Miss de Salis' room to have her veil on. She had been rather knocked up upstairs and had a dose of our sal volatile, but she was quite composed and like herself, and looked as nice as could be. Then little Constantia Wood arrived driven up in a perambulator, looking like a little queen, with her father and mother walking behind. Everybody was in full uniform, Lord S. with three stars and three crosses. When Jane was ready we went down into the end room.

All the doors being open the length is grand, and it is like the Speaker coming up to the Queen to go from the end room up to the chapel. Jane and all the bridesmaids were shut into the end room, and paired off, Elizth. and Delia, Anne and me, Miss de Salis and Lady Barbara, the two Miss Gascoignes, and Alethea and Constantia ; after them two pretty little girls, Lady Anne and Lady Rachel Scott, whom Lord Clonmel would not allow to be bridesmaids, but were in muslin and blue, looking very nice. Lord S. came for Jane, and marched off so fast that our procession became a race almost. After us came Aunt

Seaton with Lord Carlisle, and how the others came I cannot say. All the indifferent ones had been sent into chapel first, so it was only the family. Captain Moore was gone on with Graham, and his best man, Major Learmouth. The grand thing was that in the hall were ranged all the old pensioners, making a long line on each side of the space, all in their red coats and cocked hats, which they wear broadsided like a beadle. It was a magnificent spectacle, and so suited to the military wedding. There are three high steps up to the altar, so Graham stood beautifully above us, Captain Moore and Jane on the top step, then Lord Seaton next below, and we all spread out in a semi-circle. Graham read better than I ever heard that service, and except that Captain Moore was in too great a hurry with the ring, nothing could have been more perfect than their action; Jane's bending, shrinking towards him was the prettiest bride-like thing I ever saw. The picture was perfect, the bright-painted window above the dark, almost black oak carvings—Corinthian columns with festoons, in the Grinling Gibbon style—the wide chancel, Graham looking so tall and well in his surplice and scarf; Jane's slim bending figure, Captain Moore upright and soldierly in his scarlet staff uniform, and his best man in dark cavalry blue; Lord S. of course most beautiful, white-haired and upright, and then the half-circle of bridesmaids, all white picked out with blue, as pretty a dress as could be. Of course I could not judge of more than what was before me, but that was *very* pretty—nay, a good deal more. A deep recess under a window in the hall is used for a vestry, and there all the signing was done, and it was the most perfect picture of all—Jane leaning down and signing, Graham in his surplice in the chair, and Lord Seaton's scarlet just giving a sort of cameo setting to the two figures, and his grey head towering above. The Lord Lieutenant came into the said recess, and kissed her hand. He and Lord Cardigan, Major Freke, Colonel Wood, and Mr. Drummond signed, so, as Graham says, all nations were represented. Then we paraded into the drawing-room, and stood while the place was filling with everybody in the world, or in the army, Jane and Captain Moore sitting in the ante-room to receive the select. After all, her courage was up to go into the breakfast with the Lord Lieutenant, Aunt Seaton with Captain Moore, Lord

S., Lady Howth, Lord Cardigan, Lady Cheedlemont, then the herd, male and female after their kind, as Mr. Drummond said. I fell to Mr. Currie Conellan, and had Sir Richard Dacres on the other side—a fine hearty weather-beaten old soldier, whom I had got rather acquainted with at the dinner-party and the Curragh, and so I was very happy and comfortable, except that the band was too near for us to hear ourselves speak.

I forgot the giving of favours which was in the hall, after the signing. We ran about with them and the pins, and I luckily fell upon people I rather knew than otherwise. The most remarkable event was Miss de Salis catching Mr. Hare with a bridesmaid's favour on. Little Alethea looked very pretty and exceedingly solemn all the morning. Reginald and Lionel were greatly at their ease, and Lionel chose to trot about on his own feet in the midst of the throng in the most independent way. The two little bridesmaids were the prettiest little fairy things that could be. Lady Maria Scott, whom we remember so pretty and little at James's wedding, has grown very pretty and graceful. She was at the table; her two sisters and little brother dined separately, ran about and looked on, the little blue visions peeping out of the drawing-room every now and then. It was a great horse-shoe table, holding 116 people, without the least crowding or discomfort, and the scene was as pretty as anything of the kind could be. The Lord Lieutenant made what might well be called a great speech, quite short, and saying how well the scene suited the occasion, the temple of Mars transformed into the bower of Hymen; then came all sorts of good wishes of happiness, prosperity, and peace to the young couple, and though peace might not be the most appropriate wish for a military man, he hoped that if peace should not continue, the bride would prove to be the wife, as well as the daughter, of a hero. Wherewith he stopped, and Lord S. and Captain Moore each thanked without attempting speechifying. Lord Cardigan was to have proposed the bridesmaids' health, and the best man was in the agonies of composition of a reply, but Jane made the merciful blunder of getting up too soon, and carrying us back into the drawing-room, by which I hope "our health may not be indamnified." The cake, a magnificent structure, over which H.

had heard four Frenchmen chattering, followed us, and I unluckily was caught near it, and made to make the first incision with the help of Major Learmouth. And then soon after came the Lord Lieutenant and spoke to me (Aunt Seaton had introduced me before, and I had made a curtsy as well as nature or art would permit, and thought of Miss Bronte). I was all the better that none of our own party were near to mark my flounderings, so he talked politely of how long I had been here, etc., and said I came from a very pretty county, so I found he meant Devon, and had to explain it was Hants, whereupon he asked if Barchester Towers was taken from Winchester, and I said some of the circumstances but not the people, and he supposed I should think it flippant. Then he hoped I should not be idle, and asked if a plot was not the hardest part, to which I said, "all ladies found it so except Miss Austen," and he answered, "I am glad to hear you speak with respect of Miss Austen," and then after a little more as to how long I was going to stay, it came to an end, and I made my escape to Uncle Edward, and got into the recess by the garden door, where we could not get out again, and reviewed all the company as they took their departure. Then the bride and bridegroom came downstairs, Jane looking so nice and natural that I did not recollect what had happened at the first moment. They had their dinner with us, all looking on and talking and laughing over the humours of the day, and looking at a beautiful perfectly-fitted travelling bag given by Captain Middleton, which we think the most perfect of the wedding presents, not excepting Lord Cardigan's diamond ring. It was especially comfortable to have them so quietly after all the fuss, and to have the talking over so pleasantly.

One wonderful adventure was the finding a scared half-witted seeming man, respectably dressed, curled up in one of the recesses of the hall. A policeman was sent for, and James sent down to the address he gave to see if the account he gave of himself was true, though nobody could make much of it. We all peeped at the man as a curiosity through the curtains between the hall and drawing-room, and Miss de Salis mercifully stepped out and took him a bit of cake and glass of wine, which unloosed his tongue, and he told them that he had

wandered home from a party, half drunk, without knowing what he was about, got in there, and fell asleep, when he was waked by the band and all this pageant. The best of it was that all the people round took him for a detective and were on their good behaviour! If you could but have seen how very pretty Anne looked with her bright colour, wreath and veil, and how well she got on with everybody, you would have been delighted. Afterwards we all sat in the drawing-room, and Delia, Mr. Drummond and I plunged into that favourite element of ours, Italian history, and the genealogy of the Borgias. I am sorry to say it was the last of it, for Mr. Drummond went early this morning to the Giant's Causeway. He has been a very agreeable ingredient in the visit, and his Italian history is wonderful. I think Julian would like him very much, and if ever he goes to Dunse I hope he will meet him. Meantime if you do not hear to-morrow, conclude that we are at Glendalough. On Saturday or Sunday I will write about home-coming. It is just possible that if Miss de Salis knows for certain that she shall cross on Tuesday I shall wait for her, but she depends upon her eldest brother, and if it is doubtful I will not wait. The other brother sails on the 5th for India.

Will you be so kind as to send an abstract of this to Susan Nelson? I promised Delia that I would give her an account, and I am much afraid I shall hardly manage even one for Mary Coleridge. Mr. Matcham was there, and always went by the name of Captain Moore's uncle, so that if I had not known who he was no one would have got at his name at all. I have just been writing out the marriage for the *Times*—funny work. Jane's direction is Birt, Athy, and you must mind that her surname is Montgomery Moore. I promised her that you should write. I do think it is a most perfect marriage, quite satisfying me as to the matchableness of the two people, and that is much to say where Jane is concerned. We are going to Dublin after luncheon. Meantime this long letter has made me miss the post, but if you don't send to Winton that will not matter. Miss de S. made Jane put the cake through her ring nine times, and we all sleep on it. I did not dream at all, being much too sleepy, and nothing else has transpired but from Miss

de S., that her brother asked Mr. Currie Conellan to dinner, and he could not come because Taylor¹ the poet was staying with him. Miss de S. and Anne were the beauties of the bridesmaids.—Your most affectionate
C. M. Y.

TO MRS. WILLIAM YONGE

ROYAL HOSPITAL, *October 3.*

My dear Mamma—Yesterday made my news run into arrears, so I will only note that you must ask me about the College, and the three black Graces perched round the bell, with Science to make a fourth, and how we took them for Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Graham said Irish divinity had not much to do with faith, and the beautiful embodiment of Ruskinism in the new museum with green Galway marble columns, and foliage carved from the living plants. And the MSS. in the library with the book of Kells, dug out of a bog, and another book with a wooden cover, in which is set a huge crystal, believed by the devout to be one of the stones of Jacob's pillar, also the one I most longed to turn over. * A missal of St. Agnes' Convent of 1459 where there was a border with the regular gold leaves and black stems, and all our old friends, the turned-over leaves with white patterns upon them, but with little beautiful portraits of saints springing out of them; also an Apocalypse with *such* a Beast, but they were all in glass cases where only two pages could be seen, and the Irish are so dreadfully afraid of being overworked that they shut everything up at three, and the Library at four, so my time was short. Then Graham trained us off to see a wonderful chapel of Mr. Newman's, with frescoes done by Mr. Pollen from the cartoons—melancholy work.

Yesterday morning we had to be off at eight, the five ladies namely and Graham, when Julian will laugh at hearing that the funds provided to take six people fifty-four miles on the railway, and thirty-six by cars, were a single one-pound note which Elizabeth had lost, so I had to give Graham my purse, or we

¹ Sir Henry Taylor, author of *Philip van Artevelde*.

should never have gone at all. The railway took us to K——, whence we took two cars, and drove first to the Devil's Glen, one of those beautiful wooden ravines, with a wild river foaming over rocks, and fine crags rising perpendicularly overhead. Afterwards a waterfall, of the flight of steps order, at which we were ordered to look through a hole which framed it beautifully, but was not easy of access, and beyond was a breakneck place called King O'Toole's chain, where those who liked hung over the rock. Then we drove on to Glendalough, a wondrous place, very like the pictures of it, where we were guided by an exaggerated Irishman evidently acting a part, who told me when I found a frog that I might put it into my bosom, but that there were neither toads (stones there were in plenty) nor snakes, for we live in a civilised country. The glen is a great gorge between the mountains, with a mountain stream swelling in the valley into two grey lakes, less gloomy than I had expected, but then it was a very fine day. The flat part of the valley and the lower slopes towards the outermost lake are beautifully green and wooded, and on the shoulder of the mountain, among the wood, lay one of the most beautiful patches of verdure I ever saw, all the brighter from the contrast with the rough mountain side, brown and yellow in colouring, the material being black and white sparry stones (?) grown over with heather and dwarf furze. The torrent comes rushing down from the hills, and makes a grey sparkling line in the middle of the amphitheatre that shuts in the inner lake, which, like its fellow, and the stream, has a broad trimming of white or grey sand, the débris of the spar above. One of the tributaries forms a pretty waterfall with black rock to set it off, projecting in curious shapes. It was tolerably full, for we were told there had been so much rain that the rock was so slippery that a widow's cow had tumbled off a crag, and either killed or kicked four hares. The seven Churches are disposed about the glen, two are nothing but heaps of stones; the two best, the "Cathedral" and St. Kevin's kitchen, stand in a crowded graveyard of the Byrnes and O'Tooles full of hideous headstones. There are some interesting old broken crosses on coffin lids, dealing much in circles by way of embellishment, and the Church of St. Kevin's kitchen has a round belfry like a little

round tower. A straight, blunt, tall round tower stood close by, like the other ruins, perfectly yellow with lichen. All this must have been a four-mile walk; Miss de S. says that between it and the Devil's Glen we had walked six miles, and as I had started with a cold in my head, and the sandwiches had been forgotten, I was rather done for by the time we came back to a most Irish little inn, where these people, who can eat wedding cake all the morning, or eat nothing at all with equal impunity, ordered eggs and tea, which last was evidently made of the peat of the bogs, and gave me some cold mutton, as I had prejudices in favour of animal food—

By that lake whose gloomy tea
China's shores did never see.

Then on our cars we mounted for about twenty miles to Bray, where we were to take train again, and a strange wild drive it was, with the moon shining on the waste heath, and a great purple hill rising up against the sky as if it would never come any nearer, but at last we did turn round it, and went along a magnified and magnificent valley of rocks, great perpendicular crags rising up like castles, and ending in rocks of odd shapes. It seemed to me the grandest thing of all, but it was not under favourable circumstances, for the car was such a jolter that we are all as stiff as if we had been riding all day. I was dreadfully tired, and Cordelia was talking to me all the way about presentiments. We had meant to catch the 7.25 train from Bray, but were not in time for it, and had three-quarters of an hour in a luxurious refreshment room, where being past eating anything, I thought it a most knowing dodge to remember Julian and take a dose of brandy and water,¹ which put me grandly to sleep all the way to Dublin, and there our final adventure was that the sentry would not open the gate to us, and there we sat till the guard was changed, and fetched the sergeant to our rescue, when the sentry's face of satisfaction in having sold us, grinning out under his bearskin, was a picture. Once when little Lionel was ill, the doctor was kept waiting a quarter of an hour in that way.

—Your most affectionate

C. M. Y.

TO MISS ANNE YONGE

(*Julian's Home-coming*)

OTTERBOURNE, *December 1.*

My dear Anne—Of course you know that the imaginary wheels we had so often heard turned to real at half-past eight that evening. We had had a visit from Lady Heathcote with her paper to show the British Queen had got in at Falmouth, and then she was so kind as to drive on to Winchester, where she got the letter, which made us very comfortable though rather upsetting mamma, and obliging her to have recourse to strong coffee, more especially as she was rather over-tired by walking to Hursley Church, as we generally do on a Saint's day. However, he has set her to rights, and she is very bright to-day, though we neither of us got our proper sleep last night. He looks thin and is languid, but his face is not in the least altered, and he has by no means realised Laura's dream that he had come home in big red whiskers. I am sure if he had stayed in that climate it would have been the death of him. We can hardly believe that the suspense is over at last, or what makes us so much brighter. And here we are, all three writing letters as hard as we can, except when we are talking. Rover very happy, though, as he took a day's sport with the Hursley keeper, he is still so tired and stiff that he can only indicate his joy with his tail, and such of his eye as is not scratched out by briars. Mr. Wither came in for a few minutes last night, and put in Julian's name before the thanksgiving this morning. He had thought of coming to see you, but found "he must come home first," and indeed, though it seemed joy enough to know him in England, it is better to have him here. Anent the nurses, I find the Kebles are not at this moment looking out for them for the East, but we do wish to know of some such persons, though the time is not yet come for speaking to them.

You know there is a hamlet of Hursley, towards Winchester, named Pitt, too far from church and school, so that Mr. Keble has in Lent been reading prayers there in a room, and I knew they (the Kebles) wished much to do something for it. So it

has ended in my offering that money of Guy's, etc., which has been so much on my mind, for the purpose, and it turns out to have been a dream of Mr. Keble's to build a school with a room to be licensed for a chapel, and there to place some good lady with a girl to teach the school, and also to have two or more nurses living there, trained, and fit to go out among the poor, also to make it a home for girls out of place, but this is more doubtful; the lady and the two nurses are to form the nucleus, and we want to know of them before the step is taken on which all must depend, namely, the asking the Bishop's consent. The lady is, we hope, found, provided she does not wish to go to the East, so that negotiation has been opened, and if things go on well I will write about your staid people. I told Mr. Keble of them, and he said, "I should like to have some one of Miss Anne Yonge's recommending." It would not be worth while to say anything to them till the plans are more complete. Mr. Keble's notion is to have the people trained while the house is building, as the land is luckily Sir William's, and he (Sir William) quite enters into it (I don't know what is the matter with my pronouns). It is quite a long time since I wrote, and I hardly know what I have told you, and what not; these last three weeks have been a terrible strain on all one's senses, to keep up talk and occupation, and to try to be patient. I do think it has been the worst time of all. But it has ended very happily, and here we write letters and talk, and Julian is reading up his newspapers. He is more weak than I thought he was earlier in the day; he has that chilliness of weakness about him, and is tired beyond even walking down to Mr. Wither's, though he has done nothing but going to church. He and the stiff Rover are very good company for each other. His goods went on to London by mistake, but he promises us a fine unpacking of curiosities. Such a funny account of little Duke in charge of a boat where some grand officer demanded a passage, and this little fellow adhering to his orders to take in nobody. Sir E. Lyon was so delighted when he heard it that he had the little fellow to breakfast the next morning to hear all the story.

TO MISS ANNE YONGE

(*Julian's Wedding*)

OTTERBOURNE, WINCHESTER,

September 10, 1858.

My dear Anne— . . . Graham and James Yonge went away before we were up this morning, and it would all have seemed like a dream if Duke had not been there at breakfast. Alice Moberly came out in the fly that fetched us, and spent the whole day with mamma ; they gave the schools some buns and sugared negus by way of celebration, and I think mamma did very well.

I think we must have made a very pretty procession ; Julian went into church first with Mrs. Walter and James, and then when the Colonel brought Frances, we six bridesmaids lined the pretty lych-gate, all hung with festoons of flowers, and closed in behind her. She had been a good deal overcome while waiting at home, and much more in real need of sal-volatile than Jane was, and I believe she had a very bad headache all day, but she was quite right as long as she had anything to do, and was very bright and pretty at the luncheon, with little Herbert upon her lap. Poor Louisa was very much distressed, and little Gertrude looked so pale, and clung to her every moment she could. There were about thirty-six people at the luncheon, at a table arranged like a T. . . . Julian looked very nice and well, and one longs for their coming home to eat the great piece of honey-comb which Kezia's mother has most appropriately presented. . . .

The school-children scattered laurel leaves and flowers, and the church was very full of people. Julian told me to send thanks for the pretty little obelisk and the two plates—how very well the sweetwilliam is done, and I have a special delight in the white flower at the base of the obelisk. Mr. Keble is going to give him a big Bible. I have so many letters to write that I cannot go on any longer.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

DEATH OF MR. AND MRS. KEBLE

It was in March 1866 that the great influence of Charlotte's life was withdrawn from her sight, and that the dearest of friends and neighbours were taken from her. The death of Mr. and Mrs. Keble, as she once said, "brought youth to an end" for her, and sorely must they have been missed in the trouble that was coming upon her. She rejoiced to think how much she owed to Mr. Keble's influence and example; he must have rejoiced in his scholar.

She has recorded in *Musings on the Christian Year* the last scene of all:—"We at seven in the morning met his mortal remains in his Church of All Saints, and went up to the chancel where he was placed. The greeting sentences were said when this entrance into the church took place. Afterwards, at eleven o'clock, it being Wednesday, we had Matins and Litany, and assembling mourners little know the comfort and soothing of thus preparing the mind for the actual Burial Service by the calm recurrence to the Church's regular course. Those eighth-day-of-the-month Psalms were especially comforting."

"It was the one bright beautiful day of a cold wet spring, and the celandines opened and glistened like stars round the grave where we laid him, and bade him one last 'God be with you,' with the twenty-third Psalm, and went home hoping that he

would not blame us for irreverence for thinking of him in words applied to the first Saint who bore his name—‘He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in that light.’ ”

It is well known that Mrs. Keble only survived her husband forty days.

TO MISS DYSON

August 19, 1865.

My dear Marianne—We were at Hursley two days ago, and Miss Best looked so melancholy about Mrs. Keble that we were quite frightened ; however, she came home from a drive and seemed to me much better than when I saw her last. I wish Queen Emma was over,¹ but there had been some cross purposes of letter-writing, and they were not sure when her four days were to be. I have just seen that Miss Yonge has lived her day in the *Saturday* in an article against young ladies’ “fast” fashions—as absolutely coarse and indecorous—it is odd to stand for a generation gone by ! Thanks for the corrections, I can’t think whether I shall ever get those things reprinted ; I have tried, but nothing comes of it. I am afraid you really thought me cantankerous when I flew out the other day ; but it really was much because the repetition teased mamma, and I saw no use in it when it could not be helped. I believe I am as grateful for criticism as ever, but one must be convinced oneself before one acts on it, and therefore I argue. Let me just say too that I think over-repetition of what has been once said is rather to be avoided, as there is something chafing and wearying in it, at least to some minds, when there is no point to be gained by it. I have generally tried to mend what you objected to, and when I failed, as with Rachel or Delaford, it was because I did not retrench enough to bring my idea to yours, or we did not both grasp the

¹ A visit from Queen Emma of Honolulu to Hursley.

same idea the same way, as with Honora. And you know how I have re-written Eustacie¹ because of your censure, so I don't think I can be less amenable in the main, though I am afraid you thought me cross. I have made Beranger and Eustacie much younger and more childish, and am working out Diane, as I have now called Clotilde. May has sent me a beautiful *Lion of Lucerne*.

We go to Puslinch on the 8th, to Ottery on the way I hope. I am glad summer is come back.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS ANNE YONGE

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *March 29, 1866.*

My dear Anne—Thanks for your note in your haste. Of course we each meant 5s., I only wish it was more, though I don't know that I should be writing to-day to say so if I did not want to tell you of what our hearts are so full of, namely, Mr. Keble's state. He had seemed well and cheerful through all the fluctuations of her state, and had written a comfortable note to Miss Mackenzie when she revived last Wednesday, but on Thursday he fainted, erysipelas in the head came on, he has been delirious and then unconscious ever since, and they think he will be in his rest before her. She knows all about it, and yet is not worse, I believe she feels it very thankworthy, as all who love them must do, for it was a grief to all to think how he was to live alone in his broken state. Mrs. T. Keble seems to feel as if it was holy ground, so peaceful, so patient. I heard from her this morning as if she thought it would hardly last much longer with him at least, so that day of Queen Emma was the very last of my being in the light and peace round them. But still I know she must so feel it that I could almost congratulate her. And it is the very week they would have chosen. . . .—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

¹ In the *Chaplet of Pearls*.

TO MISS ANNE YONGE

(*On the Death of Mr. Keble*)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *Good Friday*, 1866.

My dear Anne—As we fully expected, the holy and blessed spirit went to its rest at one o'clock on Thursday morning ; the other gentle spirit is placidly waiting her call to be with him. She slept quietly after having given thanks after it was over, but was much overcome on wakening, and this is the last we know of her. I should feel comforted to know the rest had come, which cannot be far off now. The erysipelas had nearly passed off, and the Bournemouth doctor ascribes it altogether to the long strain of sorrow upon the weakened frame. I am very thankful for both their sakes, but we feel very desolate. The funeral is to be on Thursday, and mamma has written to offer a bed to the Peter Youngs, in case they should not have room at the Vicarage. Mr. Wither has a terrible cold, and I dread Sunday for him.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS ANNE YONGE

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *April 6*, 1866.

My dear Anne—Most peaceful, most gentle has the day been. The Psalms suited perfectly, and while we said "In His pleasure is Life," a butterfly flew about in the sunshine in church. I had a short talk with the Bishop of Brechin and told him your abode, and he hopes to come and see you about the end of the week. You had not sent me the Hursley letter about our dear Louisa. When you can I shall indeed like to see it. Mrs. Wilson of Rownhams and I have been clinging together all day.

I did go to the early service, and stayed the time between at the park. Is not Sir William to be pitied to have to supply such a place ?

Such a gathering of the good. Some said it was like Paradise, but oh ! there tears and mourning will have fled away.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.



Photo, H. W. Salmon.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE.

1862-1868

Elderfield, in which Charlotte Yonge lived from 1862 until the day of her death, was then a pretty cottage in the midst of a large old-fashioned garden. A private path led through the shrubbery from Otterbourne House, so that the separation was as slight as it could be, and the two families were able to meet constantly. The three windows of the long, low, upstairs drawing-room looked across the road to the church and school. Each child was visible as it came up the village, and only a few steps were needed for classes and superintendence. Another window looked up the hill towards the Southampton road, and the situation was extremely cheerful, and in the midst of life and movement. The room, and indeed the house, was full to overflowing with books and pictures. A beautiful print of Raphael's St. Margaret, and the notable Knight and Death of Albert Dürer, were among these pictures. There were some handsome and valuable books which had belonged to Mr. Yonge's library, besides numberless story-books, histories, and educational books of all kinds. During the six years which Charlotte spent here with her mother, a great many stories saw the light, of which the most notable was the *Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, which had its rise in a dream which the author had during a visit to her aunt and uncle, Dr. and Mrs. Harris, at Torquay. Dr. Harris was the Vicar of Tor, but as there is no

vicarage attached to that parish, he lived in Sorel, his own home in the Croft Road. Here Charlotte vividly dreamed the scene of the return of the wounded brothers and their welcome by their mother on the Castle steps, and hence came the name of the heroine Christina Sorel. This, which many think the most beautiful of all her stories, was something of a new departure, being an historical study, not for children, but for grown-up people. It was followed by the *Chaplet of Pearls*, and by the *Caged Lion*, a story of which she was herself very fond, but which was never as popular as the other two.

But the great work of this period was the *History of Christian Names*, on which she spent more research and labour than on anything she ever undertook. Its object was to record the derivation and meaning of all Christian names, tracing their variations in popularity, and mentioning the most important persons who bore them, in history, poetry, or classical fiction.

For this book she studied authorities and consulted scholars with all possible care, but the individuality of the book consisted in the glamour which it cast over the whole subject, leading its readers to all sorts of by-ways of history, and bringing together an immense amount of out-of-the-way information. The mediæval period is, naturally, the most interesting, as it was the period best known to herself, in which she depended most on her own special studies and tastes.

She worked very hard at the *Christian Names*, and at this time her health was less good than it had been or than it afterwards became, and she felt the strain of the hard work much more than was usual with her. She had other historical studies in hand at the same time, the *Book of Golden Deeds* and *Biographies of Good Women* among others. Altogether her power of concentrating her attention on many different matters, her industry and the immense quantity of work which she was able to initiate and carry through, was at this time very remarkable.

She never possessed anything like the same capacity for locomotion, or for anything which might be termed "knocking about," and journeys and long expeditions, functions of any kind, soon tired out the energies which were equal to long unbroken hours of literary work, and this fact no doubt was among the reasons why she had so quiet and unbroken a life during her later years.

This division of life ended with a most happy visit to the Miss Pattesons at Weston St. Mary Church, on the occasion of the Consecration of All Saints Church, Babbacombe, chiefly built by these ladies. There was a great gathering of ecclesiastical magnates, of whom the "Primate," Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, was the most interesting to Charlotte.

Torquay was then much in the front of the Church movement. St. Luke's, under the Rev. George

Harris, was a centre of Church life, and Charlotte always entertained a vivid affection for the place as she knew it then. Nor did she ever enjoy anything more than the conversation of intellectual Churchmen. With them she felt sure of her ground, and she thoroughly entered into their views and aspirations. Where she was not sure of what she regarded as "safe" foundations she was always shy, unready, and silent, refusing to enter into discussions even with those who would feel the most respectful interest in her point of view.

In the beginning of 1868 Mrs. Yonge's last illness began, and the closest companionship between mother and daughter that could exist was forced gradually to change its character, and finally was broken altogether.

Mrs. Yonge suffered from softening of the brain. There seem to have been symptoms during the previous year, unrealised, or at any rate unacknowledged, by Charlotte; but with the February of 1868 a period of much trouble and distress set in. Charlotte was constitutionally nervous about illness and had no natural turn for nursing, so that the trial bore heavily upon her. She devoted herself to her mother, and her faithful maid, Harriet Spratt, was the greatest of comforts to her. Friends came to stay and share the burden—Miss Alice Moberly in especial, also Miss Peard—until Mrs. Yonge's death on 28th of September 1868. Of course the son and daughter at "the other house" were there

to help, and Charlotte's letters at that time are perhaps especially full of the charms of her little nephews and nieces.

When the end came, the dear cousin Anne Yonge came to help her to settle into her altered life.

TO MISS DYSON

(Opening of All Saints, Babbacombe)

WESTON ST. MARY CHURCH,

November 4, 1867.

My dear Marianne—To write to you seems matter of necessity, though time does not seem to be found anywhere in the interval of church-going and eating. The Consecration day you heard about, and on the next, after a tolerably quiet day, when we went to luncheon with Mrs. Scroffs, the dear people came. They had fraternised with Mr. Wilson by the way, and he came in the fly with the ladies, while the vigorous Primate walked keeping up with him all the way, and arriving almost at the same time. He is all "strength and sweetness," and looks as vigorous as ever, and as squarely strong; the only loss is that his eyes are somewhat less large and bright, and they say they have to a certain degree grown old. It is rather like the way sailors' eyes are puckered up by the glare. Mrs. Selwyn looks very bright and joyous, as well she may, since John has made up his mind to return with them to be ordained to work in New Zealand. Mrs. Abraham is thin, but has lost the air of suffering she had when I saw her last, and we are enjoying everything to the utmost extent. The religious dissipation is enough to satisfy even you; the only difficulty is to choose between bishops, sermons, and meetings, but we stick fast to our Primate whenever we can, and our meals and walks to and fro are specially delightful. We had N.Z. at St. Mary Church in the morning, S.O.¹ in the afternoon; both for S.P.G. and N.Z. in the evening at

¹ Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

Babbacombe ; then to-day Mrs. Selwyn, Mr. Wilson and I are going to hear S.O. address the Sunday School teachers in the vestry at St. Luke's at 2 o'clock to-day, and at 7.30 we are all going to hear the Primate preach at the St. Luke's anniversary this evening. As to telling you what we heard, it is impossible to write it out, as Fanny and Mrs. Edwin Coleridge and her sister are all shouting together at the other end of the room. I hope it may all arrange itself by the time we meet at Testwood. Mamma is very happy, the Bishop so very kind to her.

S.O. came here after the afternoon church yesterday, but it was to speak to the Primate, and they were closeted together all the time, so that we only just shook hands with him. He looked better than on Friday, and he walked Mr. Wilson about among the bays at Babbacombe, so that he (R. F. W.) nearly got no dinner, having gone to the new church in the morning to hear North Carolina. It was delightful to see Mrs. Selwyn clap her hands when she heard that S.O. was to preach and say, "There, George, you really *will* hear a sermon." It is all so free and easy and merry that I don't know how to enjoy it enough. I don't think they know about Natal.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

To see Charlotte so well and so happy is delightful. The best must be over, but there is Dr. Moberly to come. To see her doing the honours of the place and the people to Mr. Wilson is charming. How we look forward to Testwood when we have been at home a little while to recover ourselves.—*P.S. by Mrs. Yonge.*

Note.—The *Clever Woman of the Family*, published in 1865, should have been noticed here. Some people think it the cleverest of Miss Yonge's books, but there is a controversial element in it which, I think, detracts from its charm.

CHAPTER IX

1868

SOLITUDE

CHARLOTTE took up her solitary life with courage and cheerfulness. The real blow had fallen when Mrs. Yonge's mind had begun to give way, and there was much peace in the end of the long anxiety and in the knowledge that the sufferer was at rest. There was too, for her, *real* joy in the thought of "the store growing in Paradise," and she did not feel that her friends at Hursley or her parents were really lost to her. Her delight in her little nephews and nieces was expressed in almost every letter that she wrote, and with a mind set free from daily anxiety, new ideas of work soon presented themselves.

During this period of independence she went about a good deal and paid many visits, and in the August of 1869 her one trip abroad was made, and she went with Mr. and Mrs. Julian Yonge to Paris, and to stay with Mme. Guizot de Witt as recorded in the accompanying letters.

A terrible blow met her on her return. The

beloved cousin, Anne Yonge, died suddenly during her absence of some form of brain disease, after only two days' illness, and Charlotte could have had no greater loss.

In 1871 a change came in the church and village life. Mr. Bigg-Wither, who had been for so long perpetual curate of Otterbourne, and who was so old and valued a friend, retired, and the Rev. Walter Elgee was appointed instead.

Charlotte felt the change very much beforehand. She was afraid, she said, "of taking too much on herself with a clergyman's wife," and she never liked novelty. But, allowing for the loss of an old friend's close neighbourhood—she wrote to Mr. Bigg-Wither every Sunday all through his life—the change brought many improvements, and Charlotte's own ideas and practices were able to expand in accordance with those of the school to which she belonged, without a sense of disloyalty to the home authorities. The *teaching* of Otterbourne Church was always, I think, continuous, but its *practice* had been very old-fashioned, and it was no doubt time for little developments, which were always indeed moderate in character, and rather behind than before what may be described as the ecclesiastical "fashion."

The *Pillars of the House* came into being at this time, and I think Charlotte always regarded it as her fullest form of self-expression. The characters were very dear to her, and were constantly reproduced in later stories. It has perhaps hardly

met with less enthusiastic love than the *Daisy Chain* and the *Heir of Redclyffe*, but it does make its appeal to Churchmanship of a more special type. It is extremely long, with an immense number of characters. Those who discussed it with the author, read it in manuscript, and in the *Monthly Packet*, can hardly approach it with any kind of criticism, but delightful as the Underwoods were to these young admirers in the seventies, the sentiment and pathos of the *Daisy Chain* appears to me simpler and more universal, and therefore of larger scope, and the ideal clergyman, the father of the Underwood family, is nothing like so real or so human a person as Dr. May. Felix, however, represents exactly the type of goodness most admired by the author, not brilliant, but steady, loyal, and thorough, and I think she liked him the best of all her heroes.

In this first thoroughly independent work she practically gave her readers to understand what she thought legitimate as to many of the burning Church questions of the day, such as fasting and confession. And here I think, retired as was her own religious life, she would wish it to be stated that, at rare but regular intervals, she always continued the practice of Sacramental Confession, begun under the guidance of Mr. Keble, though she never regarded it as of universal obligation, or would ever have urged it upon young people except under very special circumstances.

She practised definitely and on purpose many

self-denials, of which she never spoke, and which only gradually became obvious to her friends. As for instance, until the necessities of the trade forced it on her, she never wrote stories in Lent. It was a revelation to a careless girl to find that twelve o'clock was always marked by her as an hour of prayer, and her love of the daily Matins and Evensong was so unbroken and so genuine that they were an integral part of her life. She was never too busy to go to church, and she always said that breaking off her occupations for this, and for the daily teaching in school, kept up the freshness of her interest, and prevented her energy from flagging. As she could always take up a sentence or a discussion exactly where she left it, no doubt in her case this was true. But her powers in this respect were unusual, as the following practice will show. She frequently wrote her letters all at once, and often a story, a Cameo, and a bit of Scripture teaching at the same time, writing a page of each, leaving it to dry, and going on with another. They were very rarely, if ever, confused together, but it was a process which could only be watched with awe.

In the period of the *Pillars of the House*, and of the works which coincided with it and succeeded to it, she was in the full vigour of invention and execution.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MISS DYSON

September 24, 1867.

We had a wonderful visit yesterday from an utterly unknown little American girl of fourteen or fifteen, who bobbed into the room, rushed up to me, shook hands, "Miss Yonge, I've come to thank you for your books, I'm an American." Papa and mamma were, it appears, seeing the church, and were going round by Hursley back to Winchester. It was odd to be thanked by a little bolt upright mite, as if in the name of all the American Republic, for writing for the Church!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF MRS. YONGE IN 1867

The good *Daisy Chain* has paid £114 this year to the Melanesian Mission.

TO MISS DYSON

(On her Mother's Death)

ELDEFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 30, 1868.*

My dear Marianne—Mr. Wither is at the Hospital to-day or he would have written to you; he will write on Saturday. Meantime there is only to say that we are quiet and even cheerful, going to church and walking in the garden and talking over many things. Julian and Frances all kindness. I shall probably return to Puslinch with Anne, but there is much to set in order, and Julian and I are executors together. I shall have the same income that she had besides my own, and I feel as if all directed me to go on in the same way here, where the lack of any other lady to deal with the parish makes me almost necessary, and besides, it helps Julian.

Harriet is full of keen sorrow. She is to make a visit to her aunt in Wiltshire when the stress of work is over.

I think I should be here full a month before going, Anne with me. The present feeling is weight on all, but still peace and joy. Poor Mrs. Hawkins.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *October 5, 1868.*

My dear Marianne—Things have gone on well and quietly ; I only wonder what I am that I seem to have no breakdown in me, but cannot help feeling for ever that the “ Ephphatha is sung ” when I think of the frowning look with which she would try to make us understand her, and that struggle to say words of praise, “ glorify ” so often coming. You cannot think how her work, the illuminated “ Holy, Holy, Holy,” and the “ We look not at the things that are seen but at the things that are not seen,” shone out at that Communion in the morning. It is so very gentle and as she wished, and I really did miss her much more four months ago, when the real response failed me, and I saw her in the state I knew she hoped not to be in, than now that the habit of leaning on her has been so long broken. It is as if the threefold cord of my life had had one strand snapped suddenly fourteen years ago, but slowly, gently untwisted now. It was comfortable that no one touched her who did not love her. No stranger meddled ; Hicks made the coffin, and those who carried her were our own people, three the same as carried papa, and two of their sons, one other labourer of Julian’s. Frances made a lovely cross of white camellias and roses, and two wreaths. Frances spent most of the day up here, so very sweet and sisterly, and comforted to have won her love these last years.

We took the way we had so often gone together out by the verandah, Julian and I, Duke and Frances, Anne and John Poole ; Mary Walters, Alice and Robert Moberly and Emily Awdry also were there, Graham Colborne, George Yonge, John and Edmund Morshead, and many of our neighbours, and so many old servants. Mr. Young and Mr. Wither took the service, Mr. Wither the closest part. When the coffin stood by the side of the granite it looked quite to belong, and one felt her at home, and there was an atmosphere of Keble helps in the books and the sounds.

Then I just saw Alice and Emily, and Frances stayed here alone to avoid the people at the other house ; we took her home in the afternoon, and wandered about afterwards with the three brother-like cousins, chiefly picking up acorns for specimens for

Duke to take home. Graham went then, but Duke spent the evening with us, and returned home on Saturday, and John Poole is only just gone. I had my class here on Sunday and really do not feel overdone, but as if there was much for me to do, and the other house is all affection. Helen's feelings chiefly came out in startings at night, and Frances thought the children best at home, but they went up later in the day with some flowers, berries, and moss of their own gathering arranged. The present plan is for me to return with Anne, spend November at Puslinch, and the last week Mr. Wither is to make a visit there and bring me home. I fancy Kate Low will as usual come for Christmas, and after it perhaps we poor remnants may meet at Testwood. You did not come to the right shop for agreement in your views for me in "Miss Anne," nor do I agree for sundry reasons.

1st. I think a perpetual stranger worse than loneliness.

2nd. Miss Adams suffices the children.

3rd. There would be no room for a visitor.

4th. It would spoil all comfort in one, if there were. No, I do not think it would do; I do not fraternise as easily as you, and besides, being more locomotive, I can whet my wits against friends around and make short visits. I think I shall go out more in the afternoon, and work in the evening when I am alone, and somehow I do not greatly fear it. I have no scruple as to retaining horse or carriage. Julian keeps the horse for the rent of a field which he would feel paying more, and besides, it does his work. Then the two houses require a close and an open carriage, so we each keep one and use which we want.

There is a better account of Sir William; Paget is much more hopeful about him than Gulley and keeps him in London.

It is sad to have the Wilsons away, but I hope they will be back in a fortnight.—Your most affectionate C. M. YONGE.

TO MR. BUTLER OF WANTAGE

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, ST. S. & J., 1868.

My dear Mr. Butler—Thanks. I wish I felt more worthy of being an Exterior Sister, but I am thankful to be joined to what

is good, though I do not think you would care to have me if you knew how I "shrink when hard service must be done," and what a spoilt child I have been ever since I grew up, very nearly useless in anything practical. But I will constantly use the prayer, and I hope whenever I can come to Wantage that I may be admitted.

I wish we could have seen you again. The church *is* the same still, and has its atmosphere about it, as much I think as possible. I wish the Wilsons had been there, they bring breaths of the old times with them, but altogether it was rather like the Tate and Brady verse that begins

I sigh whene'er my missing thoughts—

When you read your novel, do let it be *Nigel Bartram's Ideal*, one of Warne's Companion Library—shilling books—it is by the little lady who showed us over St. Cross, and I think has a great deal in it.

Is Emma inclined Goslingwards? Shall I tell the Senior Gosling to send her the names and rules?—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS DYSON

(*Tour Abroad*, 1869)

VAL RICHER, *August 5.*

My dear Marianne—Here we are, after having, I think, done very well on our journey. We met Miss Martin on board the steamer. I forget whether I told you that she had begged to come at the same time for the benefit of our escort, and though we had rather have been alone, she was very helpful and pleasant. She is the editor of the *Sunday Library*, which is the way we fell in with her. It was rather a nasty passage, 460 people in the boat, very much in each other's way under the circumstances, and Frances and Harriet were both very bad. I never go beyond being rather unhappy and helpless, and the worst of it was it was raining hard all the time, and all the umbrellas but one had imprudently been packed up, so you may suppose how wet people were. Frances came out terribly wet through, and

shivering, but some drops of essence of camphor on a lump of sugar staved off a cold. Of Calais we only saw outlines enough to make us feel we were in France, and misty rain hindered us from seeing anything till we came near Amiens, and then we had to wait about an hour at the station. We found the town was too far off to go to see the cathedral, so our chief edification there was the embraces of a priestly seminary breaking up for the holidays as it seemed, for there were twelve or fourteen priests, mostly very young, and thirty or more little boys. There was a great kissing on both cheeks of the priests as they parted, but most went on with the train, and priests and boys were dropped here and there by the way. One little fellow had an old peasant father and mother who came to meet him, and kissed and smoothed his hair, and walked off in great pride. M. Guizot says the best scholars at the village schools go to these seminaries and become either priests or schoolmasters. At each station stood a woman in blue, with a high-glazed hat over her white cap, holding up a staff perpendicularly as a signal. It had a very quaint effect. Moreover, French electric wires don't make the weird Æolian harp sound that ours do, but go tinkle, tinkle, like little bells. All the last part of the way was in the dark. We got to the Hotel d'Angleterre at Rouen at 10 P.M., and climbed up an enormous staircase to our tiny rooms, and oh the noise ! carts, carriages, steam-engines, music, laughing, talking, chattering, till 2 A.M., and by 5 a man was shouting about "citoyen" under the window. None of us had any sleep except from 3 to 5, and by 7 we were all out making our way to the Cathedral. It was like getting into the middle of a picture of Prout. The west front had the grandeur one knows, but the most remarkable feature within struck me as being that there was a gallery of arches below the triforium, so as to have four steps up to the roof instead of three. There was Mass going on in three different places—at an altar outside the choir, at the Lady Chapel, and in one of the little altars that there were on the east wall of the recess of every window, but the choir with the high altar was shut up and looked desolate. The north doorway, called the Portail du Calende, was very curious ; it has the whole history of Jacob and Joseph in tiny compartments, an immense

number of little scenes. We peeped into St. Maclou, a very splendid old church, but its east end sadly disfigured by the great gilded shrine, with a huge golden angel descending amid big golden beams (in both senses of the word). St. Ouen was certainly the loveliest thing I saw, and every fitting there is in excellent taste, most dainty Gothic shrine work rising behind the choir, and the whole with great gracefulness and majesty combined, but I cannot recall the details now, I saw it in so much haste. We found the Place de la Pucelle, with its curious old houses, and had not much more than time to get back to the Quai. It really is very grand there, the broad river with its ships, the suspension bridge crossing it, the quaint old houses round, the rows of trees with benches under, and green hills partly wooded to be seen whether you look up or down the river, the spire of Notre Dame de Bon Secours rising up most beautifully. I wish we could have had a day there only, not a night. Into the train again, with a little boy about nine and his *bonne*. He was very loth to leave his *mamma*, and kissed and clung to her to the last moment, and then was in very high spirits all the rest of the way. It was very beautiful. All along were hills of chalk, partly wooded, and here and there broken quite into crags and cliffs, while pinnacles of chalk stood out on the very edge of the stream like the Needles come inland. They were the Rochers (I think) d'Obteimer, but I must learn the name. I was sorry when we tunnelled through them, but it was still very pretty; the railroad seemed to go through the centre of a valley, with low ridgy hills sloping down into water, meadows, or harvest-fields. Sometimes a perfect sea of ruddy corn, and the cottages were beautiful, black-timbered and white-washed between, and their high-pitched roofs make their shapes so pretty. The apple and pear trees often stood out quite in the midst of the corn, and the flax was done up in tiny little fan-shaped shocks, looking like a fairy's harvest. On a hill side we saw an old tower, which had been part of the Abbey of Bec, and amazed me, for I had always fancied it by a riverside in a forest. The river Reel, however, runs through green meadows, and all that part put me in mind of Stroud as we came into Lisieux, and saw the fields below the wooded hills covered with

bleaching linen, and those houses standing perched about. At Lisieux carriage and cart met us, and we drove out here, all getting shyer and shyer every minute, till we came in by the great white gates, and the whole family turned out at the door to welcome us. M. Guizot looks smaller and much more wiry, active, and alert than in the photo, with his bright eyes and courteous eager manner. Between English and French I can get on very well with him, and Mme. de Witt talks English perfectly, and so do her girls. Julian's French is a more serviceable article than mine, which is lucky, as M. de Witt speaks no English though he understands it, but he is much given to *la mécanique*, and so they get on together. This is a regular French bedroom, like a little drawing-room, the bed in an alcove, and all the washing in two little closets. We get a roll and cup of tea or coffee at eight, and come into public at eleven to prayers and breakfast. It is now a little after ten, and I shall finish up my letter before I go down, as I do not know when the post goes. They are very kind, and it is very pleasant. I really enjoyed yesterday evening very much, and it will be sure to improve with greater familiarity with the ways of the place and the language. The garden is beautiful, on very broken ground, and a great glow of geraniums and roses. We are just too late for the distribution of prizes at the village school, for which I am sorry, harvest holidays having set in. If you can read this letter in its streaky criss-cross, send it on to Gertrude Walter at Otterbourne, and she may please send it to Miss Mackenzie, Woodfield, Havant.

We encountered Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie at the Charing Cross Station, to my great pleasure. Alas! it is raining. I will describe more to-morrow.—Your most affectionate

C. M. Y.

VAL RICHER, *August 6.*

My dear Marianne—The day went in this way yesterday—towards eleven o'clock there was a bell, and we all went down and wandered in the garden till everybody was assembled, then we went to M. Guizot's study and had prayers, he reading a

chapter of St. Matthew, and Mme. de Witt making a short prayer of it, ending with the Lord's Prayer. Then came the post and breakfast, upon rissoles, fried potatoes, fruit and *vin ordinaire*, with a tiny cup of tea or coffee at the end, after which we had a walk in the wood, came back and sat under the catalpa tree at work till four, which is the time for the *goûter*, a funny little luncheon on marinated anchovy, bread, fruit and the like, another walk, and we all went into our rooms till seven o'clock dinner, and when we went into the drawing-room M. Guizot read us a French play, which lasted till tea-time, and then came bed.

It is very beautiful country in a quiet way ; the hills are low but steep, with streams at the bottom, and the copses which are cut once in eighteen years are much like our own. The farm is almost all grass land, and there is a good deal of very pretty park-like ground near the house, planted by M. Guizot with numerous fancy pines, etc., which have had time to come to a good handsome size, and between which are very pretty peeps of the house. The garden is charming, plenty of turf, and great beds of roses, geraniums, and gladioli, and a sort of dwarf, late-blowing horse-chestnut that they call Pavia. *N.B.*—Before I forget it, the Norman name for quiver-grass is *Langue de femme* ; is it not delightful ? The house is a long one, part old and part new, of old whitish stone, three stories, and then a huge high-pitched roof of dark old red tiles, the walls quite covered with creepers of all sorts. The entrance is at the end, a great white fanciful gate, between two pillars overhung with creepers, and each with a stone seat below, where poor people are often to be seen waiting to speak to Mme. de Witt, or Marguerite. My window is at the end of the house, over the hall door, and Julian's dressing-room is in a continuation of the house almost close to it, at right angles. Frances' door and mine are close together, opening into the long passage, which is filled with books, cases of minerals, and fine prints. Everything has a history, and one can hardly move about for looking at the things. Downstairs there is a small hall, a library, and a drawing-room and dining-room, all with parquet floors and opening into the garden, and beautiful things in them, notwithstanding which they look empty. Language stands thus : Mme. de Witt and Marguerite are perfectly

bi-lingual, M. Guizot and Julian scarcely less so (except that Julian does not know the French mechanical terms which he wants particularly). I can always understand what they say to me, but not what they say to each other, and can blunder on (rather like Philip Thistlewood¹), only I never remember the gender of a word till I have said it wrong, and when I want to say anything I care about my French forsakes me altogether. Frances and M. de Witt understand, but do not commit themselves. Here is a little bit of the conversation that interested me most. It was at breakfast. You must know it is an oval table, M. Guizot always hands Frances, M. de Witt me, Julian Mme. de Witt, Pierre, a little cousin who is staying here, Marguerite, and Jeanne come alone. Then M. Guizot sits in the middle of the side between Frances and me, with his daughter and Julian opposite, M. de Witt and Marguerite at one end, Pierre and Jeanne at the other. "*Rome et Genève*," says M. Guizot, indicating the two pictures at the two ends of the room. "*C'est un contraste*," I say, looking at the dome of St. Peter's in opposition to the lake, to which he rejoins that he keeps La Cordaire and Calvin's portraits in his room together, and I observe that La Cordaire does not so perfectly represent Rome as Calvin Geneva, whereon he branches off to Père Hyacinthe and how Rome dares not molest the great Gallicans that are not ultramontane. It seems they summoned Père Hyacinthe to Rome, and when he got there no one did or said anything to him but civility, and they only kept him a few weeks. I asked whether he would show at the Council, and M. Guizot said he would probably not be there, being neither bishop nor chief of an order. He is a friend of M. Guizot's, and so is Monseigneur Dupanloup, and M. Guizot went on to say that Dr. Manning had been to see him (G.) lately, he having known him in the old times, also that Dr. Manning had said he should not take Dr. Newman to the Council as his companion priest, whereon Monseigneur Dupanloup asked for him. But M. Guizot said that he heard he was not in health to go; I do not know how this is, but Mr. Wilson saw him about a month ago, and did not say he was unwell. Montalembert

¹ In the *Chaplet of Pearls*."

has been terribly ill, but is getting better, and has just been able to dine with his family. M. Guizot is wonderfully alert in every way ; I should not have thought him more than sixty (he is eighty-two). He is in the garden at 6.30 every morning, but he has a sleep in the middle of the day. He is hard at work on the fourth volume of his *Meditations*, and on a history of England for his grand-daughters, and his rest after five hours' work is with an English novel. His reading is beautiful, not at all an old man's voice, but clear and fresh, and in the play full of change of tone, gesture, and spirit. Up a hill he always will give me his arm, which is to say the least unnecessary. He has Queen Amelie hanging in the drawing-room between the Queen of Spain and her sister, so I suppose he is not ashamed of the Spanish marriages. But the utter absence of political talk is quite curious. He did give a great eulogium of Pitt, exalting him far above Peel and Gladstone, though much admiring Peel, but I think that was the only time Gladstone's name was spoken ; and as to France, the only time the Government was mentioned was that Mme. de Witt said Mudie said that under the present he could not send her boxes to France, they give so much trouble by their regulations. One morning we had a funny debate on the name of the insect that eats the roots of the grass. I had always thought *hanneton* was a gnat, but it turns out to be a cockchafer. *N.B.*—Tell Helen that *le petit Arthur* was as giddy as a chafer, not a gnat. And sure enough wherever the grass looked dead there were sure to be half a dozen of the ugly white grubs. It is very cold, and Julian is rather rheumatic to-day. The Norman harvest-home and the country walks in Normandy exactly represent this place. The colony of poachers is to be visited some day when M. Guizot does not go out, as it is rather far for him. They are trying to get a Sister to keep school there ; they have three at the village school, St. Vincent de Paul's, but they are not missionary enough for such a wild place, so they go to a more missionary order for them. It is almost time for prayers, so I shall finish, hoping to go on to-morrow.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

VAL RICHER, *August 9.*

My dear Marianne—My letter yesterday came to an untimely end in consequence of an invitation to go out and hunt fossils in a pit half clay, half chalk, near the drain tile factory, with Julian, Frances, Cornélis, and the two girls. The fossils are very good. We got a shark's tooth, some very good bits of coral, and some nice shells, but of course there was much disappointment from their habit of crumbling away. There we poked about till half-past ten, when we repaired to M. Guizot's study, and he read a sermon on solitude; next followed breakfast, in the midst of which M. de Witt had to set out to *la concile municipale*, a parish meeting which is always held on a Sunday, just as people come out of church. The talk fell upon the Louvre pictures, about which M. Guizot was more eager and excited than I have seen him about anything, and he sent for the two volumes of the *Musée Royale* for us to look at the completion of the *Musée Française* which we always have had. It was one of the curious ways in which things come round in one's life, that *Musée Royale* that papa always wished me to see, to be looking over it, here, when the Wilsons' report of their (M. Guizot's) liking of Guy was one of the things that gave him so much pleasure. By the bye, I have been hearing of M. Ampère crying about Guy, and oddly enough the *Young Stepmother* seems to be one of the chief favourites here. Also the historical spirit of the *Chaplet of Pearls* is much approved. Well, just after breakfast arrived a procession of the village women. It seems that it was the feast of St. Anne, and all the women of the village have her for their patroness, so on her day they all go to Mass, and walk about in procession, carrying a *civière*, a thing shaped rather like a big parrot's cage, with three stages, all covered with white paper, and festooned with different ruches of blue, pink, and yellow paper, in which were placed two big sponge-cakes, one from the girls, and one from the women. They bring a cake to the priest, the lady, and the Maire, only this year there is no Maire. M. de Witt is likely to be Maire next year. They were all in Sunday caps, snowy white thick muslin, extensively frilled, and the little girls with bright bows, not like the daily night-cap fashion. They came to Mme. de W.

under the catalpa tree, but were conducted to the library and each had a glass of wine all round. Late in the day, when Harriet was walking with the servants, there came on a shower, and they went into the church where they found the *civière*, and the priest and choir went down the church in procession, but the people were laughing and talking and taking snuff all the time. The last Sunday of August is the men's Sunday, and they come in the same way.

At about two o'clock, the family and the Protestant servants were had into Mme. de Witt's room, where M. de Witt read (beginning with *au Nom de*, etc.) the Commandments and the 91st Psalm and the 17th chapter of St. Matthew; he read a comment on the latter, and said a prayer, after which the services of the day were over. After *goûter* Miss Martin and I started off for a long walk, which was chiefly remarkable for our being caught in the rain, when we stood under an apple-tree till the rain came through, when we turned home, but the rain stopping we went on up a hill, with an old bull behind the hedge growling at us all the way. It was a good thick hedge, but as Cornélis says, "the bulls here are not good, and the farmer who keeps him has been gored twice." So we were not quite easy in our minds, and were glad to be past him. There was an old man having his hair cut in front of his house, but the roads here are very little frequented, though very good. I think we did not meet six people in our four-mile walk! We only came home just in time for dressing, and as I was coming out of my room to join Frances I encountered M. Guizot, who gave me his arm downstairs, telling me he had been reading my Miss Edgeworth article in *Macmillan*, and that he had seen her and her father. He said Mr. Edgeworth was very dull (I wonder if his French was as deficient as mine) and he thought him a great tyrant to his daughter. I do not remember much that was remarkable at dinner, except a story of an Englishman's horror at finding seventeen foxes hung up in a tree. "Quel sacrilège," he is reported to have said, and little foxes seem to be bought here to be turned out in England. There are two wild boars still existing in a forest in Normandy. After dinner M. de Witt brought us a collection of photographs

from Ary Scheffer whom they knew well and were very fond of. M. Guizot calls him the painter of the soul, and on the whole, I came from the photos with the impression that he did women beautifully, but seldom succeeded in men, except in one magnificent "St. John writing the Apocalypse," which I longed to show Mrs. Keble, it gives one a perfect thrill of awe. Miss Martin and I had a little sigh that it is not in the *Sunday Library* (she dislikes the pictures there extremely). I hope to bring one home. There is also a very fine likeness of his mother (which Bishop Forbes once told me was his best). The photo from the picture of St. Augustine is infinitely more beautiful and suggestive than the print. St. Monica seems to be melting into the heavenly atmosphere beyond. Afterwards there was music, a cantigua of Beethoven that the girls, their father and cousins sang was most beautiful, but the clear ringing way in which Marguerite and Jeanne throw out their voices strikes one as quite new, less sweet but more clear than English singing. Mme. de Witt does not play or sing. Altogether it is very pleasant here, and gets pleasanter every day, so that I think we shall be sorry to go away. Julian likes M. de Witt and the boys very much; I never saw a more complete gentleman than M. de Witt, and I think they are good to the back-bone. (If only they had a church! M. Guizot says he should belong to ours if he were English.) Their testimony to the Sœurs who keep school here would charm Mr. Butler. They have three together, but they keep a night-school in the winter as well as the day one, but they get overworked, and by the end of the year the head sister takes to fainting away. They have £16 a year apiece, and are always trying to save out of it for the Mother-house. So wise and good Mme. de Witt says she has found them in difficult cases.

Val Richer was a monastery, and this was the Abbot's house, but all the old buildings have long been made away with—before their time, I believe.

Another interesting thing I heard was about the intelligence of the Bordeaux people, and the vivid way they realise the Black Prince still. It is almost breakfast time, so I close up.—
Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

VAL RICHER, *August 10.*

My dear Marianne—Yesterday was so rainy that there really is very little to say about it. The breakfast was enlivened by our being told that Madame Adelaide always had a set of bonbons placed beside the seat of each member of her brother's cabinet whenever they met, and that they were of a superior quality or not according as to whether she liked the ministry or not. M. Guizot said he had the experience of both, for at first she was very fond of him, and then they were very good, but when she liked him less the bonbons deteriorated. He said she was *la femme la plus passionnée* in her loves and hates that he had ever known, and he went on to Queen Marie Amelie, whom I think he loved very much, but he said the king had told him that the way he came to marry her was that in the midst of his exile, when he was in Sicily, Queen Caroline came and said to him, "You are a remarkable man. You will do something great. You will marry my daughter. Oui, oui, oui, vous serez Roi de France." It certainly was a curious divination, and a good speculation, but I don't think that taking her in that way he deserved to get so good a wife. She, the Queen, used to say that she herself and her niece of Tuscany were the only ones of her family who were good for anything. Queen Caroline taught her husband to read, and he used to say when he was angry with her that if she had not done that he would have cut off her head. Then of course we came to Lord Nelson, and some one (English I think) who told M. Guizot, "He was a hero, but he was an idiot," the which I believe. I was comparing his bust with the Duke's in the Taylor buildings at Oxford, and saying how disappointing it was, but Frances Peard did not agree with me. I do not think he had any countenance. After breakfast Julian discovered a book on the turning lathe, which he has wished to see all his life. "Mr. Yonge does not read that book, he does study it," they say. Frances worked and played at loto in the drawing-room with the girls, and Mme. de Witt and I worked at the index till the arrival of Mme. Cornélis de W. and Marie, who is eighteen, and a bright talking girl, devoted to little Suzanne. Miss Martin and I got an hour's walk between the showers, in

which we saw nothing remarkable but a little frog so green that we took him for a grasshopper, and then we came back to a merry dinner, when, in honour of Mme. Cornélis, we each had a glass of champagne, and M. Guizot made every one drink it at the same moment, *à la santé de Suzanne*, whose mamma put her hand over her mouth to stop her from shouting her own health. Music in the evening, and Marie and Cornélis set upon me about my stories in a very comical way, Norman being Cornélis's favourite. Mme. Cornélis is younger than her sister, but looks older and more worn, and much less clear and fresh. Her husband is *député* for this district, and in a Government office for Algeria; he is junior and is secure of no holidays at all, but works from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. He hoped to come down at 12 last night, but was obliged to send a telegram to say he could not. She is taking her children to Buzenval, a little bathing place, and Marguerite and Jeanne too. They will all go off early to-morrow morning, and a great loss they will be. We go at 12.30 on Friday, and so any one who writes had better direct Hotel de Castiglione, 12 Rue de Castiglione, Paris. We tried to find the parish church yesterday, but it was all in the midst of fields, we were afterwards told, with no way to it. There were no roads at all up to this place when M. Guizot bought it, and he came to it riding. It is dry this morning, but quite cold and windy; indeed, we have done what M. Guizot calls *bruler un fagot* both the last two evenings. Frances is out playing at croquet, and a brass band is performing before the front door; I have just seen Pierre rush out with their pay. I am very much in love with those young people, Cornélis and Marguerite are particularly engaging. I am writing to Puslinch, so I shall cut you off short this morning. The post comes at 11, and we are hoping for home news.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

VAL RICHER, *August 11.*

My dear Marianne—The occupation of yesterday was a drive to Cambermer, the bourg, a large village of the district, the name of which is on M. de Witt's carts. It is about as large as Hursley apparently, and has a church with a good old Norman

tower, but the body horridly bad modern. However, it was the girls' school that we went to see, it being the only one not yet broken up for the holidays.

There were two rooms, each with a Sœur presiding over it from a raised desk, and about thirty girls at fixed desks, those of the first class forming little boxes, where they kept their properties. There were five desks, and about six girls at each, sitting far apart. Three great windows on each side, the upper parts open, and no stuffiness. Nothing in the room but over the Sister's seat, quite at the top a crucifix, and on either side St. Mary and St. Joseph, white statues with little crowns of artificial flowers. At the other end a map of France and a pictorial table of weights and measures, *i.e.* pictures of all the money, and of all the pots of so many litres, and great and little weights of all the *grains*, and lengths of all the *metres* of any reasonable length. The children were in all kinds of dresses, some in the regular frilly white cap, some in black caps, and some in nets like our own, and some very pretty and intelligent-looking. The Sister was a nice, portly, merry, rosy body ; we came in for some reading, the girls all sitting in their places, and she calling out promiscuously to Anna or Anais to go on. The book was an instruction on good manners for a *jeune personne*, which did not seem much to concern them, as it was all about going from the *salon* to the *salle à manger*, and there was a dreadful example of a *jeune personne* who neglected to *se nettoyer la bouche*, and in consequence was detected in a falsehood about eating salad and thus lost *un bon établissement*. Miss Martin and I thought it touched us, as this is the one bit of French manners we cannot away with ! Then the girls showed us their writing, which was very neat, but I forgot to ask after the sums ; all those I saw on the slate were simple addition. The work was very neat, and when they asked after our marking I was glad to have a beautiful bit on my handkerchief, but this school is supposed to be far too much addicted to fancy work and wax flowers, which are needed for the churches, but do not train the girls usefully. There was a much younger, sallower sister in charge of the little ones, looking as if she came from a lower grade. There are 600 of these sisters belonging to the mother house at Lisieux, and another

600 to that at Rouen. They are mostly small tradesmen's daughters, almost every family has one daughter a sister, and they are much loved, and have a great deal of influence, but the doctors quarrel with them because they go on prescribing for the poor beyond their knowledge. Parish doctors do not exist here, and herbalism is as much the fashion as ever; Mme. de Witt knows what every plant is good for, and the girls distil like people in old castles. I found some *chlora perfoliata* yesterday and a yellow kind of vetch I did not know; also there were some lovely pink mallows, but whether they were musk mallows or not I was not sure, as I could not get one. Soon after we came home one of the farm waggons came to be packed for Buzenval. There is very little furniture in these seaside lodgings, and for the six children and two nieces, besides servants, it was a grand pack, and we all stood about or put out our heads at the windows, making fun, the boys dancing in impossible places. A piano, two beds, a sofa, an arm-chair, lots of boxes, etc., etc., looked unmanageable, till M. de Witt got into the cart and made everything fit. The place is seven leagues off, and the farm horses took it at earliest daylight.

Of the conversation yesterday, the chief things I remember are that M. Guizot knew Madame Mongolfier, the widow of the balloon man, when she was 100 years old. She was put into a convent at Avignon by force, long before the Revolution, to hinder her from marrying Mongolfier, and made to take the vows, but by some means or other she got a letter to the Pope, complaining of the means used, and he sent a commission which found it was all true, and the Pope released her from her vows. Another touch of interest was hearing that Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr said that there were two kinds of good soldiers; *le solda vertueux* was best of all, and next best the thorough scamp. It just agrees with what we used to hear in the 52nd. I was surprised to find that his soldier friends esteem the infantry of the line more than any other branch, even the engineers and artillery. It came out as being recommended to Cornélis—the English infantry they all call the best in the world for a battle, but not for endurance of hardships. The Russians seem to have been more alarmed by the individual intelligence of the

Zouaves than by anything else—the way they could scale a wall in utter confusion, each man for himself, and then form in perfect order at the top. When a man is *couronné* by the Académie before he is twenty-one, he is exempt from military service, as being too good to be food for powder. But at Sebastopol, Pelissier had to write for more intelligent officers; he had to expose them in the trenches, so that he wrote that he had only enough left to last him a week longer. M. Guizot says he looks forward to a machine that will kill 50,000 men at once, for then war will become impossible! In the evening I looked over the prints of Lord Vernon's beautiful edition of *Dante*, and the young people sung all together *le petit capuchin rouge* and *le renard et le corbeau*; it was the greatest fun. Alas! all the young ones, except Rachel and Susanne, who wait till the others are settled in, are gone off at seven this morning to Buzenval in a Lisieux omnibus for a month's sea air. They are a great loss, especially to Frances. All I can say is that, although I am very sorry to lose them, I shall have more chance of hearing the rest, for I never did hear such a noise as there is at dinner. Our English notion of low speaking being mannerly is evidently unknown, and no one speaks low but M. de Witt, and yet it all goes with beautiful, courtly French grace and consideration. Marguerite is a charming girl, and Cornélis a very engaging lad.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

VAL RICHER, *August 12.*

My dear Marianne—This last day will be a very quiet one, for M. de Witt is gone to a horse-fair at Falaise, and Julian, Frances and Miss Martin are gone with him, starting at eight this morning, and coming home at eleven at night; unluckily I could not go, and Mme. de Witt caught a bad cold yesterday and I fear will not be good for much to-day. Caen had to be given up because of all the comings and goings last week, so my Norman experience is solely of Val Richer, where it seems Thomas à Becket once came and spent some time, and there used to be an old man who kept up the tradition of the place where he used to pray, but the old buildings are all gone now, except some of the

barns where we went yesterday to see the enormous casks of cider and of brandy. M. de Witt takes out a license, makes brandy of cider and sells it, but there is a heavy excise duty, and the poor people cannot understand at all his not choosing to do it surreptitiously. Such enormous barrels, big enough for twenty men to get into; Julian did get into one by the little door, like an entrance into a cavern. The hay is all stored in lofts and barns, haystacks being unknown. There is little to tell about the day; we took a long pleasant walk in the woods, and had a great hunt for the green frogs—beautiful fellows, bright grass green with a yellow line down their backs, and black and gold eyes and marblings on their legs. They really are the sort that are eaten in the south, and they hop tremendously. We asked if they had stag beetles, and it appeared that not only they had and called them *cervalons*, but that when M. Guizot was a baby one got hold of his nose, and had to have its pincers cut off before he could be released. I had a very interesting talk with Mme. de Witt about various matters. She had been asked to write for the *International Magazine* that is setting up with a view to woman's rights, in which she is a believer, and we went on to a good many things. There is very little governessing in France, but if girls are troublesome they are sent to convents, or if not they get their education entirely by lectures, like the Queen's College system. One girl she knew who was married out of a convent into a very intellectual family had never read a whole book through in her life, and for three years her husband kept her continually studying to be on a level with the rest of his family. M. Guizot, she says, is all alive to everything that goes on, except that he lets himself rest from politics. Indeed we touch the less on our own that Miss Martin is very radical indeed, so we don't want to fight our own battles, but one day we had a talk without her about his view of us, and I got further at his opinions from his daughter, and they are anything but Gladstonian. It is said that the House of Lords have raised themselves immensely in Continental estimation by their behaviour and speeches on the Irish Church matter. I think some blunder must have befallen our newspapers, for the *Saturday Review* is the only one that has arrived, and that M. Guizot eagerly snapped up, but a scrap from Mr. Wither tells us

that Anne Collins reports Dr. Moberly to be Bishop of Sarum, so I am writing to Mrs. M., which brings this letter to an end. I suspect for the future you will get more hurried ones, with more events.

Our evening amusement was bits from Vitré's *Scènes Historiques of the Conspiracy d'Amboise*, where Condé (1st) is made to be smitten with Mary of Scotland, which M. Guizot says is historical, and certainly is very likely.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

VAL RICHER, *August 13.*

My dear Marianne—Here is our last morning here, at least so I hope, for I ended the day yesterday by a collapse, and instead of spending the evening with M. Guizot, had to lie on my back in my room all the evening. However, I am much mended, and hope to be in thorough repair before we start at 12 o'clock. Madame de Witt's cold was very bad yesterday and she only came out at meal times, but I had a walk with the old gentleman and a very interesting talk, in which you would not have at all agreed so far as our English affairs went, being that he thinks Lord Salisbury (*N.B.*—he was always rather a hero to me) the best hope of England. About the state of religion in France, he says that there is a great revival among the upper classes—Père Hyacinthe and Montalembert forming round them what he called a *bande d'élite* (?) which he said was sure to be the sign of a great step in religious influence. The bourgeois are the worst, being hostile to Christianity, and the peasants are in the old style, everybody going to mass, and learning the Catechism, but for the most part with little intelligence, the priests not instructing them much except in the letter, though with occasional exceptions, such as the good Curé of St. Roque, who by the way came to call yesterday morning, looking very spruce and unlike what he was when dusting his church, and talking over the people like an English clergyman. The point is the getting the Sister for the ragged school, but as there is only room and maintenance for one, the Superiors make a great difficulty about sending one alone, and M. Guizot has written to the Bishop to beg him to find him one. The Bishop of Lisieux is a strict good man, about forty-five,

with about 1000 clergy under him. Catechisms and fasting-days vary with the diocese ; this being a strict one, they fast on Fridays and Saturdays, a fact brought home to us by the garden paths being strewn with mussel shells. Six sous of mussels will dine fifteen people. The Norman peasants are perfectly honest and faithful, but *ils n'ont pas de la delicatessen ou la morale*. Thanks to Gertrude for her letter. M. Guizot has a son who lives in the south of France, and has such a memory that he can repeat anything after once hearing it. Once he took in a poet who had been reciting a new composition by pretending to have heard it before, and saying it right off. Also the other daughter married another de Witt. The two de Witt brothers, Conrad and Cornelius, were left orphans and brought up by three old aunts, the last of whom came to live here with them, and was nursed till she died about a year ago.

The expedition to Falaise seems to have been delightful, but Frances is very tired and headachy this morning. All I have gathered is that the castle is perched on a dolomite rock, with another opposite to it, just like the Round's Nest (a grand rock rising up like a wall near Puslinch). Also that they saw the horse-fair, which was of *chevaux de luxe* that day, the fair having begun on Sunday. Altogether this visit has been a great enjoyment, and memorable in many ways.

I hope to write to-morrow and tell you how we get to Paris.—
Your most affectionate C. M. YONGE.

HOTEL CASTIGLIONE,
12 RUE CASTIGLIONE, August 14.

My dear Marianne—We broke up from Val Richer with many regrets. The Falaise expedition had turned out very well ; they had a splendid scramble upon a magnificent steep rock, with a deep ravine between it, and such another rock, and the castle in tall, round towers, one of which they climbed up to the top, and were very stiff all day after it, and the roof was covered with zinc, sloping down all round, and no guard round it, which made me thankful that I was not there. They were shown the window where Robert of Normandy was said to have seen Arlette, and

the room where William the Conqueror was born, which is turned into a sort of office for the builders, who are restoring the castle. Also they saw the grand view from the top of the tower, grey ups and downs to a vast extent, giving the idea of the sea, though there is really no sea to be seen from it. The most diverting part of the fair was over, but they saw a great many fine horses, and were very much amused by a story M. de Witt told them of the way in which it came to pass that the citizens of Falaise have or had always to carry about a light with them at night. "Quand on venait à la garde—'Qui va là?' 'Bon bourgeois de Falaise.' 'Où est ta lanterne?' 'On n'a pas dit.' 'On va t'en dire.' Et la nuit prochaine quand on rencontrait la garde—'Qui va là?' 'Bon bourgeois de Falaise.' 'Où est ta lanterne?' 'A la main.' 'Elle n'a pas de chandelle.' 'On n'a pas dit.' 'On va t'en dire.' Et la nuit prochaine quand on rencontrait la garde—'Qui va là?' 'Bon bourgeois de Falaise.' 'Où est ta lanterne?' 'A la main.' 'Où est la chandelle.' 'A la lanterne.' 'N'a pas fuse ou bout.' 'On n'a pas dit.' 'On va t'en dire.' Et voilà l'histoire de la lanterne du bon bourgeois de Falaise." So it is written down from Julian's dictation after hearing it from M. de Witt. We started at 12.15 yesterday, drove to Lisieux, and there had our railway carriage to ourselves all the way, a glimpse from the train at an old tower and fine church at Conches, the beautiful cathedral at Evreux, and the church at Mantes, which does not look quite as it did when William the Conqueror's horse danced upon its ruins. I have seen only a tower or two that looked to me like Norman architecture, it has all been very pointed, but Julian saw a beautiful Norman doorway at Falaise. After Mantes we came among vineyards, the vines trained about as high as raspberry bushes, and all the grapes growing down at the bottom of them. It was copsy country, with low hills, and at Confléurs a great deal of wood, where I believe the Emperor hunts. An omnibus belonging to the hotel met us at the station, and here we are very comfortably lodged in a regular suite of rooms, and a street with about as much noise as a moderate London one. The *table d'hôte* was at 6, and we were in time for it, though late; there were a merry Irish lady and gentleman there, who seem to make

this their abode at present. Afterwards we took a turn under the arcades that run all along this street and a great deal farther on, opposite the Tuilleries gardens, but it was raining a little and we could not go much beyond them, and we only looked in at the shop windows. M. Guizot has given us a letter to the prefect of police to give us orders to see everything that we want.

We are just going out.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.¹

TO MISS YONGE OF PUSLINCH

(*On Anne's Death*)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 5, 1869.*

My dearest Mary—Thank you so much for that kind letter, and for your message this morning. But I do find that I am not fit to come, I am so much knocked up to-day, having before not quite recovered the effects of hot journeys and strange food. And I would not give you the care and trouble of a breakdown just now.

How are you all passing through this Sunday; I seem to have seen Newton Church more than our own all this time; this is a Sunday I have so often been there, and the hymns are her choosing and the same. And her hand was the first on our harmonium, and her voice the first in the new beginning of our choir. And now, oh! surely she is among those that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. It is all so like—

Comes rushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft such music home she brought.

But it is a blessed thing for the rest of our lives that it is in our times of praise that we shall meet her above all.

¹ After reading these delightful descriptions of foreign life, one cannot but regret that Charlotte never had another glimpse of it. Perhaps the sad news which met her return and evoked the next letter, helped on her dislike to be absent from home.

Some day when you can, you or Charlotte will tell me how you have gone through this Sunday, and whether Duke had any help. I am thinking John Morshead may be able to come.—
Your most affectionate C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 11, 1869.*

My dear Mary—My thoughts have verily been with you, waking and going to bed, and at that twelve o'clock, when I could see the place and almost hear the bell and think of you all. It is a great comfort to hear of Uncle Yonge's peace and brave resignation, and to read his letters so thoroughly himself in all ways. I am always thinking of those words over James's and Charles's tablet, and how blessed and beautiful a thing it is for us to see even here below what it is to be trained by great tribulation. I believe it was a more than commonly close link that united our dear Anne and me, though I always knew that as one of several sisters she never could need me as much as I needed her, and I was wont to turn to the knowledge of her feeling and opinion many a time when nothing passed between us, being sure that one day I should be with her and talk, after the time began when writing letters was an effort to her. How much the recollection of those ways and thoughts of hers should be with me, and guide me still, having lived with them for more than half a life-time, and written to one another ever since babyhood. The last I had from her was a note before I went away, the greeting return which you say she intended was not written. I am quite well again, thank you, it was only Sunday and Monday that I was out of order. It is always being brought before me that there are sorrows far more dreadful.

Little Helen has been very nice and good and anxious to save me trouble; I think she will always remember. She has grown much wiser in many ways than when you saw her; I think my Frances is really well and strong now.

I shall not see Ernest¹ for some time, as I think the extra

¹ Anne's godson, Ernest Morshead.

week covers St. Matthew's day. To him the loss must be most great, there was such a love between them.—Your most affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS DYSON

(*On Sir J. Coleridge's "Life of Keble"*)

ROWNHAMS, February 11, 1869.

My dear Marianne—Here I am in the heat of the weather, with a copse before my eyes where the "grey blossoms twinkle" more like "a bright veering cloud" than I ever saw anything do before, but they are the silver buttons on the withies. Maria had a talk with Mr. Siddon, who expressed the most unqualified delighted approval of the book, but in general I think people regret that it is more the history of a friendship than a life, and think there is too much about the Judge himself. It is odd to see how the remark comes in from so many quarters, but I think there is a strong Coleridge personality that must show itself in whatever any Coleridge does. The other regret is that more letters to other people were not given as showing more the breadth and scope of the nature.

(*Opening of Keble College*)

WANTAGE, June 7.

My dear Marianne—We have had a very successful time, so successful that I have had no time for letter-writing or anything else, but I have been most enjoying myself. I did just shake hands with Dr. Pusey, in his red doctor's gown, and moreover heard him speak about the Palestine—no, the Sinai exploration.

9th.—There, I wrote on Monday, and not a bit of time have I had to write since, but I am enjoying all things. I think the eager life here just suits me, from the wonderful unflagging feeling about it. It is so much the sparkling, hurrying stream.

I know it is a delusion to hope to make this letter longer, so I shall not try.—Your most affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

(Enthronisation of Bishop Wilberforce)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *December 16.*

My dear Marianne—Well, we *have* our Bishop, and I feel we really have. I never saw a Bishop in our throne, and I never saw the Cathedral like what it was to-day. I really think some parts of the day were among the best delights of my life. To see that dear old Cathedral which in some respects is one of the things I love above all, doing as it ought to do, and ringing from everywhere with its voice, and overflowing with white robes, was something precious and delightful beyond all.

That whole space where the boys sit was one mass of clergy, and the effect was beautiful, the flow of the stoles and the hoods was so graceful. But that was not the best, the swell of voices in the Psalms gathering up the notes from the choir was so wonderful, and at the end the Hallelujah Chorus, sung by all who could sing, was magnificent. The anthem was that piece of St. Peter that ends with the grass withereth, etc. At first it rather startled me, till I thought of St. Swithin and William of Wykeham, and Beaufort and Fox and Andrews, and all coming and being enthroned and passing away, and the Te Deum and Creed and Psalms and all the rest keeping the same. There was no sermon, indeed the service lasted from 11.30 till 2. I was very well off for seeing—in that seat where I think I took you last time we went together, just opposite the throne, but certainly ecclesiastical functions take a good deal out of one, I have not been so tired I don't know when. Happily this fierce rain did not come on till the procession to St. Lawrence was over. The old Dean did everything, and was at the Mayor's dejeuner when I came away from the Deanery. I just shook hands with the Bishop.

TO MISS DYSON

*(On the Death of the Rev. George Harris,
Vicar of St. Luke's, Torquay)*

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, May 7, 1874.

My dear Marianne—You will like to see poor Aunt Jane's (Mrs. Harris) letter about dear George,¹ who has done more in his thirty-seven years than most people in twice the time. There must be a most fearful blank at St. Luke's. Only think of his having led to the building of three churches, with most energetic constant services. I hope those two little children will grow up worthy of him. What does Miss Poole say of M. Guizot? We hear by side winds that what has really broken him down was the finding that his son had allowed the Emperor to pay his debts; he tried to return the money, but the executors could not take it, and now he is said to be in a lethargic state. I thought the last note I had from Mme. de Witt was a very unhappy one; she said "il a trop souffert," and hoped he would be better when she got him into the country. No time for more.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

(On the Death of Mr. Gibbs of Tyntesfield)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, April 6, 1875.

My dear Marianne—I heard this morning that good old Mr. Gibbs is gone—on Friday night—his flowers fresh in our church. We had a very successful day, and no doubt Amélie² has told you about it, the Confirmation afterwards, thirty-five of our children, the girls led off by Helen, Amy, and Gerty and six of the school-girls with such sweet solemn faces, and a Cranbury man who had been baptized on Easter Sunday. Afterwards fifty-four mothers had tea in the school, and Mr. Ashwell made

¹ The Rev. Prebendary Harris, first Vicar of St. Luke's, Torquay, son of Rev. Dr. Harris. Miss Yonge wrote a short memoir of him of much interest.

² Miss Amélie Leroy, best known as Esmé Stuart.

them a capital speech about what depended on them. So many are my own old girls. One woman is one of seven sisters, and there are and have been twenty-five already at school of the second generation of that family. A good number were communicants next day. I had a feast of talk with Mr. Ashwell, but imagine his materials for the Bishop's life—he never destroyed a letter! He spoke highly of your godson, and enthusiastically of his wife. Well, I think you will get on well with your young Vicar, and I am sure you will like his mother; I never heard any one find a fault with her. No time for more.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

NOTES BY MRS. ELGEE, WIDOW OF THE LATE REV. WALTER
FRANCIS ELGEE, FIRST VICAR OF OTTERBOURNE

When we first came to Otterbourne in 1871 (in the days when the present vicarage, built by Keble, was called a parsonage) the first person I was introduced to was Miss Yonge. I thought her quite different to what I expected, and distinctly alarming; in fact I felt I never *could* get on with her, and yet, before a year had elapsed, I began to see the inner side of her beautiful character. Great changes were absolutely needed at Otterbourne, and sad uprooting of early associations ensued. The former loved and respected priest, the Rev. W. Bigg-Wither, had been at Otterbourne for thirty years, and being a man of dominant personality he had carried all before him. He was a High Churchman of the old-fashioned school and disliked changes, an excellent, good, religious man, for whom Miss Yonge had a reverent affection.

It was hard for her then, when an unknown clergyman came, to acknowledge that *his* ways were right, and that it was not disloyal to her dear old friend to acquiesce in them, nay, even to forward them.

The changes made were all most unpopular in the village. The cushions on the altar went at once, the collection plate held at the door gave way to alms bags, the pew doors were removed, and later on the gallery was taken down, and Miss Yonge built a side aisle to take its place. Then an organ was presented to the church by the same generous hand, and instead

of a handful of little boys gathered round the harmonium to sing, a surpliced choir of men and boys was introduced, an apse having been built at considerable expense to make room for them. There were heart-burnings at first over the surplices and choral services, and though Miss Yonge did not personally care for music or singing, she supported the movement throughout, and the Choral Festivals in Winchester Cathedral gradually accustomed the people to understand that it was not so *very* popish after all! Still those were days of great strain and anxiety. Without Miss Yonge's firmness, and the people's confidence in her, it would have taken years to subdue the suspicion aroused. Then the schools were always very near and dear to Miss Yonge's heart; she had taught in them from childhood, and loved them, and was proud of them. Judge of the pain she must have felt when told (however gently) that the schools were not up to date, that they should be under Government, and properly inspected. It was a terrible blow! First the schoolmistress (an excellent person, and much loved by her pupils) resigned at once, then the schoolmaster did the same, and the whole village would have been up in arms had it not been for Miss Yonge. She saw that times were changed, that it was impossible to go on for ever in the same groove, and, with a great and noble effort, she determined to support the new clergyman. *How* grateful he felt towards her words fail to tell; suffice it to say that they understood each other and although she never flagged in her love and respect to Mr. Bigg-Wither (writing to him every Sunday of her life until his death) yet she knew and trusted her then present guide, and was never in word or deed unfaithful to him.

As Mr. Bigg-Wither was unmarried, there had not been a lady at the parsonage for thirty years, so Miss Yonge naturally took the management of certain charities. *At once* she begged me to take her place, and though I did so in one or two cases, I felt it would be an impertinence on my part to take the management of all. When, later on, we started Mothers' Meetings, she wrote to me in the following terms:—"Would this do in the Magazine as an introduction to the formal notice of the Mothers' Meetings? Please sign your name *above mine* if you think it will do."

Is it conceivable that a woman like Miss Yonge should write in this humble way to a quite ordinary person? And yet it was not aped humility, it was because it was to her clergyman's wife she was writing, and the wife knew, and understood and honoured her for it.

When I started the idea of having a May Queen, no one could be more interested and delighted than dear Miss Yonge, and great were the discussions as to who should be chosen, both of us trying hard not to be influenced *too* much by good looks. She certainly loved her school-children, and when my dear husband died and I came to live in Winchester, she used frequently to write to me about them, because she knew that I loved them too in a different way. Children were not afraid of her, as many grown-up people were; my own children were perfectly at their ease with her, and one adventurous spirit used to write stories (very ill-spelt) and send them to Miss Yonge, when an unfailing reply came, generally the same evening, telling some other story in return. Her nature was reserved and shy; it was rarely that she "got on" with strangers, though sometimes, to please me, she would come to meet some one who particularly desired to know her. Although it was public, there was one occasion when she really *did* enjoy herself, and that was at the meeting at the High School, Winchester, when the Bishop and other distinguished people were on the platform, and a vote of thanks was given her for founding the "Charlotte Yonge Scholarship."

Interesting speeches were made, and tableaux were afterwards acted illustrating Miss Yonge's books. The room was crowded with happy girls and others, who clapped and applauded to their hearts' content. The whole ceremony was of a most enthusiastic character, ending with the presentation of a beautiful and artistic basket of daisies emblematic of the *Daisy Chain*. With this basket in her hands, and looking very delighted, she drove back to Otterbourne, and that is the time I like to remember her best, surrounded by friends and admirers and with a happy smile on her face.

CHAPTER X

MISSIONARY INTERESTS

IN August 1871 Bishop Coleridge Patteson of Melanesia was put to death by the islanders, in mistake for the wicked traders, who, when they sailed among the islands on slave-taking errands, had been in the habit of dressing up a figure like the loved and trusted Bishop, to induce their victims to come on board their ships. The Bishop's sisters, Joan and Fanny Patteson, invited Charlotte to undertake the task of writing his life, into which she threw herself with great enthusiasm.

Her own letters tell all that it is necessary to know about the projection and course of the work ; but it seems as if this was the place to speak more fully of that side of her life which was devoted to the work of missions. I hardly think it would be too much to say that her greatest enthusiasm was for the spread of the Christian Church in heathen lands, and her feeling about it was so unlike the usual and conventional one that it will be well to put it fully forward.

Missionary enterprise was to her a splendid

romance, a crusade in which subjects were won to Christendom as well as souls to Christ. She could not imagine dulness in connection with it. Missionary travels were full of adventure and missionary achievements of glory. It is known that all the profits of the *Daisy Chain* and part of those of the *Heir of Redclyffe* were devoted to the cause, but she gave a great deal more to it in money than can now be traced, and far more in time and in prayers than any one can ever realise.

It was not to the credit of High Church people that mission work had seemed to belong greatly to Nonconformist and partly to the Evangelical side of Church teaching. Charlotte did a great deal, we must say, to popularise—though she would have disliked the word—the mission cause in the Church of England. She was in a very true sense a champion of Christendom. The feeling shines out in her writings from first to last, and is well shown by the following extract from a little tale called *New Ground* about mission work in South Africa, which she contributed to the *Magazine for the Young* in 1863. Two sisters are talking together.

“It is the work I know, Agnes, it is the work that you long for. I have not forgotten how you and I used to lie awake together in the summer evenings and scheme how we would go out and help to teach the natives. And how we talked of our first church that was to be built of bamboos with plantain leaves over it.”

"Yes," said Agnes, "and how we loved to read the Mission reports that told how useful women could be in teaching the little children, and showing the women how to be civilised."

"And oh! the heartache of looking at one of the great maps of the world, where the spread of different religions is marked, and seeing the great dark cloudy region all heathen!"

"Yes, but then to remember 'The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.' What a comfort that is!"

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"Then the thrill of remembering that the actual work is doing in our day, and by persons like ourselves; and to imagine that in time we might be one of those persons!"—*New Ground*, chap. ii. (1863).

These words may be taken as showing the feelings of one whose creations were truly extensions of herself. It never wavered or cooled, and therefore it may be imagined with what pleasure she accepted the task of writing the life of her kinsman, the martyr bishop.

"What a mixture of *crush* and triumph the thought of dear Coley is!" she wrote when the news of his murder came.

A great many letters written to his family while the work was going on have been preserved, asking for information and reporting progress, but those relating to the actual proposal seem to have perished. The choice by the sisters of a biographer did not meet with universal approval. Some of the friends and relations, the Bishop's uncle, Sir John T. Coleridge, among others, seem to have thought that the work ought to have been

undertaken by a man. However this may be, it seemed to many others that the hand of one able to conceive and reproduce character did set forward a vivid personality, and the honour and joy of missionary enterprise was never more fully realised. She wrote as she felt. She was not alone in feeling that sharing in the tie of kindred to such a hero of the Church's Empire was a joy and an honour in itself.

TO MISS FRANCES PATTESON

December 8.

My dearest Fanny—Somehow I did not feel as if I could write to you before I heard from May how you and Joan were, and till I had in a measure realised the crush to one's feelings on the one side, and the glorious crown upon the other.

There was something in the set-apart life, and the freedom from all our common heats and strifes and turmoils that seemed to remove him into the world where such things are. You know I had only twice seen him, once at our stay at Feniton, and once when he dined at Deerpark from Alfington, and so he has always seemed to me like the saintliness one believes in and gives thanks for. I don't mean that knowing him more intimately at home would have made this less, I believe it would more, but it would have been more mixed up with common life. I can only think of

His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the Rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the eternal cause.

Such a life does seem truly to meet its appropriate close in that witness which above all wins the white robe and crown and palm. How little we thought who next after Archbishop Darboy was to be the martyred Bishop. It cannot be but that you personally both of you feel the present light of joy and interest gone out of your lives, but how perfect the radiance when you look up! I think if prayers—as of course they do—do cause

comfort, much must be wafted to you and Joan, so many must be praying for you.

The *Mission Field* went to me to do a short notice, and as I knew I could not do it for that, I wrote (to get off) one that I could do from my heart of those vague *In Memoriam* things for the *Literary Churchman*. Things ought not to be done when all is so fresh, but people will crave, and will ask, and one gives into them. I hope you will not dislike anything in this paper, at least it came from my heart. With much love to Joan.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS DYSON

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, December 30.

My dear Marianne—I have had a beautiful letter from Lady Martin, which I think you must see as well as Mrs. Moberly's equally beautiful comment on it. The palm and the white garment and the crystal sea seem to come like music back in answer to the "Who knows" in the *Lyra Innocentium*! I have been living in it a great deal with the Wilsons who were at the Park, their hearts full of it. The Bishop of Lichfield has written me the kindest of notes to ask me there to look at their letters, and talk over the life, and I have offered myself for Monday the 6th, although I cannot stay over a Sunday in the change of school-mistresses. I think a week now may do more than a longer time when he has less leisure. Would Miss Palmer be so kind as to tell me her way of getting there—through Oxford, is it not?—and which are the most amiable trains.

The Hursley acting was grand, *She Stoops to Conquer* first, and then from *Midsummer Night's Dream* all the fairy part and the play, only Arthur had adapted it so as to put the play itself instead of the rehearsal. He and Ellie had painted a most lovely scene, with a moon and a bank. He was Oberon and she Titania, and the other fairies were twins and Youngs. The beauty of the thing was wondrous, Charlie was Bottom, and had *such* an Ass's head, and Wall, Moonshine, and Lion were splendid.

Mr. Wilson is looking for a careful manservant for Dr. Pusey,

who has had two deaths in a week in his house, one of the servant who looked after him and managed opening the door to people who want interviews.

I had a talk about P. Pusey's letter, not that I have ever found it. We did not get to bed till one o'clock, and though I did not get up till 8.30, I am stiff with sleepiness and stupidity to-night. Here is a woman dying (I fear) in the village of a brain attack. She sent for Mr. Elgee yesterday, but all her talk was verse, and this morning she said Mr. Wither had been at her bedside all night, praying for her.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

In September 1873 Mrs. Julian Yonge's youngest sister, Miss Gertrude Walter, moved from Otterbourne House to Elderfield and took up her abode with Charlotte. Miss Walter suffered from a severe form of rheumatism, which made her extremely lame, besides obliging her often to lead an invalid life. But she was a clever sympathetic girl with kindred tastes to Charlotte. Space at "the other house" was increasingly required by the children, and the arrangement came naturally about, and lasted till Gertrude died, after long and severe suffering, just before the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. She and Charlotte were warmly attached to each other. She called herself playfully "Char's wife," as she played the part of helpmeet in her work. She was a person of great courage and of many interests, making collections of shells and dried flowers, cataloguing them even when she could only write with her left hand, drawing and reading. She acted as confidant and critic to Charlotte's subsequent stories, kept all the reviews of them, sorted and

arranged all the autograph letters received from famous people, and in short for many years gave her friend all the companionship which so genial and sympathetic a person required.

There is no doubt that her presence did much for Charlotte's happiness, and her help and affection were repaid by the tenderest devotion. Nothing of course could prevent the presence of serious illness being often a great strain, as Gertrude's sufferings increased and her powers diminished. The necessities of an invalid life took up much room in the small house, so that Charlotte for some years was not able to receive her friends, except by providing sleeping accommodation for them in the village. This was a loss to her, and a still greater one to others. No doubt also unwillingness to leave her house-mate alone helped to keep her from visits and outings, but it was by no means the only reason. Partly from habit, partly from the vividness of her village interests, and partly I think from the weakness of the heart of which she often speaks, which made bustle and anything like hurry-scurry distasteful to her, she did not like travelling, and never seemed to feel the need of change. Her friends have often regretted that she went about so little, was so rarely in London, paid comparatively so few visits to her friends, and have assigned one and another cause to the fact. But in the long run, people depend on habit and temperament, and lives work

out as they are meant to do and in accordance with people's capacities.

In the early seventies Miss Finlaison came to reside in Otterbourne, and being a person of congenial tastes to Charlotte, she assisted her for some years as sub-editor of the *Monthly Packet*, and also shared heartily in her parochial interests.

TO MISS DYSON

(*On a Visit of Miss Wordsworth, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall [undated]*)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, May 11.

My dear Marianne—It seems a long time since I have written—in fact Miss Wordsworth hardly let me do anything for talking. I have not taken to a person so much for a great while past; she is so good and so sensible and, what I was far from expecting, so funny, and her fervent love and devotion to her father are so very charming, and her last evening she made such a sweet outpour to me of her Bild worship of him, and her happy home, which has never had a sorrow on it in thirty-two years, and I suppose she took to me, for she ended by saying she never thought she could get to love any one so much in four days. She carried off lots of wild flowers to the Westminster Hospital. Wednesday we dressed the church for Ascension Day, when, as evening church was late, we had time for a most exquisite drive through Hursley and Ampfield, all the oak woods being the most marvellous colours of gold and red, and yesterday we went to St. Cross. So I hear Stephen Lovelock is to take care of the Elgee pony. Miss Poole and I read *Sintram* up to his storm to-day, but as Gertrude does two pages a day at Storringham she will beat us. She comes here the very day I come home from you, and Miss Roberts on the Monday after.—Your affectionate

C. M. Y.

In 1875 Otterbourne and Hursley were divided, and Otterbourne was made into a separate parish.



Photo, H. W. Salmon.

OTTERBOURNE CHURCH.

It was Charlotte's intention and her great desire to give a large sum of money for the endowment of the new parish to which she was so much devoted ; but about the time when this was in contemplation, there occurred the failure of a company in which Mr. Julian Yonge had a considerable interest, and serious money losses were in consequence incurred by the family. Under these circumstances Mrs. Gibbs,¹ of Tyntesfield, provided the sum necessary for the endowment of St. Matthew's, Otterbourne, and I have heard Charlotte say that since the interests of the parish did not suffer, she had only rejoiced in being able to devote her earnings to a yet nearer and dearer claim.

It seems, however, right that her original intention should now be mentioned. Both in her writings and in her practice she always regarded family claims as the most sacred of all, they were the nearest to her heart ; but after these it was to the welfare of the Church, to missions, and to religious education that she loved to devote the proceeds of her labours. Her own pleasures were considered last of all, but her nature was so fresh

¹ Mrs. Gibbs was one of Charlotte's greatest friends, and her visits to Tyntesfield, with its congenial atmosphere and beautiful chapel, was one of her greatest pleasures. The *In Memoriam* notice of Mrs. Gibbs in the *Guardian* was from her pen.

Mrs. Gibbs was the daughter of Sir Thomas Crawley Boevy, of Flaxley Abbey, and in August 1839 became the wife of William Gibbs, already a connection of the family, and one of those great merchant princes of whom it may truly be said that "their merchandise and their hire is holiness to the Lord."

Mrs. Gibbs died on the 22nd of September 1887.—M. A. M.

and vivid that she never lost her interest either in great causes or in small daily events. It has been much more difficult to construct anything like a record of these quiet later years, because with the early years of the seventies the almost autobiographical letters which have enabled her to tell her own story cease. Anne Yonge was dead, Miss Dyson's health was failing and she preserved the letters less rigidly ; those to Miss Coleridge have all been destroyed. Those to other friends show her thoughts on many important subjects, but do not deal much with her daily life, as to which indeed there is little that is fresh to be said. In 1881 the sudden death of Mr. Elgee was a great loss to her, though his place was well supplied by the Rev. Walter Brock, and there was no break in the kind of teaching given. In 1881 began the series of stories which reproduced the old characters of her earlier books—*Two Sides of a Shield*, *Beechcroft at Rockstone*, *Strolling Players*, *The Long Vacation*, *Modern Broods*.

For the contemporaries of her earlier books, these later ones were like visits to old friends, full of interest, even if the young people seemed inferior to their mothers and aunts. Hardly a week passed without a letter from some old reader begging for more news of the old favourites.

These stories, though they contain many clever character studies, notably that of Jane Mohun, who develops from the inquisitive girl in *Scenes and*

Characters into the valuable and active church-worker and manager of other people's business, and who is as familiar and as real as a relation to the inner circle of readers, these stories could not appeal to a new and younger public. They were too allusive, took too much previous knowledge for granted, and did not really represent, in spite of much effort at fair play, the girl of the eighties and nineties. They are family chronicles compiled for the elder generation rather than works of art.

Independent novels with much of the old charm appeared at intervals, and every year from 1887 onwards she wrote for the National Society a story suitable for the elder classes of elementary schools. Some of her best work is in these books; the historical ones have all her old charm and grace, and those dealing with the working classes are admirable. No one ever described well-cared-for village life, the good refined mother, the nice young servant, the worthy but by no means ideal young man, with so much truth, and these tales might well serve as a corrective to many pictures, pathetic, pretty, or pessimistic, which spring from a supposed realism, but often show no knowledge whatever of the real conditions of modern village life.

The *Carbonels* was perhaps the most remarkable of these tales, and shows the old conditions from which village prosperity and civilisation was gradually evoked by the efforts of good squires, hard-working clergymen, and enthusiastic ladies.

It and its sequel, *Founded on Paper*, form an admirable study of what the Church of England did for the agricultural classes from 1830 to 1890.

And here a word may be said of the books written in "collaboration" with others. These were undertaken half in joke and entirely for pleasure, and though I do not know that they added largely to the fame of any one concerned, writing them was the most delightful of games, and reading them at the time gave pleasure.

The *Miz-Maze*, a story by nine authors, rose from a remark as to the likeness of letters supposed to be by different persons when written by one hand. The outline was Charlotte's, the final polishing up Miss Frances Peard's. The letters were after all surprisingly like each other.

Astray was invented on a delightful picnic, when Miss Yonge, Miss Bramston, Esmé Stuart, and myself all went astray in the New Forest, and evolved the story in memory of the day. Miss Bramston was its real author, and Miss Yonge's part in it was a comparatively small one. The story of *Strolling Players*, which she wrote in collaboration with myself, was hers originally. The two sets of characters did not perhaps combine very well in it; and they certainly would not have done so in real life.

In all this collaboration she was the most delightful comrade, workfellow, or playfellow, as it may be regarded, with interest ever fresh and eager, and full appreciation of every one's part in the work.

In 1882 the papers entitled "Womankind" began to appear in the *Monthly Packet*, from which they were afterwards republished in book form. They embodied the author's views of the principles that should influence women, and the practices that should result from them. The rules laid down, and the practices condemned or advocated in them, hardly, so to speak, fill up the title; for they were adapted almost entirely to the need of girls and women of some wealth and position. "Ladykind" would have better expressed their scope. Even in their own day they only applied to the few. But the *spirit* embodied in them showed all the enthusiasm tempered by common sense, the combined delicacy and brightness, that marks all her writing. They contain some fine and thoughtful passages, notably the two last chapters about "Growing Old." I am sure we were all much the better for studying them, and that they left behind them an aroma of refinement and cultivation too rare in the days that have followed.

But the old public was growing older; taste was changing; still more, the conditions of the book trade were rapidly altering. The *Monthly Packet* was confronted by many rivals; cheap magazines sprang up in every direction; the old *negative* principle of excluding from a magazine, intended for young women, everything that could be thought less than perfectly suitable for them became more

and more difficult to carry out, and perhaps some things were excluded which it would have been well to admit.

Also methods of editing had become much more stringent; in the old days the *Packet* came out on the day it was ready, and, if more space was required, pages were added to a number. Contributions from popular authors were declined rather than sought for, and no attempt was made to court popularity.

Under all these circumstances, and from far other and wider causes, the circulation of the magazine began to decline, and it was thought that a younger co-editor, more in touch with young girls, might be able to work it up again.

When I was chosen as the most congenial helper to the old editor, I never myself expected that the experiment would succeed. I knew too well how entirely the *Monthly Packet* was the expression of Charlotte Yonge's personality, and the extension of her influence, to suppose that another could supplement it for her own public, and the conditions were not such as to attract a new one. No one had a free hand, and the various ideals clashed with each other. It was, however, a choice between the immediate death of the old *Packet* and some change of management, and it was carried on till 1899 under the new conditions, and its final cessation was brought about by causes over which neither she nor I had any control, and

which had no connection with either of us. Its good day's work was done, and it will never, on the same lines, have a successor.

It cannot be supposed that the arrangement was welcome to her, and some of her old friends and admirers did not make it easier for her, but she accepted it thoroughly, and behaved to her helper with a generosity and loyalty, the difficulties in the way of which I did not at the time fully understand. It was a joy and an honour to help her, and the inevitable differences of taste and judgment involved never brought a cloud over the relations between us. She continued to contribute frequently to it, and really controlled its contents to the last much more than was commonly supposed.

In 1881 Mr. Brock left Otterbourne, and the living was given to the Rev. Henry Bowles, who had married Alethea, Mr. Julian Yonge's second daughter, so that Charlotte had the great pleasure of having a niece and nephew at the Vicarage, and of finding new interests in their little children.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST YEARS

THERE is very little to say of the last years of Charlotte's life. Mr. Yonge sold Otterbourne House to Major Scarlett in 1885, and his death followed almost immediately after his removal to London, after a long period of ill-health. Charlotte felt the loss of the home of her childhood very keenly, but she said little on the subject, and accepted the consideration shown to her by the newcomers in the same spirit in which it was meant, rejoicing in their interest in the church and parish, and finding the neighbourly intercourse pleasant and cheerful.

She went less from home than ever, and continued to take all her old interest in the Sunday and day schools, teaching there regularly till within a fortnight of her death.

Her friend Miss Finlaison was a daily visitor, and shared in all her interests, while her niece, Miss Helen Yonge, became more and more a stay and support to her. There was also the pleasure of having her niece, Mrs. Bowles, at the Vicarage,

and the children there were a great delight to her, and saw a great deal of "Aunty Char."

Miss Walter's health failed more and more, and in 1897, just before the Diamond Jubilee, her long life of suffering ended. It was the loss of a long and congenial companionship, and also the cessation of a great anxiety and of a sympathy for constant suffering, which could not but be felt as a strain.

It became possible once more to receive friends in the house, and Charlotte's friends enjoyed the delight of her society. She still wrote and talked eagerly of her writings, still noticed every bird, insect, or flower that came in her way, and though her walks were curtailed in length and she moved about with some difficulty, it was still a yearly joy to visit all her favourite places and see them in spring, summer, or autumn beauty.

Above all, she retained her interest in the schools, and continued to teach in them twice a Sunday, and every week-day morning, taking the boys and girls alternately in their Scripture lessons. She also often examined the children in their different standards in the afternoon.

There were two public events, so to speak, which gave her great pleasure during these quiet years. Before her seventieth birthday some of her friends organised a shilling subscription among friends, readers, and subscribers to the *Monthly Packet*, to be presented to her with the signatures of the subscribers on her seventieth birthday.

The idea was taken up with enthusiasm; local secretaries undertook the work, papers were sent round for signature, and the total sum obtained amounted to £200.

The signatures included many names of importance and interest, and were all bound up together with an address in a handsome volume and presented to Miss Yonge, with the sum collected, on her seventieth birthday, August 13, 1893.

The secret had been wonderfully well kept, and the surprise gave her real and keen pleasure. She devoted the chief part of the money to building a lych-gate for Otterbourne Churchyard, and, as it was particularly requested that she would get something that she would constantly use herself, she bought a pretty little table and equipage for afternoon tea, which she continued to use every day for the rest of her life.

Another undertaking testified to the honour and esteem in which she was held. A collection was started for the purpose of presenting her with a sum of money to found a scholarship in connection with the Winchester High School for Girls, to be held at one of the women's colleges at Oxford or Cambridge.

The heavy labour of conducting this enterprise was chiefly borne by Miss Leroy (Esmé Stuart) and Miss Anna Bramston, and after an immense deal of hard work the large sum of £1800 was collected from all parts of the country, and was to

be presented to Miss Yonge at the Winchester High School on the 18th of July 1899.

It was one of the most splendid of summer days, very hot, but most beautiful in every way. There was a great diocesan gathering of Sunday School teachers at Winchester on the same day—the date had, I believe, been chosen for the convenience of the Bishop. Charlotte would not allow this function to be set aside on account of any ceremony intended to do honour to herself, and after the luncheon at the Bishop of Guildford's she went to the Guild Hall, and sat in a corner listening to the addresses, and testifying in her own person that, as she said, “she regarded herself even more in the light of a veteran Sunday School teacher than in that of an author.”

However, the feelings of others had to be considered besides her own fatigue, and she was persuaded out of attending the Cathedral service for Sunday School teachers, and conducted back to the Close, where afternoon tea was in progress, and various promoters of the scholarship fund who had come from a distance to see the presentation were awaiting her, among them Miss Ireland Blackburne and Miss Eleanor Price. Then we repaired for a second edition of tea to the High School garden, full of friends and neighbours and pleasant-looking girls in summer frocks. There were many introductions, and Charlotte bore herself bravely, and smiled and talked her best.

Presently the Bishop of Winchester came to conduct her into the great schoolroom gaily decorated with daisy chains and heartsease, and two of her old "goslings," Chelsea China and Bog Oak, walked after her hand in hand, and with speeches elsewhere recorded, the presentation was made, and she replied, in spite of some emotion and nervousness, in well-chosen words of pleasure and gratitude.

Afterwards the girls of the High School exhibited some pretty tableaux taken from Charlotte's historical tales.

ELDERFIELD, *July 20, 1899.*

My dear Miss Mowbray—I am afraid I did not thank you or any one else for all your kindness to me. I had no notion of all that the function involved, and I fear I have never outgrown ungracious shyness, which I am often sorry for, and I am afraid stood in the way in the many introductions. But nothing could have been better managed or more gratifying than the whole, and I can only thank you and your staff and your white band of maidens for one of the prettiest and pleasantest recollections of a lifetime.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

It was a very happy day, and it gave her, I am sure, unmixed pleasure and satisfaction.

But although her lively mind retained its interests, and her sight and hearing were unimpaired, her strength was not what it had been, and in the spring of 1900, while I was staying at Elderfield, she had a severe attack of illness resulting from a chill. She recovered from this, and the habits even of ordinary old age, still less of invalidism, seemed almost impossible to her.

It was very difficult to make her take any care of herself, and her Sunday of church-going and school-teaching would have frightened most younger women.

In September I came to pay another visit, and found her bright and well, able to plan out stories, and ready for much intimate and interesting talk. Still, there was a sense of farewell. One lovely dewy morning in October I went for a walk by myself through Cranbury copse and out into the park beyond. The turf was silvered with dew, the sky the loveliest pale blue of autumn, the little birch-trees golden yellow, the beech leaves lay red on the ground, and great dark sepia-brown masses of bracken added to the wonderful beauty of colouring. There was a sense of that "calm decay and peace divine" on which she loved to dwell, and as I thought of her intense enjoyment of such natural loveliness, her profound love for the home where she had dwelt for her whole life through, it seemed to me that if I never stayed in the old way at Otterbourne again I should never forget that heavenly morning.

It was felt that it was not well to leave her long alone, and as Miss Helen Yonge was abroad, her cousin Miss C. Fortescue Yonge came and paid her a long visit when I went away. She had bad colds and was not well several times during that winter, but her letters came as usual, and in March she wrote to me and asked me "to come and meet the daffodils."

Alas! I did meet them, but they lined her grave. I was at Winchester with Miss Bramston, just preparing to go on to Otterbourne, when she was taken suddenly ill with bronchitis and pneumonia.

She had had the joy of her niece Helen's return about a fortnight previously, and her last illness was very brief, with no farewells, and hardly any full consciousness after the danger was once declared. She received the Holy Communion on the day before her death, and on the Sunday evening, after a very few days' illness, she passed away in peace, with friends around her, and amid the tears of the whole village, to whom the loss of her familiar figure from their midst seemed an incredible thing.

Letters and tributes of flowers came from all quarters—from church societies, from unknown readers and admirers, and old scholars—till the church was filled with their fragrance and beauty. She lay surrounded with the flowers of her own village, the daffodils and primroses which she loved, with a beautiful smile of kindness, and the look of the peace which passeth all understanding on her face.

The funeral was to be on Friday, and on Thursday evening the coffin, followed only by relations and connections, was carried to the church, where a great gathering of friends and neighbours awaited it. As we passed the school, with a dull

grey sky and a light snow falling, the poor children whom she had loved so well swept down behind us in two long black lines, and for the last time followed their best friend and teacher into the church whither she had so often led them. The church seemed full of flowers and light. The vespers for the dead were sung, and afterwards through the night friends and neighbours watched in the church by turns, while psalms and appropriate hymns were sung by the choir.

In the early morning the Holy Communion was celebrated, amid the glittering whiteness of hoar frost and light snow, for the beauty of which she had a special love. The actual burial was at two in the afternoon in alternate sunshine and snow, and no one who was there will forget the sight of the choir in their white robes grouped at the foot of the cross erected to the memory of her friend and guide, John Keble, the school-children all in black behind them, the flower-lined grave, and the sense of peace and glory through all the loss and grief.

It seemed to those in Otterbourne who had shared in her teaching and lived in her presence as if the religious life of the place would fail and break to pieces without the one who had done so much to uphold it for so many years. But, although the space she left can never be filled, it would have been a poor tribute to her memory if this had been so. Her work, her influence, neither

at home nor abroad, could die with her, but will do honour to her memory for years to come.

There seem no more appropriate words with which to conclude than some which were very dear to her, which she would never have applied to herself, but which cannot but recall her to her friends—

“The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

FROM MRS. SUMNER

THE CLOSE, WINCHESTER.

Dear Miss Coleridge—It is a great pleasure to respond to your request that I should write some of my recollections of Miss Yonge.

In my early married life I had known her for many years as a great personality in our neighbourhood, where we met her often at Dr. Moberly's, Sir William Heathcote's, Farnham Castle, The Deanery, and many other houses, but owing to her remarkable shyness and reserve, I never felt as time went on in the least more intimate with her. She had a very cold and unapproachable manner, so I was content to admire her from a distance, and there was no difficulty in doing this. She was at the zenith of her celebrity as a novelist; people crowded to be introduced to her; she was the central attraction in every party at which she appeared, and it must have been difficult for her to decline the urgent invitations which she received to be the lioness of a London season, and to take her place as one of the popular authors of the day.

I heard a great deal about the pressure put upon her to come up to town and allow herself to be fêted as a celebrity, but this she steadily refused, and it seemed to me that personal admiration and adulation was peculiarly distasteful to her at all times.

She was kind and polite enough to receive the compliments

of her admirers with a little jerk of her head and a slight smile, but the moment it was possible within the limits of propriety she turned herself away and spoke to some one else.

Nothing was more marked in her characteristics than her humility and indifference to public opinion. There was a special time in Miss Yonge's life when she became eminently handsome. It was when her hair assumed a lovely grey tinge, and she sometimes allowed herself to be clad in most becoming garments. I have seen her look splendid, and people exclaimed at her beauty, while on the other hand her ordinary costume in daily life in the village and in the garden was absolutely regardless of the canons of taste. She evidently spent but little on dress.

I admired both of these outward versions of this most interesting woman ; it was a study of character, and in this and so many other ways she was greater than her sex, for she seemed absolutely devoid of vanity.

It was in the year 1890 that I approached her with the request that she would do us the kindness of becoming editor of *Mothers in Council*. This proposition was made in fear and trembling, for I dreaded a refusal, knowing the value of her name and editorship, but the response was immediate and gratifying. She accepted the office of editor to this new venture without any hesitation, and with confidence in its success. From that date until the time when her work on earth was ended, she gave unflinching thought and care to this publication, and through it we became fast friends. The ice was broken, and I was allowed to know something of her noble and unselfish life.

I felt astonished that amid the ceaseless work she was ever carrying on, literary, domestic, parochial, social, philanthropic, ecclesiastical and devotional, she was able to find time for the constant correspondence and extra business of this new periodical. She had a great faith in our cause. It appealed strongly to her, and she was eager to do all in her power to awaken attention to the importance of its three objects. The Bishop and I had then come to live in the Close, at Winchester, and she was settled in the village of Otterbourne, in her old-fashioned, dearly-loved home of Elderfield about four miles from Winchester, across the beautiful rolling downs. How many a time have I driven over there un-

expectedly at all hours of the day to see her, and consult and discuss various points concerning the *Mothers in Council*.

Never, in all these multifarious visits, have I ever received the chilling "Miss Yonge is engaged and can see no one." On the contrary, she always made me welcome, and was never hurried in manner, or apparently pressed with work. It was simply a delight to be in that well-known drawing-room with its litter of books and newspapers and correspondence, her writing-table a chaotic scene of apparent confusion, and she herself throwing off all appearance of work and ready to enter into any subjects proposed by her guests with a freshness and zeal which was amazing. She must often have had to leave off at a moment's notice her own literary employment, but it was done without noticeable effort. When the business was over and all queries had been answered, her conversation, her stories and hearty laugh made the time spent with her quite fascinating. She was so eminently natural, spontaneous, and merry, with the mask of shyness all gone and nothing but charm remaining. I shall never forget my visits to Elderfield, they struck me so greatly. In all my intercourse with her, the thought was impressed on my mind that she was devoid of womanly failings in a very remarkable degree.

She had no vanity, as I have already noticed, no love of criticising other people, for I never heard her say a severe thing of any human being; no nervous excitability, no impatience or hurry in her work or manner, no contempt for dull, stupid people.

She had a quiet, cheerful, healthy, well-balanced mind; she was wonderfully well read and well informed, and her memory was extraordinary. In conversation she was clever and humorous, and her laugh was quite infectious. Such was the Charlotte Yonge I had the happiness to know. The only trait in her character which astounded me was that painful shyness which consumed and transfigured her in the presence of strangers, and gave a shock of disappointment to her enthusiastic admirers.

I recollect introducing a young girl to Miss Yonge, who had conceived a passionate admiration for her through the *Heir of Redclyffe* and the *Daisy Chain*. There was a nervous alarm on Miss Yonge's face, and as she shook hands with the girl she said nothing, she only uttered the slightest sound without words,

gave a little nervous jerk and smiled, and the interview was at an end.

There is no doubt that she required to be well known to be appreciated and admired as she deserved to be. Her platform speeches at meetings were disappointing from the same cause; she always read them, but she never seemed to know them or to be able to decipher her own handwriting. The time to enjoy her speaking was when she took her share in a debate and was absolutely among friends; she was then quite at her ease, and would get up and give her opinion on any point which interested her concisely and clearly. Miss Yonge was a great personality in the Winchester diocese, and her presence at meetings was always a gratification to the audience. She was honoured and respected by every one, and from a national point of view she has left us an invaluable inheritance.

She has bequeathed to the English nation a wealth of good and wholesome literature, which has touched and influenced many of our greatest thinkers; "she never wrote for purely literary ends, but always directly or indirectly for the promotion of Christian truth," and a great part of the proceeds of her works was dedicated to missionary purposes at home and abroad. Upon herself she expended next to nothing.

May we not show reverence to her memory by persuading children of all ages to read her admirable books and stories from the *Little Duke*, the *Lances of Lynwood*, the *Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, to the *Heir of Redclyffe* and the *Daisy Chain*?

They offer a pure and beneficial change from the modern exciting, sensational, and unwholesome stories which give young people a distaste for good literature, and lower their minds.

Miss Yonge will ever live in our hearts and in our memory, not only for her writings, but for the example of her beautiful steadfast life in its high standard of simplicity and rigid dedication to duty.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

M. E. SUMNER.

FROM MISS ANDERSON MORSHEAD

My dear Christabel—My first real sight of Charlotte Yonge was when I formed one of a group of eager, merry schoolgirls, who almost lived on her works, who knew *Landmarks* by heart, and adored Ethel and Norman May, and were hanging on the issue of the *Trial* then coming out month by month. Miss Katharine Buller then had a school in the "Mount Pleasant" of the Autobiography (where her grandmother, Mrs. Duke Yonge, had lived), and one day she announced that Miss Charlotte Yonge was lunching in the Crescent with Dr. Yonge, and would come in to see us. We were nearly speechless with enthusiasm, and I armed myself with a small stone, extracted from a table in a Berkshire garden, on which King Charles I. had once dined. Alethea Pode and I were Charlotte's cousins, and she unbent and laughed and talked to us, and after a little discussion I persuaded her to do homage to the absurd little stone by kissing it, after which the relic had double value. She was tenderly attached to King Charles, as her histories prove, and proud of her descent from the first vindicator of the royal authorship of *Eikon Basilike*.

When I went to the Cape in 1868 to work under Bishop Gray, she was one of those who most encouraged me, and gave me all her books as a Library for St. George's Home. I used in her letters at that time to hear a great deal of her friendship for Anne Mackenzie, the Bishop's sister. I don't know how it began, but it was chiefly, if not entirely, after her return from South Africa in 1863. Anne Mackenzie described to me how she stayed at Elderfield when Charlotte was writing *New Ground*, the proceeds of which, I believe, went to the Mackenzie Memorial Mission in Zululand. Miss Mackenzie would lie on a sofa at one end of the drawing-room, while Charlotte wrote at the other, and would help her with the right trees, flowers, and customs necessary to the story. She wrote dutifully at it for one hour daily, and would then seem rather relieved, as if task-work were over. There were constant letters and occasional intercourse down to Miss Mackenzie's death. She was a good friend for

Charlotte, clever, capable, and very sweet, with all her pretty Scotch ways.

Of later years Charlotte and I worked a good deal together in the Girls' Friendly Society and the Society for Higher Religious Education. She made me join both societies. I know Mrs. Harold Browne was always proud of having attracted Miss Yonge to the Girls' Friendly Society in its earliest days. It was not so much with the girls themselves that her value lay, as in guiding the counsels of the Society. She stayed more than once at Farnham Castle to discuss it. And at the Winchester diocesan councils her place was rarely vacant, her voice always heard with respect. She saw the absurd side of a point very quickly, and often saved us from a too rigid resolution. She often said a thing on the spur of the moment that she would have been shy of saying with premeditation, and she never was cut and dried. You could not tell how she would view a thing, and to the very end her advice was always wise, and she was usually "up to date" in the Girls' Friendly Society, as you must know by her contributions to *Friendly Leaves*.

The Higher Religious Education Society she helped from its beginning, being on the council, and thoroughly enjoying the little meetings at Canon Warburton's or elsewhere (he and his family being friends of long standing), when they would set the questions for examination, or arrange next season's subjects. Charlotte gave several sets of Church History lectures, the substance of which was admirable and the style life-like, but owing to rather indistinct vision latterly her delivery was not good, for she always read her lectures. Several of the occasional papers are from her pen, and she frequently looked over and class-listed the examination papers, in which I sometimes helped. She was very quick in seeing when a person, in spite of mistakes in details which I usually pointed out, had got a grip of the subject.

A walk and talk with her was like a tonic—and a very nice tonic. It braced one up, and one's wits had to be "on the spot" with her. I have never known any one humbler or readier to listen to others, though I am sure she truthfully knew her own powers. She was much interested three or four years ago in Dean (now Bishop) Paget's sermon and essay on "Accidie," but

having studied the subject, she suddenly looked up, smiling, and said, "I don't think you or I are much troubled by the sin of Accidie!"

It is a great pleasure to be able to say something of her to whom I owe almost more than to any one of the highest, best, and loveliest influences of my life.—Your affectionate

A. E. MARY ANDERSON MORSHEAD.

CHAPTER XII

LETTERS FROM MISS YONGE TO VARIOUS FRIENDS

To the Heathcote Family

TO MRS. COOKE-TRENCH ¹

OTTIERBOURNE, WINCHESTER,
February 16, 1859.

My dear Caroline—I shall like very much to send a pound towards your window ; shall I send it to you at once by a post-office order ? I hope your diaper will be as beautiful as some of those patterns of the Cologne windows of which we used to have a great sheet, and I always longed to see in glass, thinking that they would be better than bad figures.

Miss Keble's illness was a very bad attack of bronchitis, just at Christmas. Mr. Sainsbury was in great alarm about her at the very time of poor Keenie's death, so that Mrs. Keble could not have left her even if Mr. Keble had been able to get away. I have not seen them since Tom Keble came, for it has been so wet that the road was a perfect river, and Mr. Wither had to wade in going to see a horse that Mr. Payne lamed and left at Hursley to recover. Lady Heathcote was here on Monday to wish good-bye, so I fear it will be long before we see any of your people again, but she was so kind as to ask me to make a short visit in London after Easter, so I shall be able to write to you from thence. Some of the Moberlys spent the day with us yesterday ; it is quite sad to see how grave Emily has grown,² she seems to

¹ Formerly Miss Heathcote.

² After the death of her brother, George.

me more altered than any of them, and to have turned at once from a very fine child into a very thoughtful woman. I suppose this will shade away in time, as the house recovers its tone, but it is very remarkable now. Yes, *Friarswood* is mine, and Paul Blackthorn is a portrait of a poor boy who came here at the time of the last Confirmation out of the Andover Union. All about him and the village boys, up to the end of the chapter you will have in March, is quite true, except that the farmer is worse than William Smith was. The further part is, I am sorry to say, all embellishment, for the real lad enlisted, and we knew no more about him. Alfred was a boy in Devonshire to whom Jane Moore used to go constantly, and who thought of her as very like a sunbeam. He used to look so beautifully fair and pale, with such blue eyes, and his feelings about his younger brother were much what I tried to show them. I hope you will come in Jane's way, I think she is the most winning person I ever knew, except perhaps her mother, and she has such a depth of unselfish goodness and serious thought as one would hardly suspect from her very droll manner and way of talking. I was so glad to like Captain Moore so much, for I had intended to think no one good enough for Jane. I am glad you liked the white horse. We have *What will He do with it?* in hand now.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

OTTERBOURNE, WINCHESTER,
November 3, 1859.

My dear Caroline—I find mamma is answering your questions, and leaving me to tell you what I know you will wish to hear about our loss. I do so wish you could have seen our dear little William, with his large dark, soft eyes, and his merry smile, he was such an unusually intelligent and pretty creature, I suppose too much so, as if marked from the first for a brighter home. Somehow I am half glad, though grieved, that my father's name and Mr. Keble's godson should be safe from any stain or dimming. It was well for mamma to be spared the two nights and one day of his sinking, just kept up by wine as long as he could swallow, and then six hours of fading away, the last two upon Frances' lap. They brought him home to us, in his little

coffin looking so smiling and pretty, with violets in his hands, and on Monday we laid him at his grandfather's feet. Mrs. Keble made his little white pall, and put a cross of myrtle leaves with arbutus flowers and holly berries. Frances is so good and sweet and gentle that it is beautiful to watch her, and Julian too, he feels it very deeply, for the little fellow was very fond of him, and always wanted his notice. Mr. Wither too has been very much grieved by it, he was so fond of the baby, and used to go down on the floor to make him laugh, as he lay upon his cushions on the floor at breakfast-time.

I believe many people thought him very delicate, but he was a happy little thing, and we hardly realised how frail was the tenure. Julian and Frances go to her uncle's on Saturday for a fortnight; it is a sort of second home to her, and will be very cheering, she hopes.—Yours affectionately, C. M. YONGE.

(On the Death of her Mother)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, October 8, 1868.

My dear Caroline—It did indeed seem to be bringing sorrow upon sorrow when that account came of your dear father, and one recollected all that he was to us in 1854, and indeed ever since, and the accounts since have been a great cheer. It is strange that scarcely any of our own specially near and dear friends who were round us fourteen years ago were either left or at hand, Dr. Moberly even out of reach, and Mr. Wilson also for the time, and then came the heavy tidings from Malvern to press all more sadly. But then I think the relief of a respite is always a help in other things, and the better tidings were very brightening.

I think Mr. Wilson must have told you something of how it was all last spring and summer, no disease, no suffering, no aberration, but a universal enfeebling, more like the description in the Book of Ecclesiastes than anything else, every month, almost every week, carrying some strength with it, but without any pain, or the least care or even discomfort except occasionally from restlessness. The chief seats of weakness were the legs, and the speech. She came from leaning on one arm to needing two,

and then to being carried. And unwillingness to speak was one of the first symptoms, and gradually came to almost entire loss of power of speaking, though she understood all that was said to her, and smiled and responded up to the last. The smile never failed, nor the patience, but latterly the weariness of great weakness came, and I think she felt like one drifting away, for she seemed always wanting to hold by my hand, or have me in sight, and was distressed to see any of us go out of the room. You know how little caressing her ways were compared with others, but now she seemed to cling to caresses, and Frances's pretty, tender, fondling ways were a great solace and pleasure to her. I do not think she ever really mistook any one, though she always called me Alethea after her sister.

She had been out for a long turn in a donkey chair on Saturday, and really seemed refreshed and revived, and on the Sunday she had two turns round the field, and would have been out longer but for the rain; it was rather a good day with her, but was followed by a restless night. However her smile was ready in the morning, when I told her that Anne Yonge was coming that day. Alice Moberly was most kindly staying till she could come. That was the last smile I saw. The getting partly dressed and the breakfasting went on as usual, and we had just begun the day's sitting with her, when a convulsive attack came on, and from that time there was no consciousness even for a moment. I do not think it was very violent, for the thing, but I was kept out of the room through the earlier part of the time. Afterwards there was nothing but a silent, still unconscious breathing away of the life, and she was gone about five hours from the first attack. St. Michael's Eve Mr. Wither read the collect, and surely the angels did succour and defend. On Friday we laid her where I think she always thought of her home. The real companionship had gone so long before that I do not feel any sudden loneliness as yet, and I have Anne Yonge with me for a month; I think I shall go back to Puslinch with her, but return about Advent. I want to have faced the emptiness of the house. Shall you be coming over in the course of the winter? I should be so sorry to miss you.

You must have been much helped by having Mr. Wilson with

you during those days of suspense. Is he with you still? If so give him my love, and tell him I did not answer his letter because I was not sure where to find him, but I shall be very glad when he is near again.—Your very affectionate C. M. YONGE.

TO SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE
(*On Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Life of Keble"*)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, February 28, 1869.

My dear Sir William—I am not quite so audacious as to sit down in cold blood to review Sir J. T. C., but you are quite right that many of the expressions were mine. The fact was that the editor of the *Literary Churchman*, Mr. Ashwell, who has been a very kind friend and helper, asked me to tell him what chiefly struck me with a view to his paper, and he has put many of the words in from a letter I wrote to him a few days before I saw you, but he has given them the setting of his own peculiarly lucid and sober language and with much of his own besides. He always seems to me one of the clearest-headed men I know. He has quite revived the *Literary Churchman* after its decay, and this year there has been a great influx of subscribers; I do write in it a good deal, but chiefly of light literature such as is wanted to enliven it. I hope you will take it in, for there are often very valuable papers.

If you wish to be disgusted you should read Dean Stanley's paper on Mr. Keble in *Macmillan*, where all in kindness he finds his own latitudinarianisms all through the poetry. It is much worse than any real enemy—open enemy I mean. I hope to bring home the number of the *British Critic* on Saturday when I return from a few days in London—I go to-morrow. Lady Seaton was very sorry she had not a spare copy of that photograph; her son Graham has some and promised to send one when he went home, but as he never remembers anything except by accident, I am afraid he has forgotten.

I have had a most kind invitation to stay with M. Guizot and his daughter in Normandy next August or September; I

hope Julian and his wife will go with me to Paris, and see what we can there, but I do not think we shall get any further. It will be a great holiday, and I assure you I mean to make it so. I hear from Mary Coleridge this morning that her father wrote to Street, but they have not heard again, so they suppose him satisfied.

I did not mean to trouble you with so long a letter, but your kindness led to it.—Yours ever affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *August 2, 1870.*

My dear Sir William—I hope it is not very presumptuous to follow my impulse of not exactly congratulating you, but expressing my great pleasure in the award of this mark of honour¹ to you, coming, it seems to me, in an especially gratifying manner, as being so entirely free from all connection with party and at a time when I suppose it cannot be as a matter of course, but as showing how high real merit and desert can stand above politics.

I do not know whether this is all my ignorance, but the feeling that the tidings gave me could not but long to express itself, more especially when I seem to see again the look of intense happy emotion that it would have brought into my father's eyes.

Forgive me if I have said what I ought not, I really could not help it.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

PALACE, LICHFIELD,
January 10, 1872.

My dear Sir William—Your letter has come on to me here. I came on Monday to be instructed respecting Bishop Patteson's life, which I am to try to draw up from the very full materials that his family and Bishop Selwyn can provide. I hope to return on Saturday.

¹ He was sworn of the Privy Council.

Thank you for letting me see Mr. Faithfull's decision ; I think he is wise to give his name, and so obtain the subscriptions of all his friends. I daresay in this way he will obtain a good deal of pleasure out of it himself, and I hope some benefit to the hospital funds.—Your affectionate C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *January 30, 1872.*

My dear Sir William—Many warm thanks for sending me Mr. Austen Leigh's kind comment on the *Daisies*. I believe I enjoyed them most, which is the best way to make a thing prosper. I am afraid the moral is not good, but I have always found that what one likes best one does best. As to the crayfish, I did not know that they were so local, having always associated them with rivers, and they do not proclaim their presence like nightingales. But the criticism has come happily in time to expel these same crayfish from a feast given by Felix Underwood after he came into his property, which was in the same neighbourhood. Altogether it is such a story of young people and chatter that it always especially amazes and pleases me when such judges care for it.

Some day next week I hope to drive over and see if I can find you at 5 o'clock tea ; I have been wanting to come for some little time, but opportunity was wanting.

The *Pillars of the House* are written to the end, by which I do not by any means mean finished, but they will not be all out in the *Monthly Packet* till the end of 1873, at which time I suppose they will be published, so all corrections and annotations before that time will be most thankfully received.

Mr. Faithfull has sent round his papers to ask for subscriptions to his poems.—Your affectionate C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *April 8, 1872.*

My dear Sir William—Would you be so kind as to look at page 9 of the "Gleanings" at the beginning of the *Musings on the Christian Year*, and tell me whether you have any recollection of

telling Mr. Keble anything about your opinion of King Charles's truth?

There is a new edition called for, and Miss Dyson wants me to take it out. Her letter coming while I was at Salisbury, I asked whether it was there thought that I ought, as it was not according to my impression lightly thrown out, and I put it in because I thought it disproved blind admiration, while showing the real tenderness.

The Bishop advised me to ask whether you remembered having said anything of the kind to him—if you did, to leave it; if not, to take it out. So I am acting by order in troubling you about it.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *April 10, 1872.*

My dear Sir William—Thank you greatly, I thought just as you do that it was rather a needless question since I was quite sure of the fact of what Mr. Keble said to me, and I should not have asked you if it had been any one else who advised me, but having asked him it seemed wrong not to do just what he told me.

Miss Dyson is a devoted lover of King Charles, and had been vexed to see any words of Mr. Keble used against him. Besides, she said, and truly, that Mr. Keble's chance conversational sayings did not always reflect a deliberate opinion, and the point was whether this did or not reckon as an opinion thought out and considered, which is my decided impression.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *April 23, 1872.*

My dear Sir William—I am always bothering you about something, and now I want to ask if you would give me a sentence. I want one describing the remarkable and peculiar merits collectively of the Bench of Judges in the Patteson and Coleridge days.¹

¹ This opinion is incorporated in the *Life of Bishop Patteson*.

I cannot well take it out of the mouth of a Coleridge and a Judge, and I do not think I can do it rightly myself. I want to make as full a picture as possible of old Judge Patteson, for he ought to be remembered, and he went for very much in the formation of his son.

If you would put, as you would in a letter, your view of the high stamp of men who were Judges from about 1830 to 1855, it would be what I want expressed. I do not know any one else whom I should like to see doing it but Sir Roundell Palmer, and I do not know him enough to ask.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS H. HEATHCOTE

(On the Death of Sir William Heathcote)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, August 19, 1881.

My dear Ellie—I have just heard of that having happened which for years I have feared to recollect must come some day. I don't know how to dwell on it or how to think of it. I think what comes before me oftenest is selfishly the sorrow for not having seen more of him this last year, especially this spring.

There are some friends that one looks to like a sort of father, and he was especially so to me. And it is selfish to talk of oneself, but my mind goes back to what he was to me when trouble came to me, and all I can say is that at such times one gets to feel that it is precious to begin with "Our Father."—
With much love, your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
July 25, 1899.

My dear Ellie—Thank you for your loving little note. Did you see in the *Hants Chronicle* a little bit of what I said after the speeches, of the Bishop of Guildford and Mr. Warburton? I could not help, when they said I had made clergy and good men seem real, almost murmuring that my good men were not

ideals, but I had really known their equals (and superiors) in reality. Mr. Warburton was so pleased that he sent after the reporter to have it added. I am sure your father was one of those in my mind, though not on my lips! I had no notion of what the affair was going to be, and my answer did not *fit*, as I had to write it beforehand, for want of a ready tongue. But it was very overwhelming and all turned out well. The tableaux were very pretty, and little Eustacie almost acted in them.

I am going to Hursley on Thursday, and trust to see Bella.

The worst of all the day was that one felt it so untrue not to be able to say how one fell short of one's books and ideals, and so swallowing it all! There is nothing for it but to believe that all this being so, these writings have been meant to be instruments—

To our own nets ne'er bow we down.

I am going to Dorking from the 9th to the 18th of next month.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
November 4, 1899.

My dear Ellie—Thank you for your letter. We have heard nothing more, and hardly look for anything, and indeed there had been only one letter from him since he joined Baden-Powell, but that was enough to leave us no doubt that it is himself.¹ I am so glad he had that year at home after the Matabele War.

He was very much loved here. There was to have been a "Social Evening," but the people begged to put it off for they could not enjoy it.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

¹ Her nephew George, killed at the Limpopo River.

To the Family of Dean Butler of Lincoln

TO DEAN BUTLER

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 6.*

My dear Mr. Butler—I have two kind letters to thank you for, first about the T and secondly about the war—I wish the authority for the former was more direct and conclusive, it is so very beautiful.

The *Monthly Packet* of October will be quite German enough to please you, having the journal of a lady at Homburg and a translation by Miss Sewell of “Der Wacht am Rhein,” but I confess that I have not personally been able to get into the stream of sympathy with Prussia, for Bismarck’s policy does seem to me that of the ambitious conqueror, and I never could forgive him for Holstein. German unity does not seem to me a rightful cause, though I can perceive that it may so seem to Germans themselves, who have a sort of fanaticism for that Vaterland of theirs. Of course the last offence was given by France, but was it not the result of the long course of aggression against which the stand had to be made? Actually I suppose that the last cause of quarrel was like Jenkins’s ears, only a pretext, but that put the French in the wrong. My first feeling when war was proclaimed was that I could not wish much for victory for either side. Now sympathy chiefly goes to poor Strasburg and Phalsbourg, but on the whole the French nation have shown very little improvement. One account of the camp at Chalons reads just like a modernisation of the scene in *King Henry V.* in the dauphin’s camp the night before Agincourt, and the description of the riotous scenes at the stations in France are in wonderful contrast with the weeping, grave, earnest Germans.

But is this present deadly stroke to bring out that nobleness that France, or at least an individual Frenchman, is capable of, and is this to be the beginning of better things after ninety years and two Bonapartes—or is it still to be the “house divided against itself”?

How much there is to talk over when you and Mrs. Butler come to the Congress. I hope I shall see you on the 10th of October, and on the 11th we may take our choice of the sermons of your Bishop and him of Salisbury.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

Thank you much for Von Moltke to add to my book of distinguished people. It is a fine face, but with more shrewdness and power than greatness.

TO MISS BARNETT, SISTER TO MRS. BUTLER¹

ELDERFIELD, *November 12.*

My dear Lizzie— . . . Yes, I saw the *Spectator* on *Chantry House*, but indeed I did not put in the ghost for the sake of variety or sensation, but to work out my own belief and theory. I could tell you things I quite believe that chime with it. One I must tell, not that it is a ghost probably, it is so curious. The poor people in the Torquay outskirts think a thing walks in the few remaining woods of the Abbey which they call a Widdrington.² Now Miss Roberts has hunted up that the last Abbot was accused before Henry VIII. of having murdered a monk named Widdrington, whom however he produced safe and sound. Don't you think the live man must have been seen after he was thought dead and so left his name? —Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *April 2.*

My dear Lizzie— . . . I see in the paper the death of a third Sumner within a few months; I hope our Archdeacon won't be the next. His wife was a Heywood, and is very valuable. They have given up Alresford and come for good to the Close, and are very useful. Christabel Coleridge has been here. The Princesses give great satisfaction at Torquay, where they walk

¹ I have thought it best to leave these undated letters as they are, without endeavouring to guess the dates.

² I have never come across this belief.—C. R. C.

about with their governess and shop. "And," said one man, "Miss Maude would carry home her own galoshes."

Christabel and I wrote *Mothers in Council* together, each writing a speech in turn answering one another; I wonder what you will think of it, but it can't come in May. She is writing a very good story, out of Torquay experiences, on the plunge of a gardener's family from a favoured country parish into a town full of rival churches and schools. I want people to write and exhort the poor people whose children go to board schools to supply catechism. But though board schools are few in these parts (none at Winchester) hardly a new child comes here who knows it, almost never beyond "the duties," and we have had a good many. It is funny to see our children poke out their heads to see how far the new ones will go. One very nice little pair of sisters immediately bought a prayer-book and learnt three answers of themselves, and said their name was N. or M. We are overwhelmed with new cottages just now, and quake lest we should be swamped with strangers. I hope the young gentlemen may lead the young ladies. But there is a much larger amount of people who don't come in contact with University folk than there was in our time, and C. R. C. mentioned too as one disadvantage to the modern girl that the curate, instead of being her hero, is often her inferior in social standing.

I hope your De Wints will keep. It is much warmer to-day, and the daffodils are a glory!—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

I never congratulated you on Grace's little daughter. The great girls will be like her maiden aunts!

ELDERFIELD, *Easter Eve.*

My dear Lizzie—Things are coming all right; Mary Coleridge will be ready for me on the 29th, so I shall have the week before for sights of the dear people.

Here am I writing letters instead of decorating, for I have got laid up with an attack of shingles; however, as it began on Sunday, though I did not know what it was, I hope it will soon finish off.

I wish some one (not a woman) would put it with authority that it is frightful that we, "whose souls are lighted" by the inspired tradition of thousands of years, should listen to the German critics who have no church, even if they believe at all, and who talk as if Hebrew was their mother tongue. It seems to me letting the devil in. Have you seen Mr. Rosenthal's lecture on Isaiah, which shows how one really bred to Hebrew scholarship disposes of the twofold idea?—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *February 27.*

My dear Lizzie— . . . It is no use to debate about W. E. G. You know even dear M. A. and I had to avoid the subject, so I am not likely to be more convinced now of anything but that he deceives himself most of all, and takes love of power and popularity and hatred of Conservatives for love of right.

I have the outline of a story for the Xmas number (begun before your letter about High Arts, etc.) about a girl who abandons her mother to study it. I don't know if it will come to good, for I am slipping behind the modern world.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

Do you remember Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt about the Greek perfection of form in Art, and the Christian ideality of countenance? Do not girls who outrage their feminine instincts throw away all hope of that higher thing?

(On the last Illness of Miss Dyson)

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 22, 1878.*

My dear Lizzie—Beatrice Morshead wrote to me on Saturday, so that I had her letter at the same time as yours. I had heard from Miss Bourne the day before this change. Beatrice's letter seemed as if there was a little more revival, and it seems now to be possible that there may be more vitality even now than we thought. But one cannot wish for aught but rest. There was

something so sad in the way she said, after being with her doctor last time I was there, "I think he was sorry for me." Yes, she has been one of the great influences of my life (I am sure I have been a "companion of the saints," whatever I am myself, something I fear much more like "him who lacks the martyr's heart"). That first time I saw her in the garden at the Nest has been one of the landmarks of my life; and next to my father and Mr. Keble, she turned the course of my mind. What numbers would say the same of her in different degrees. I think she will bring her sheaves with her.—Your most affectionate

C. M. Y.

(On the Death of Mrs. Gibbs of Tyntesfield)

ELDERFIELD, *St. Michael.*

My dear Lizzie—Thank you for your kind letter. This is the dear Mrs. Gibbs's burial day, and I have been prevented from keeping it properly by Mr. Brock suddenly knocking up this morning with neuralgia and sick headache. If it had only begun yesterday he would have got help on such a great Saint's day; but that is not to the purpose. We knew what was coming for nearly a month; Mrs. Gibbs herself had found something wrong in the spring. She would not, however, let her sons know till her eldest son and his wife came back from being in Scotland, and by that time in August dropsy was setting in. I do not think there was much acute pain till towards the end, and then it was allayed by morphia, and up to the last three weeks she was able to be taken to her beautiful chapel, which stands on arches so as to be level with the upstairs rooms. There was restlessness and oppression, but exhaustion came on, and she sank in about a week, always sensible, and having thought of everybody and everything, quite happy and peaceful. I certainly never saw her like in many respects, there was such a conscientious humility and wisdom in all her largeness of heart, and such a grace and exquisite taste, together with self-denial. That beautiful house was like a church in spirit, I used to think so when going up and down the great staircase like a Y. At the

bottom, after prayers, Mr. Gibbs in his wheeled chair used to wish everybody good-night, always keeping the last kiss for "his little maid," Albinia, with her brown eyes and rich shining hair. She went a year before the old man—now fourteen years ago—but the dear Blanche did revive wonderfully, throwing herself into all her good works, and making her house such a place of rest and refreshment. Last time I was there it was with Fanny Patteson, the Mother of St. Peter's, Kilburn, the Bishop of Bedford, and Mrs. Walsham How; now three out of the six are gone within a few months.

Have you read Mgr. de Merodes' *Life*? It is very curious; he was so entirely the chivalrous soldier all the time he was the devout priest and Pope's almoner, and he behaved so well about the dogma, and the poor old Pope was so fond of him. I had a little visit at Crookham just at the end of the hot weather, and found Miss Bourne very well, but her heath sadly burnt up.—
Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *November 19, 1887.*

My dear Lizzie—I trust you will neither find London in a riot or in a fog! I came through it yesterday, and could not see sixpences from half-sovereigns till I was over Waterloo Bridge, when it became less dense.

I was coming from Hatfield, where I have had three very pleasant days, but the first was so beset with fog that I could not see nearly as much of the outside as I could have wished, though I paid my respects to the oak Elizabeth was sitting under when the news came that her sister was all but dead. Relic-hunters have all but killed it, and it has only one spray at the top. It is bolstered up with concrete, and fenced round to keep them off. There is another, much older, mentioned in *Domesday*, quite well though shaggy, because it has been let alone. Is it not odd, when the Queen and Prince Albert were there just after they were married each planted an oak—his has died, and hers has thriven? I brought home an acorn of the Queen's. The very old oaks bear acorns, but they won't grow. The *best* thing I saw was the Little Gidding book made for King Charles, Dutch engravings

cut out, and the chapters they belong to pasted in below, in most beautiful condition. Mr. Maxwell Lyte of the Record Office was there, so that it was a grand opportunity of having MSS. and letters explained. All Robert Cecil's commonplace book is there, and most curious letters of course.¹

I wonder if a fog will be good for that mob. The anxiety seems to be that there are a good many foreign socialists about, who really do know how to do mischief, and *will*. One curious person to meet was the Italian ambassador, Count Conti. He told me he had tried living on his estate in Lombardy, but could only stand ten days of country life!

Poor Crown Prince! He could only speak in a whisper at the Jubilee. I daresay it will be warmer soon, but I wish you were safe at Lincoln.—Your affectionate C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *January 10, 1890.*

My dear Lizzie—I can't help sending you this letter, it is so curious. The man appeared here last summer to pick up incidents about Miss Austen. I could not tell him anything but dear old Sir William Heathcote's recollection of her as Mrs. Candour at a Twelfth-day party. They use her for a classic at one of the American Universities, and examine in her! It must be fun to hear them! By the bye, I have had two letters from a Hindoo Professor, one Guopna (I think), asking elucidations of some bits of slip-slop in *Golden Deeds*, which it seems is a class-book at Bombay and posed the poor professors. To have one's bad grammar come round in that way is a caution! Do you know, when it was fresh, Dr. Neale wrote to thank me for Guy, for making him not only so good but so real. Well! M. A. D. and Mr. Keble were at the bottom of Guy, so no wonder. You know how M. A. set me to write the contrition of a good man who had *not* shot any one by accident. I have just finished the story of Sabinus and Eponina I told you I was doing, or rather of their slaves, a Gentile who is born and bred a slave,

¹ This visit to Hatfield was arranged in order that Miss Yonge might see some original records of Mary Queen of Scots, at the time when she was writing *Unknown to History*.

and a highly educated self-satisfied young Jew, caught in Galilee. The Gentile becomes a Christian, and the Jew despises him, and thinks he can be as good without. They are both caught and tortured to tell where to find their master. The Gentile is silent and dies of it. The Jew speaks hardly.¹

ELDERFIELD, June 7, 1892.

Dearest Lizzie—Here am I writing to you out upon the lawn under the pleasant shade of the berberis. There ought to be a nightingale singing, for one lives at the corner, but he is a lazy bird, and year after year always is nearly silent after the first fortnight, though yesterday I not only heard but saw his fellow singing with all his might in a young oak, making his tail and wings quiver.

I had your letter just as I was starting for Amport where Emily Awdry had asked me to come for her G.F.S. festival—a quiet little parish excellently worked, and it was a happy visit, though saddened by Mr. Chute's death. I think you know all about that almost ideal family in their historical old home, the Vyne. He has had heart complaint for years, so it was not unexpected, but he went about and was a most helpful churchman. His family called him their Saintly Chaloner. He had just had the pleasure of his eldest boy getting into college at Eton with only his preparation. He is a very great loss. Mr. Brock still has heard nothing from Government about his father's living, though as all Guernsey has begged for him, there seems no doubt that he will go, and he thinks he can deal with the people as no one can whom they do not already care for. It is an anxious time, but in the main we are in safe hands.²

My old frail house has had to be shored up and Gertrude had to be moved into the drawing-room, bed and all; she goes back to-day, but the *déménagement* will last for another week at least, and then I go to London for the G.F.S. week. After her last year's experience I suppose Emma will not encounter it again

¹ *The Slaves of Sabinus* (Nat. Soc.).

² Rev. W. Brock, Vicar of Otterbourne, succeeded to his father's living in Guernsey.

this time. My old Harriet is to meet me there ; she has been visiting her nieces, and there a great dog bit her ; she was feeding it, and it thought she was going to take away its dish of water. It was only a graze, but it swelled so much that after ten days she can only just put her foot to the ground. She is on the whole much better.

I am glad to hear of the two more volumes of *Essays* ; we have been reading the Blackwood ones, also that very striking "Pharaohs and Fellahs." You will like C. Coleridge's N. S. story, a German chivalrous one.¹—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *August 21, 1893.*

My dearest Lizzie—We had found all your names among the 5200 in the wonderful book all bound with daisies down the back, which came as a great surprise, two Moberlys leaving it and Queen Margherita at the door, and then whisking off so that they were not recognised or followed up. However, I have had a few days with them in their home at Salisbury and heard all the ins and outs and how it began. The old and present scholars here, 300 of them, gave me a present too. They ranged from seventy-two years old to five ! Queen Margherita signified about it to Lady Sophia Palmer. It is a most lovely face in her photograph.

We had a nice cool garden at Salisbury where we sat most of the time I was there. I must tell you that one pleasure there on the 15th and 16th of August is that just at sunset the sunbeams come in from a west window in the north transept, and weave a parting crown on the Figure on the Cross in the central compartment of the Reredos. It was exactly there on the 15th as the clock struck seven, then it rose up as the sun went down, and was gone in about two minutes. It came on the 16th, but though brighter not so well in the centre at the time, and was gone on the 17th. It was curious that the first time the Moberlys saw it I was with them, ten years ago. I believe Canon Gordon found it out first.

¹ *Max, Fritz, and Hob.*

(On the Death of Dean Butler of Lincoln)

ELDERFIELD, January 17, 1894.

Dear Mr. Maddison—How shall I thank you enough for writing to me much that I might never have known, though Miss Barnett promises to send me some of the letters she has had. Poor thing, the tower of strength is gone, and she has lived in and for those two so long that I cannot think that her frail body will stand such a shock. I am glad you told me that she does not know of the anxiety for her sister, for I had a short note from her this morning speaking of her as bearing up so calmly, and “more than resignedly.” Indeed Mrs. Arthur Butler told me in the autumn that she did not know the full extent of the illness.

To me it is another of my lamps gone to be a star, and at seventy-one has hardly any left on earth.

The friendship personally dates about forty years ago, and seems to me to be even older through the having heard of the family party constantly through the Dysons of Dogmersfield, who had a wonderful faculty of bringing friends together. The Dean was almost one with the “Mighty three.” Indeed, as Mr. Dyson’s pupil, he was almost of their generation in thought and independence of sentiment, such as made him especially wise and original. I am afraid you did not know Wantage in those bright days of progress, when it was such a wonderful home of high spiritual atmosphere and training, mixed with all that was intellectually bright. I enjoyed it so deeply, and shall never forget our joyous expeditions and deeper, more memorable talks—one day in especial, when there was a drive to see the Fairford windows. I always hoped to come and see them at Worcester, and again at Lincoln, but there are ties at home and I never could manage it, and now it is too late.

I had read half through the review of Dr. Pusey when your letter came and made me read it as last words, and recognise the hand, especially in the little touches about Hursley. Did you know that he gave anonymously the beautiful carved font cover there?

The Dysons used to tell that when he was presented to Wantage he wished he could keep one old wise curate, not to

work but to be consulted, a wish so unlike most young vicars one cannot help remembering it. Wantage was almost a theological college. Then many men were trained there, and how widely has the influence reached! How many he has formed.—Yours truly gratefully,
C. M. YONGE.

TO MRS. LEWIS KNIGHT

ELDERFIELD, *December 12, 1896.*

My dear Emma—I may write a Sunday letter to say how much it has been to me to read such a record of the good old days of Nest, and all the wonderful “go” there was at Wantage. It was like the sparkling stream, and the clear, still, *reflecting* pool, both equally pure, but one full of ripples, broken but bright, and the other silent and meditative. And what a development! Certainly prayer and grind do turn the wheels! I wish Dr. Pusey could have been done so as to leave a clearer, stronger impression; I am afraid his life does not give a sense of attractiveness, partly from the brunt of the battles so falling on him, and partly from the sadness of his home life. The Wilsons used to speak of cheerful breakfasts, but how far was that Mr. Wilson’s own cheeriness diffused? I never knew him, only shook hands with him once, at Mr. Keble’s funeral. And I don’t think he was a judge of character.

—— told me that “one of the most saintly women she knew” was one of those who could not teach O.T. I don’t think saintship could exclude full faith! There is a horrid book, *Womanhood in the Old Testament* by Dr. Hodder, which I wish Arthur or somebody would cut up. It divides the narratives up, as by the J, E, or P writers, and then goes on upon the women, Sarah, Rebekah, and all, as if they were Shakespeare’s heroines, patronising and admiring the skill of the author, and finally saying that the book Esther is the same sort of thing as *Peter Halkett* or *Marcella*.

Much love to your aunt and Mary. The former will be glad to hear that though Helen goes home this week, I shall have a nice young cousin here for Christmas.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS FLORENCE WILFORD¹

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 20, 1869.*

My dear Florence—Thank you for your kind note ; I am glad you are at St. Cross again. I will try to come and see you as soon as I can. My dear cousin Anne had not been strong for many years, but was quite in her usual health till forty-eight hours before the end. Then as she was going upstairs at night a dreadful attack in the head came on, just what several of the family have had before, and it was very soon quite hopeless, and after the first few hours there was no apparent consciousness. Of course when the first letter had reached me all was really over, though I had one day of preparation—I cannot call it suspense. It is the loss of my very earliest and greatest sister-like friend, and would have been much harder to bear if I had not seen much reason last year to fear for her much suffering in health and spirits.

Her father has three left out of his ten children ; he is bearing up beautifully, and so is his great mainstay, his daughter Mary, but it is such desolation to the house really that I can hardly bear to dwell on it. I had been at home not quite a week, having enjoyed the journey very much, and I shall greatly like to talk it over with you, and to hear what you have been doing in the meantime.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 28.*

My dear Florence—The constituent parts of the *New Barnacle* don't come in fast, but I know there are a few more to come for vol. xvii. If enough do come in to be worth binding, I think I must leave it in your charge. I send you what I have already come in for it, and please keep it to see whether there comes enough in addition to use. If there does, I will write about it.

If you go away before we come home, please leave the papers

¹ Miss Florence Wilford was the author of *Nigel Bertram's Ideal*, *Vivia*, and many other tales much admired by Miss Yonge.

with Katie Johns to keep for me. I wish we could have come to see you, but it was quite impossible the day we went to the Johnses, and if we had, our old white horse would have dropped down very ill at your door instead of deferring it to ours. So it was lucky for all parties that we did not stop. She is better.

Oh, if you could have seen a little pretty chit march into this room as upright as a dart, and as much at ease as—I don't know what, a creature about fifteen, who proceeded to shake hands with me. "Good morning, Miss Yonge, I'm an American, I came to thank you for your books." And presently, "I came to thank you for writing so much for the Church. We value that so in America." I assure you she did it like the U.S. personified!

Direct to me (with my Christian name) at Puslinch, Yealmp-ton.—Your affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *July 23, 1873.*

My dear Florence—Miss Mackenzie met Frances Peard a few days ago at Tyntesfield, where she must have been staying at the cottage with Mrs. Doyne, so I suppose Mrs. Baker will hear of her soon. I have heard nothing of her but one card while she was in Scotland.

Our hearts are indeed very heavy for our Bishop, for the charm and delight of his manner come before one, and that matchless voice in the Confirmation addresses. The last time I saw him was in my own drawing-room after our last Confirmation on Tuesday in Holy Week. The sense of personal friendship he has left with so many and many must be unequalled for number. And oh, the future! If he did disappoint one sometimes, there were points where one was secure of him. I suppose it will be a translation to this grand See, and that that will make room for Archdeacon Bickersteth, who is as good a man as can be, but without full strength for work. The Bishop of Oxford has no fault but being a Radical, but I don't see how he *could* take this, with nowhere to put his large family. I met him at Mr. Wither's last week; never was anything so full of heart and spirit as that church opening, and the meeting after it. That

corner of Buckinghamshire is a desolate place as to clergy, and Mr. Wither seems to have been a wonderful stay to the Arch-deacon, and to be immensely valued and looked up to. It was an odd visit, for I was the only lady in the house, and there was the Bishop for one night, the Warden of New College and two other old Fellows thereof. However, all but one of them I had known for many years.

Let me know your comings and goings. I do hope you will come to Winchester; I want to say come here at any rate, but I don't at this moment see my way between Miss Mackenzie and Gertrude, who is now at Southsea, and is to come to me when she returns, I can't tell exactly when.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *January 27.*

My dear Florence—As next Tuesday is a Saint's day, perhaps I had better say that the boy would not find me at home, as the first Tuesday in every month there is a meeting of the High School Committee. On all Thursday afternoons till Easter I have to be at the mothers' meeting, and indeed we are so eaten up with preparing for the examinations that I can answer for no afternoons in February or early March. It does seem very ridiculous, but having Monday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday always engaged, the other two afternoons get everything else in them, so that I am not very likely to be in the way. So I think he had better not try to find me till after the first fortnight in March, when I suppose the stress of preparation will be over. I never feel as if I had any time when the mothers' meetings go on, from October to Easter; Thursday is so much the most available day of the week, and it is the one the women like best. By the bye, I have lent *Tender and True* to Mrs. Wickham of Compton, who says her mothers are delighted with it.

I am glad to hear what you say of young ladies now; I suppose there are very different sets; I went by various things. I knew of several cricket matches, and one poor girl wrote to me to ask how to manage about one where gentlemen were to play. I heard also the letters of a girl who came out under her sister's

(a Countess) auspices this spring, and who could hardly get out of reading bad sensation novels because of the talk about them. I hear also of rompings, in high life chiefly, I am sorry to say. And one reason why I wrote the letter was because I had a piteous one from a clergyman's wife at a big smart place, because the young ladies acted as I described, and she could hardly keep up her Sunday school. G.F.S. too has shown the difficulties of servants, because their young ladies lie down after Early Celebration and dress for luncheon, preventing them from church-going. Miss Bramston has written a short paper in defence on the independent side, but she owns to their saying "beastly" in confidential moments. Of course I know plenty of nice girls, and of more also, but I think the general run is deteriorated. I should like a further defence on another side. I want a discussion to strike out sparks.

I don't think I have been hospitable to your boy, but it is a pity that he should come when I am out, or still worse so that I should have to say I must go. So I think he had better wait for a less hurried month. Certainly the roads have not been favourable to bicycles or anything else of late!

Your writing looks as if your arm was well, but I suppose you have been quite shut up in this snowy time.—With love to Emma,
yours affectionately, C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *October 1, 1878.*

My dear Florence—I am glad you have finished your journey prosperously, and I hope you have brought home a store of strength for the winter and for the trials.

How one sometimes wishes that one's people may never have another worry, and yet I suppose it is all right! I have just lost my most good and wise friend Marianne Dyson. For more than a year she had been in so utterly feeble and broken a state that one could only dread further loss of faculties, and there was a good deal of weariness though not acute suffering, so that it was really thankworthy to know that rest had come on St. Michael's morning. I have known her thirty-five years, and she


has been a great help and blessing throughout my life. Scarcely a story of mine but has been read and discussed with her, and I don't know any one I owe so much to after my father and mother and Mr. Keble. Anna Bramston was there, being a friend of her companion Miss Leroy. Mary Bramston spent last evening here, her farewell before going to Truro ; Gertrude is better, but cannot walk at all now. I am so glad you are able to "take up your pen," as poor people's letters say. I hope the ideas will flow if you do not call them *too* hard.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *July 2, 1881.*

My dear Florence—It is a very good story, but I wish it had not been about an election, for I have another election story which I cannot throw over. It is by my poor old friend Fanny Wilbraham, who is so nearly blind that it is a wonder she has written it at all, and it is really very good. It is the conduct of a Cheshire peasant the other day, but she has put it back 100 years, and considering all things I think you would not wish me to put hers aside. She is so good that I know she would say the same, but somehow I think, as she is the oldest and the blindest, and the most broken altogether, I must give her the preference, and I am sure your story will easily get in anywhere, for it is very spirited.

Our new vicar is a total abstainer ; he is a capital man and a thorough churchman, and the place is taking to him much. Our poor schoolmaster had been devoted to Mr. Elgee, and died in less than a week after Mr. Brock came ; there was illness enough to account for it, but the crisis had come, and it seemed as if he might have lived if he had only had energy to strive for life, and try to take food. But the beauty of his goodness was something remarkable. He came from Clevedon, where Mr. Saxby says he first knew him as a blameless choir-boy always able to quiet disputes among rougher lads. The first gains of his work as a schoolmaster he spent on a little print of the Crucifixion for the choir vestry at Clevedon, and since his death we have found that



all his life he gave away a third of all that he had ! Our boys were in a very naughty state when he came, but he made them behave better than ever they did before, at home as well as at school. He would have been quite ideal if he had been a little cleverer and brisker, but then he might not have been as good. I think we have a nice youth who came to help while he was ill, and all like.¹ I am glad the General is better, and that you are all able to have a change. Gertrude is at Dr. England's,² as some repair was wanted in her room, and elsewhere and the house not habitable for her.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *October 10, 1890.*

My dear Florence—I am very glad to hear of you again, and I hope the touch of frost will not be felt at Bournemouth ; it has spared all our flowers as yet. I waited to write because Christabel was coming to make up our plans for the new volume. We will try to put in “Purification” poem for February, but I am afraid poems do not get much payment. I wish I could put more work in her way. I forget whether you know Miss Hill, who stays with the Jones Batemans sometimes ; she is lame from old hip complaint, but gets about on her crutches. She is sister to Mr. Rowland Hill. I am afraid the *Newbery Magazine* is a tardy affair, as all magazines are, unless they begin by being hard-hearted and summary. I don't much like what I have seen of it. Christabel asks to be remembered to you. She is my original old Gosling, and she and I have been going over our old brood, and what a remarkable set they have been, for good, and alas ! sometimes for the reverse, but there are a good many that I am proud of.

I am hurried and must finish.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

¹ Mr. Rolfe, the present schoolmaster.

² Dr. England was the family physician. His son attended Miss Yonge in her last illness.

TO MISS CAZENOVE

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *September 21, 1875.*

My dear Annie—I believe that the fact of having the renewal of the baptismal vow united in our branch of the Church with Confirmation has very much tended to confuse people's minds as to what it really is.

A Sacrament it surely is in the sense, as you say, that it is an outward sign of an inward grace, and there is no reasonable doubt that it is Apostolic. The laying on of hands by St. Peter and John at Samaria after the baptism by St. Philip the deacon was clearly confirmation since it could not be ordination, as it was general and immediate, evidently supplying what had been left wanting from baptism, and so again at Ephesus (Acts xix. 6) it was plainly the ordinary lay Christian on whom St. Paul laid hands. What was done by apostles in the days immediately after Pentecost is evidently of divine appointment, and there is no lack of proof, from the manner in which they mention it as "the Seal" and the Unction, that they considered it as necessary to salvation as giving us our share as a royal priesthood in Christ's anointing, and also as marking us off, by the seal of the Holy Spirit, to be saved in the Great Day. The Greek Church still calls it the Seal. I worked it all out as much as I could some years ago, and I send you a little book about it, as doing so will save me writing it out, and it seems to me to tell what you ask.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
March 30.

My dear Annie—These are such deep, wide questions that one cannot answer them off-hand. The *Three* analogy goes much further in nature and in grace. For instance, three parts of ourselves: body, soul, spirit. Three primary colours: red, blue yellow. Three pioneers of the sun's rays: light, heat, actinism. Three kinds of life: angel, man, brute. Three animal orders: beast, bird, fish. Three natural kingdoms: animal, vegetable, mineral. Three orders of ministers: bishops, priests, deacons.

The three covenants are, I think, right, but Marriage and the Commandments, to abstain from murder, are universal as moral ; I should put them as divine institutions belonging to the universal law, the ten Commandments to the second covenant, Christian rule to the third.

Then the Christian rule divides, as you say, into Christ's direct law, the Apostolic (ruled by the Holy Spirit, bringing His principles into practice) and Ecclesiastical, which is defined in the twentieth Article.

I think the Lord's Day is more divine than apostolical if you remember the discourse in John v., but I do not think you can say that corruption was only in ecclesiastic ordinance. The whole system of adoration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints transgresses a divine command, as does much of the teaching about Masses for special souls in Purgatory, Indulgences, etc.

I think you confuse a little about the ranks of the clergy ; the only necessary and universal ones are the three orders. The Archbishop or Metropolitan is only *primus inter pares*, a sort of chairman to the rest, introduced for convenience sake ; you know the American Church simply gives the precedence to the Senior Bishop, so the Archdeacon (who used to be really a deacon) is really only the Bishop's officer, and his special duties are peculiar to our branch of the church ; Canons ought to be the Council of the Bishop round his Cathedral or chair. Dean is the ruler over Ten, ten canons ; when a rural dean ten parishes. These are only officers, not ranks, and are not in the least essentials. Did you ever read Mrs. Mercier's *Our Mother Church*, or meet with Dr. Hook's *Church Dictionary* ? I think those would clear up a good deal for you.

I am afraid for the teaching of the Church about a person dying in known unrepented sin, one can only turn to the teaching of the Head of the Church about the rich man in the intermediate state. The Church judges no individual except by her interdiction of the burial service to the excommunicate and suicides.

Your odds and ends are useful, and shall come in some time or other. I have no time for more.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS ANNIE MOBERLY

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
April 12, 1894.

My dear Annie—I am very glad you have had such a peaceful soothing time, and that Mrs. Cazenove and her daughters have had so much comfort. It is very good for you to be with your good friends. Tottie sent you a book yesterday, which I hope may be sent on.

Thank you for so kindly receiving what I ventured to say. I have written sharply to the editor of the *Church Illustrated* for putting in commendation of the book. When one recollects that every word in the Gospel is sacred, and that the history is the direct Inspiration of God the Holy Ghost, it seems to me too terrible to twist them into suiting a person's own ideas of a tragedy.¹

I do not think you quite understood what I said about the effects on oneself. I did not mean that I thought you believed it. But I will give you an instance. It does not signify what I think about the death of Julius Cæsar, but whenever I read the history of it there occurs the question, did he really say "Et tu, Brute," and was it to Marcus Brutus or to Decimus Brutus? and all the Shakespeare scene.

This is no harm of course, but would not something like it occur when one wanted to concentrate mind and soul on the great crisis of our Redemption, when one wants heart and soul to be full of the reality and the infinite spiritual meanings of every word and deed?

I know people differ about the reading of "doubtful books." I did consider it once, as you say, for the sake of other people, for you know questions are asked me, and I have to write letters. Dean Butler decidedly told me I need not, and I will tell you why I think it is a questionable thing for women to do. I do not mean if one was asked distinctly to read and give an opinion on any one book seriously; then I suppose one must do so, but to read popular undesirable books for the chance

¹ I think this must refer to *Barabbas*, by Marie Corelli.

of discussion seems to me not good for one's own mind, and very doubtful for others' sake.

Clergymen may and must do it. They have greater safety than a woman can have, being trained in theology, the history of opinions, and in logic. Now we women hardly ever get such training, and for want of logic do not see the danger of proving a truth by an insufficient proof, which can be overthrown. We cannot take in all the bearings, and it is apt to come simply to likes and dislikes in the main. Then too, without upsetting one's faith, I do believe that the tone of one's mind is hurt by reading such things. And I do think that a woman produces more effect by what she *is* than by a thousand talks and arguments. You may show what I say to Canon Jelf.

The lame child goes to the Orthopedic hospital on Saturday.
—Your affectionate C. M. YONGE.

(On Mr. Keble's Views on some important Matters)

[Undated, but after 1893.]

My dear Annie—I can only be quite sure that Mr. Keble never taught me at my Confirmation anything about Fasting Communion. When he first came monthly celebrations began here at mid-day the last Sunday in the month, his idea then being that he would come over and assist. So Hursley was fortnightly mid-day first and last Sundays; Ampfield began on the third. Then it was begun at Hursley early on the intermediate Sundays, and I remember its being said that the poor women could come to it then.

I am sure he never commended Fasting Communion to me, nor lamented the omission, though I have a dim idea that once when talking about the expedience of the presence of non-communicants, which he deprecated as a rule, he mentioned the wishing to fast as a possible reason with some, but I am not sure. Early celebrations were certainly never insisted on in this church in his time, but Mr. Wither's refusal to me when I proposed it was after his death—I do not think it was thought of before. I cannot tell about his own practice, the only time

I spent a Sunday at Hursley being when I was very young. Jimmy Young would know better. It is quite possible that his habits grew more strict as time went on, but I am quite sure he did not teach me to practise it, and that he deprecated the attendance without communicating as a rule (for I discussed it with him), only wishing for it for children as part of their immediate preparation for First Communion.—Your affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

Note.—Miss Yonge always told me that Mr. Keble's views on this subject were those expressed in this letter.—C. R. COLERIDGE.

TO THE LADY FREDERICK BRUCE

ELDERFIELD, *November 23.*

My dear Lady Frederick—Gillian¹ was very naughty, rather I think from want of knowledge of the world than anything else, besides spirit of opposition. I am glad you like Jane, somehow she has erected herself to me into the heroine. I find myself living in sympathy with my old people rather than the young. But I really do shrink from bringing Dr. May and Ethel on the stage again, he must be grown so old. I have not finished the last chapter to see whether I dare to make a great family gathering.

I am glad to have the opportunity of writing to you, as we have had a grand M. U. Council, and have modified the constitution. All the married, whether ladies or poor women, are to be members; only ladies are paying members, and a proportion are to be enrollers (like the G.F.S. working associates). All the unmarried helpers are associates, and the members are all to have the same card, which we freshly worded to suit mothers of all ranks, and I think improved it much. There is also to be a quarterly magazine at a penny, edited by Mrs. Jenkyns, South Stoneham, Southampton, who takes orders for it, and begs that the money may be advanced with the orders, so as to give her a start.

¹ In *Beechcroft at Rockstone.*

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It is to have advice and anecdotes, and a little direct religious instruction for the very ignorant mothers, in the form of question and answer. I have been writing that, but it was to be submitted to the Bishop.—Yours very truly,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, *February 27.*

My dear Lady Frederick—I am afraid I cannot give you more than a week, and that the 6th must be the last possible day. I believe I am going to look over the MSS. with Mrs. Sumner and send them off on the 1st, but we can add your report at the end. I hope you are really recovered from the influenza. People are having it at Winchester, but rather slightly.

I always thought vaguely that the Mays lived somewhere between Malvern and Wales, but I was called to account for having put crayfish into their rivers. I am always a little afraid of specifically localising unless I know a place intimately. Nor am I sure where Bexley was (did I *say* Swindon for the junction). I meant the watering-place to be on the Dorset or Devon coast, and Rock Quay had Torquay in its eye. I am sorry to say my coadjutors think it will not do to return thither in the *Packet*. There are not enough kind old friends like you to make the publishers approve. So when I have time I must finish it singly, but I am hurrying up a National Society story, and I want to do a mother's meeting set of readings on the services of the Sundays of the year. Mrs. Sumner's energies are going into the school-boy education subject.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

TO THE REV. VERE AWDRY

ELDERFIELD, *November 29.*

Dear Mr. Awdry—I can quite believe that humble words of Mr. Keble might be misunderstood, misreported, and exaggerated, and if called on to defend every single line in the *Christian Year*, he might have spoken of it as a man, growing in grace, at sixty years old might speak of his utterances at thirty.

But I can distinctly declare that he never repented of the book as a whole, nor regretted its publication, and that it is quite a mistake to suppose that he ever did so.

I knew he disliked in his "selflessness" to have conversation about the book, so that if I wanted explanation I referred to his wife or sister, and I know that he was always in the same mind about it. We often observed how his sermons chimed in with it not intentionally, but showing the same bent of thought.

I can believe, however, that he may have expressed that some parts might have been improved by a more matured mind. Every one so feels I imagine, and I think he felt that if he had known what its popularity would be, he would have been more guarded, if I may say so, in some expressions.

But I am sure he never changed as to its doctrines. He once said to me, "A successful book may be the trial of one's life," but that was in the same sense as "Praise be thy penance here."

But it is impossible to make some people understand such humility.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

To the Family of Mr. Bigg-Wither

April 28, 1897.

. . . But I must tell you of something that has given me the greatest pleasure. About two years ago a lady belonging to the Mission at Calcutta wrote to me that a Hindu student had been so much impressed with the *Pillars of the House* as to accept Christianity, and that he was going to be baptized. So I sent out one of those illuminated cards that are given at baptisms (Henry Bowles finding me one not adapted to a little baby, as most are!). By the time it arrived he had drawn back, though they were so good as not to disappoint me by telling me. But he has now come all right, and has been baptized.

His friends have sent me this thankworthy letter of his, which I am sure you will like to read. Please return it. It makes one's heart glow. I am sending him out a photo of house and garden.—Your very affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

The oak-trees in Cranbury Park are surpassingly lovely in tints.

ELDERFIELD, May 20, 1897.

My dearest Marianne—Raby will have told you that my dear home companion's long patience has ended.

She was really dying ever since last evening, though the end did not come till one o'clock to-day, holding my hand, and asking Henry's prayers all the time till consciousness was gone, not many minutes before the end. I do not think in the relief I feel the difference it will make to me.

Your strawberries were really welcome to me—one of the few things she could take.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

August 11,¹ 1898.

Dearest Marianne—I have the sketch-book still (only it is at the bottom of some dusty hoards, which I have not time to irritate to-day) with all our party on Bishopstoke Hill. Dear Marianne, it is much to be thankful for to have a real friend of one's youth on into "hoar hairs," and friends and household do all they can to make it a bright day. Emily Awdry comes for two days to-day. She will be in time to see those lovely *pancratiums* in their glory. My flowers were gathered and made up yesterday; they are not so beautiful as yours, but they have the merit of lasting.

Do you remember that *Amaranth* on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle was Mr. Wither's New College name? I have a bunch that has lasted on a whole year. (Botanically I know these are not *amaranths*.)

Yes, my dear Charles Yonge, gone now fifty years ago, had the same birthday. I have been routing out the record of old scenes at Puslinch, which delight Helen greatly, and bring back old faces long gone.—Your most affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

Here the series of birthday letters² seems to end. When August 11, 1899, came she was able to

¹ Her birthday.

² She wrote on her birthday regularly to Miss M. A. Bigg-Wither.

drive in to Winchester to see her old friend, and that year the intercourse by letter seems to have been very brisk. Mr. William Bigg-Wither had long been failing, and died at Easter, and there are almost daily notes to him, his sister, or the nieces who were nursing him.

March 17.

I had not heard for a fortnight, and had just made up my mind to write to ask Raby whether you knew anything, and when I saw your writing I knew how it must be. This gradual, gentle sinking is the most merciful way of going one can think of, though I hope that there may not be the restlessness that belongs to weakness and is so very distressing. I shall ask Henry Bowles to pray for him, especially on Sunday when the people are there. I hope it is peaceful sleepiness, and that your niece or one of the nephews can be with him. The last letter I had, now more than a fortnight ago, spoke of going to church at eleven and preaching from his chair.

TO MRS. HARCOURT MITCHELL

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, July 31, 1899.

My dear Mrs. Mitchell—Thank you for your conversation. It reminds me of what I tried to impress on some of the promoters of Lady Margaret Hall, that the Old Colleges began with training for the church the first object, and the secular work a sort of appendage, the Christian training running through. And I tried to shadow it out in that drawing of Geraldine's in the *Pillars of the House*, of the Christian School of Athens. If you happen to have the book you will see the ideal.

I think the Talbots would have been glad to have such a college, but times are too strong, and Elizabeth Wordsworth and Anne Moberly at St. Hugh's do make their colleges in many respects training for the Church.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS ANDERSON MORSHEAD

January 19, 1869.

My dear Mary—Thank you so much for your long letter and history of all your doings.¹ I am sure if usefulness makes a happy life this ought to be one, and you must have much of kindness and of the sense of a living Church round you to fill you with energy. I do not know whether you have ever felt a sort of sense of the absence of the whole salt of life in being with people who had not gone on to the energetic influences of the Church. I don't quite know whether I am writing sense, but I do remember such a weary flat feeling at one place I stayed at, where the people were highly cultivated, but their energy and interest in Church matters seemed to have died out. I told F. W. that you had been saying her verses about the Tree to the Bishop, and she only hoped you remembered that some of them were a quotation from Dr. Neale. I shall be very glad if you can send me a paper on Church work, but in general I had made it a rule to leave missionary papers to the *Net*, because they do get so frittered and dispersed among too many magazines, but I do not think that Church work in Cape Town exactly comes under this category, and there is no harm in making an exception sometimes. The *Illustrated News* is so good as to say that but for its sectarian character the *Monthly Packet* would take a high rank among magazines, and I do not wish to diminish that character, though I do not wish to increase it. How do you get on with your Dutch? It looks as if it must be like speaking very broad Somersetshire. You will have heard how Anne and I went into Devon together; I saw your mother and all your sisters. What a very nice face Beatrice's is. But they were not at home when I called with Elizabeth Colborne. Reginald and Frank Colborne are come to Winchester to be in the same house with Ernest Morshead; it must be a tremendous change for them, coming so suddenly too. I am staying away from home for a few days, and so getting time to write my letters. I fancy I shall make a good many little excursions this year,

¹ Miss Anderson Morshead was working under Bishop Gray in Cape Colony.

including one to Normandy, but you had better always write to me at home, as a letter there will be sure to find me. The Goslings are come to life again, and I am expecting a flight of answers in a few days, indeed the very day when I hope you will be seeing Bishop Macrorie consecrated. Archbishop Tait's appointment pretty thoroughly settled that matter. I hear that the building of Keble College is getting on very nicely and that Mr. Edwin Palmer is talked of for the head. Fernseed and I hope to stay at New College together in the first week in June. Will not that be most delightful? I am afraid this is a very stupid letter, but you will write to me again I hope, and tell me how you are going on, and what your work settles into.—Your affectionate cousin,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *October 8, 1869.*

My dear Mary—It seems as if all of the letters one wrote to you began with sorrow, for now six weeks nearly after that great blow at Puslinch,¹ it still seems as if it had but first happened. I thought of you at once, for I think you were one who very much loved and looked up to her, and to whom she had put out a great deal of her power of sympathy, as I am sure you took up a great deal of her thoughts. What a comfort it is that one can give thanks for those departed in faith and fear; one feels it more when so many of those one mentioned² in early life are gone "behind the veil." Miss Arthur has sent me your letter of introduction, so I wrote to her that I hoped she would let me know if she was coming to Miss Mackenzie, but Miss M. is from home now. You will have heard of her begging for extracts from your letters, they have been so kind as to copy out some from the *Net*. Tell Edith Crawley that I am going to Tyntesfield next week, and the week after to Church Crookham, and then I go to London for a day to see Dr. Moberly's consecration. We are very happy in some of our new Bishops, our own selves especially and Oxford. I wish I knew any ladies to send you,

¹ The death of Anne Yonge.

² Mentioned in prayer. This letter shows the extreme reticence in religious expressions which was a note of her tone of mind.

but everybody seems to have some work of their own, or else is not allowed.

I am printing the Catechism from the monthly paper separately, but I had not thought of the lessons for small children. I believe it is a bad time for publishing, it is difficult to stir printers up to do anything one wants. Since my last letter to you I have been seeing Paris; I found my preconceived notions upset, I admired Notre Dame a great deal more than I expected, the solemnity of the five aisles is so great, and the Ste. Chapelle disappointed me—I think it has never been reconsecrated since Marat had his orgies there, and though it is splendidly repainted there is no altar, and it is only used for Gape Seed. The grand St. Michael at the Louvre, and Marie Antoinette's cell at the Conciergerie were the two things that I cared for most. So much of the old is taken away that there are few really historical bits, even the place where the Swiss Guard fought is gone, though at Versailles we did see Marie Antoinette's balcony, and the door Madame Anguier defended. Versailles oppressed me like a great terrible tragedy, between the guilt there and the doom upon it. Your letter came while I was abroad, I found it on my return.—Your affectionate cousin,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *April 30.*
[*Undated, many years later.*]

My dear Mary—This is Mr. C.'s paper; please return it as I want to keep the Hursley papers. I did not see the original articles, nor have I read the horrid book,¹ but the day that the *Church Times* had its article came one of A.'s letters admiring it. I wrote strongly to her on the danger of being fascinated with such books, and the horrid irreverence, and I also wrote to the *Ch. T.* saying what you see. Then they put in what you also see, and there followed on Saturday this clergyman's defence. I wrote and sent yesterday pretty much what I had said to Annie of the shocking irreverence of "flights of

¹ This was *Barabbas*, and her letter was not an attack on the book, but on a certain review of the book.—M. A. M.

imagination" and "inaccuracy" in dealing with inspired writings and the Death; I durst not say more for fear of betraying my not having read it. And all this did settle Annie, also finding the Thompsons had been shocked from the first, and she gave in nicely. I dwelt too, both to her and in this letter of yesterday, on the evil of fictitious narratives coming into one's head on Good Friday; but, as my letter went yesterday, I don't like to add what you say to go by the next post in the same writing. Only I think it would be very good for all concerned if you would be so good as to write a letter to the editor putting in what you have said to me and anything besides. Of course the editor must have your name, but you need not sign it in your own. There must be a fascination in the book; I believe she is a woman given to spiritualism, perhaps on her way to better things. Dear old Mary comes on here after Sidmouth! Milton's minor poems seem to have been written at intervals all through his better days. Thanks for these emendations; I think the papers must have been misprints.—Your affectionate

C. M. Y.

Please do this to the paper; it ought to be assailed on all sides. They say the *Guardian* commended it. It was some time ago, and my impression is that it treated it slightly, as not so bad as it might be. Mr. C. ought to know he has done a shocking thing in recommending such a book; the more censure he has the better.

ELDERFIELD, *November 3, 189-*.

My dear Mary—I send you the Melanesian paper; would you do as the Bishop asks, and send him your address and two stamps, and so get the paper regularly sent to you? Partridge sends me a terrible number, and now they are not to be gratis to subscribers. We have told them to send in their names to Bishop Selwyn; it is getting rid of a good deal of bother.

Moreover, the *Monthly Packet* has turned me out except as a contributor. It has been going down, *Newbery* and *Atalanta* supplant it, and the old friends are nearly all gone, and the young ones call it goody-goody. So the old coachman who has driven

it for forty years is called on to retire! They are very civil about it, and want me to be called Consulting Editor, but that is nonsense, for they don't consult me. It is not Christabel's fault, but A. D. I. wants to be modern, though still good and churchy, and I don't like to be scolded¹ for what I have not sanctioned, so it is a relief in that way. It is property, and no wonder Mr. Innes views it as such, and not as a thing *pro ecclesia*. Don't withdraw your questions, they want to go on with them, and they do good, and above all, don't speak of my withdrawal as ill-usage, but only as *Anno Domini*, which it may be more than is in the nature of things that I should understand, for I think I am as much to the fore as ever. Only most of my old friends have passed, and it is not the same. I go on with cameos and perhaps with stories, certainly with some conchology.

I am reading your book, and will mention it.—Your affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS HELEN YONGE

(*On the Death of Mr. Julian Yonge*)

ELDERFIELD, October 10, 1892.

My dear Helen—Mr. Brock brought me in both the telegrams and was very kind. Of course what all knew must be sooner or later could not be a great shock, but all my letters were going with accounts of his having borne the journey so well. It is better for mamma and all of you to have had no lingering, and no associations for the new house. I hope she is keeping up well; I don't write to burthen her. You can tell me what I can do for you, but I suppose we cannot hear till Tuesday.

Poor Harriet has been saying how he used to sit on her knee and kiss her when he was a tiny child. Well, he was very faithful and very loving, though we are all reserved, and it is another link with where our hearts should be. Poor Gertrude's leg is very bad.—Your most affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

4.30.—George and Lucy have been here, and wish to offer a bed if it is wanted.

¹ The old readers often objected to inevitable changes.

ELDERFIELD, *April 27, 189-*.

My dear Helen—Thank you for the £8, which I found safely on coming home from hearing the first day of the diocesan conference.

Poor old Graf, it is not every dog who is buried by the parish clerk, with me walking in solemn procession of one all down the walk behind. I am glad you were spared the catastrophe, and that mamma has Koko to divert her mind. I am afraid Mr. Brock will go to Guernsey, so there is no end of the changes.

The Miss Jacobs are going to have Miss Finlaison's house for the summer holidays, which will be pleasant for me. That Mr. Eames who has bought Silkstead is beginning to build a house on the Winchester road, and has put in a keeper at Silkstead who warns people off the white violets on the bank at Green Undys.

It must have been very delightful seeing Mr. Beck's hoards and hearing their history,—as good as a museum. My berberis has just become beautiful, but it is very cold to-day.—Your affectionate aunt,

C. M. YONGE.

TO MRS. JULIAN YONGE

My dear Frances—We buried the poor old fellow with all honours. Charles wheeled down the barrow, I followed, and we put him where his predecessors are, coming on two of their coffins before we found the right place. Poor old fellow, he loved his own way, and it was well for all that he should not grow old.

TO MRS. GEORGE ROMANES

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE, *April 29.*

My dear Mrs. Romanes—I have been reading the book¹ before thanking you for it, and telling you how grateful I am for being allowed to see something of so beautiful a character. Especially I had never understood that religious principles and aspirations had been a thing of early days, so that it was truly "our Childhood's Star again arising" after an eclipse which had

¹ The *Life of George Romanes*.



not been of the spirit and love of right and purity, but of the intellect, bewildered by search into things visible and substantial. I am sure it will be a great help to many who get lost in the mist.

Of course I do not enter into those innermost scientific researches, but I have loved and inquired into the out-works of physical knowledge quite enough to enter into a great deal, especially on the botanical side, and about instinct.

You must have found Oxford in its greatest beauty.—Yours very sincerely,
C. M. YONGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *GUARDIAN*

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
December 3, 1896.

Dear Sir—I must write and thank you, and ask you to thank the writer of the very kind and appreciative notice of my books.¹

The balance of praise and detection of weakness (though most kindly letting the former preponderate) is just what I have wished to see. I think that what pleases me best is the full recognition that the religious and conscientious men of the stories had their actual counterparts, and though no doubt needing more manly power to be thorough delineations, still by no means the impossible monsters they are sometimes declared to be. It was no small advantage and responsibility to have grown up among good men and women; and to their influence and, in earlier times, their actual criticism all that is best in my work is owing.

It is an absolute pleasure, though not unmixed with regret and humiliation, to have read such a criticism, and I should like to thank both you and “M. E. C.” for it.—Yours truly,

C. M. YONGE.

¹ A notice which appeared in the *Guardian*, written by Miss M. E. Christie.

TO MISS M. E. CHRISTIE

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, December 8, 1896.

Dear M. E. C.—I feel strongly impelled to write to you both to thank you for your letter and for St. Christopher's legend. A German lady once sent me a set of photographs of frescoes of his history, where he is going through all sorts of temptations, including one by evil women.

I think I must tell you that the *Daisy Chain* was written just when I was fresh from the influence and guiding of my father. Not that he was in the least like Dr. May, being a soldier with the highest chivalrous sense of nobleness and justice, and moreover with a strong desire to see, and do everything in the best way possible.

I remember his exclaiming, when Norman's health began to fail, "You don't mean to kill him?" and that seems to me to mark how far I had gone on in that story. The *Heir of Redclyffe* he had looked over and criticised with all his might.

Another advantage that the *Daisy Chain* had was, that coming out in monthly parts there was a good deal of friendly, often merry discussion of the characters, with such friends as Mr. and Mrs. Keble, Miss Dyson, and Dr. Moberly (later Bishop of Salisbury). So that external influence had much to do with the developments.

It has always had the best sale of all my books, yet when I read both it and the *Pillars of the House* over, for the sake of taking up the broken threads, as well as to see them with older eyes, I found myself preferring the latter, as brighter, and on the whole less pedantic than is the effect of Ethel in parts, and with more of hope throughout.

I think I must mention that Guizot's public recommendation of the *Heir of Redclyffe* led to the only thoroughly spiteful review that ever befell me, in *Household Words*, written, I imagine, by some blindly jealous admirer of Dickens.

Heartsease was the last book Lord Raglan read, I was told by Admiral Sir ——— Stewart who lent it to him. And Mr.

Butterfield was said to be in search of Ethel for a wife. But Mrs. T. Mozley had set the fashion of reading books on child life. By the bye, I wish you would write a notice of the *Fairy Bower* and *Lost Brooch*, also of *Louisa*, with their wonderful cleverness and irony.

Grace and Mary Anne always remind me of Dr. Newman's controversy with Kingsley about truth, the same which resulted in the *Apologia*.

I have inflicted a long letter on you, but when I once began I could not help going on.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
WINCHESTER, December 10, 1896.

Dear Miss Christie—I think I must lend you my *Fairy Bower*. It was written, as you see, nearly sixty years ago, before the Oxford Movement had become a visible fact, by Mrs. Thomas Mozley, while her husband was vicar of Cholder-ton. She was Harriet Newman, and though the little book is quite in children's form, it was such as none but a Newman could write.

A little girl, Grace Leslie, goes with her widow mother to stay with a Christmas party. She is a very pretty picture of unconscious cleverness, mixed with conscientiousness and refinement of perfect simplicity. She is thrown with two families, one of the suburban evangelical type, rather vulgar, and infinitely self-complacent, despising their cousins as worldly. The elders talk just enough to make you understand the situation, but the effect is shown in the characters of the children, praise-loving (one honestly, the other dishonestly), sentimental, or really quietly good and despised by the self-righteous but really good sister. The visitor Grace invents a pretty decoration, the *Fairy Bower*, and chiefly contrives the whole, but the honour of the idea is tacitly stolen from her by one of the Puritan family, and her sense of the shame of the discovery of the action to the poor girl leads her to connive at leaving her the triumph, so that the difference between truth and truthfulness is brought out. There is an unnatural

amount of sensation about such a matter among the elders, but the touches of character are excellent. Some people cannot see anything in the story, and one never can judge what another person will think of it. The *Lost Brooch* continues the history when the girls are grown up, and is more development of character than story, though there is a good deal of that in the sentimental girl's folly, and the Puritanical sister's persecution of a servant girl, whom she supposes to have stolen the Lost Brooch. The absolute inability to see truth or do justice runs through all. If you are *taken* with Grace in the *Fairy Bower*, I can lend you the *Lost Brooch*. My original copy was lent and lost, so this was recovered from a second-hand bookseller. There was some displeasure at Grace's reticence towards her mother, which was hardly natural in an only daughter, though it might be in a large family, and I really think both my *Abbey Church* and Miss Sewell's *Amy Herbert* both came from the reaction.

I did not know Mrs. Mozley, and only saw her once in the middle of a "function." A year or two later her health failed, and when she tried to write again she collapsed entirely and died. Mr. F. Palgrave once asked me to write a review of her, but I think it was while my *Fairy Bower* was lost, and I did not know what to do with such a paper.

Thank you for your paper on the Russian novelists, they are strange productions of the civilised thought forced on by the despotism.

I read *George Eliot* when it came out, but whether I am thinking out of it, or out of a review by Mr. Ashwell long before, I cannot tell. It seems to me that she could represent but not create, and that when she had lived with a world she did not really know, her ideals were absurd, as in *Deronda*.

Lewes, I believe, never let her see an unfavourable review, which was a great mistake, they teach one much. But a real review—not a mere notice—is so seldom to be seen in these days, and I am the more grateful for yours.

I see what you mean about the want of focus in *Pillars*, but I think I care for Felix and Lance more than Dr. May or Ethel, though of these last I could not touch them really again and only mentioned them in that last scene to satisfy "inquiring friends."

There are some people one feels to need further development, others that it is better to let alone.

I should much like to know what you think of the *Fairy Bower*, though I am quite prepared to hear that you are too much of a different era to care for it.—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
December 15 (? 1896).

Dear Miss Christie—If I could I would help you to an autograph, but I have long ago given away such of Mr. Keble's as were not too personal and precious, and I do not think I have any left except some scraps of correction on the proofs of hymns in the *Child's Christian Year*, such as you would hardly care for.

I well know the pressure of *Guardian* books, but as I am as devoted to Sunday-school work at seventy as I was at seven I am always sustained by the hope of finding something appropriate thereto, and at this time of year this carries me through floods of milk and water and spoon meat. It is much to come on one really superior book in a batch.

No wonder you cannot read or write with a holiday boy to "tackle," as our old women say.—Yours truly,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,
November 19, 1897.

My dear Miss Christie—I had just been thinking of you, being reminded of your work by the review of Mrs. Ritchie's books, one which carries one along with it entirely, though I am not sure that her power is not greater in sketches of character in real life than in the construction of stories. Indeed she is too true to nature to satisfy one always with poetical justice, which, after all, one does love.

The sketch of Miss Mitford is specially good. I remember a sense of disappointment as I drove through "Our village" to see how small and narrow it was, after what those rose-coloured spectacles had shown.

I hope you are going to "do" Mrs. Oliphant in the same manner. She is a person who always puzzles me, partly because she can rise so much higher than what I suppose are "pot-boilers," half of which I have never read. The *Beleaguered City* seems to me the best of all her work—yet there she seems, as I have heard it observed of her other works, to sit outside and look at enthusiasm (often on the seamy side) and not share in it. The shrewdness and ironical observation are charming, but I could never love her books or people except the two old people in *Valentine*. Those "Lookers On" in *Blackwood* are some of her best writing, giving scope for her peculiar tone and high principle. But she never understood English poor, and though she could deal with Scotch servants, she always made unpleasant pictures of the English poor when they are needed by the story—nor is she generally good to clergymen's wives.

About the *Fairy Bower*, I have been thinking a good deal over it, and I think if you do not feel as if you had time to undertake it that I should like to write a notice myself at some length, as remembering something of the state of society and thought at the time the books were written.

Like you I have to attend to what is sent me, but they keep me a good deal on children and poor people's books, and I don't complain, for I really want them for various libraries and school gifts. But I get very frivolous about Christmas, though really children's books are better to read than most novels of the day.

Don't you think that throwing over dread of vulgarity has had a good deal to do with the want of refinement of speech, together with the relaxation of the strictness of Evangelicalism which really made a conscientious life easier on the total abstinence principle.

I have had a sorrowful year in the death of the invalid friend who lived with me, and was my memory, and since that my relations have given me a good deal of variety, hardly favourable to work!—Yours sincerely,

C. M. YONGE.



TO MISS C. FORTESCUE YONGE

(On the Presentation of the Scholarship)

ELDERFIELD, July 20, 1899.

My dear Lottie—I put off writing till the 19th was over, for it really was a very interesting day, though I little knew beforehand all they were going to make of it. About £1800 was collected for the scholarship, and this was presented, with a beautifully illuminated address, by the Bishop in the High School, making a wonderful speech about having read the *Little Duke* when he was a small boy, and all that had turned up about the usefulness of the books. Also they gave me a basket of flowers—daisies, heartsease and the like, with violet ribbons to represent the violet, as of course there were none to be had, and ropes of daisy chain hung all about. Afterwards the girls made some very pretty tableaux from the stories, the *Little Duke*, the *Caged Lion*, and the *Chaplet of Pearls*, and had a daisy-chain dance in thin white frocks. It really was as pretty a sight as ever was; the pity was that I had none of my own people with me, for Alethea's children have all been having the measles, and are not out yet, and Henry is gone to Switzerland to meet his sisters, and have a good bracing holiday. Alley will take the children to lodgings at Dorking or near it as soon as they are safe, and I go to stay with Frances on the 9th August. She goes in September to her sisters, and then I shall have Helen for a little while. There is a Mr. Finch coming for *locum tenens* for the month of August, to lodge at Miss Finlaison's.

There has been a bazaar for Chandler's Ford Church, and they made £70, but I am afraid they are still a long way from their church yet. I am sorry you have not a better account of Emma to give; I hope she will go from home and get a rest. How hot it is! But the beautiful day was a great ingredient in the success of yesterday, as a good deal was out of doors.

I am afraid the poor old *Monthly Packet* is coming to an end, as Innes's affairs have got into a mess. It has not come out this month, but it may revive at half the price.—Your affectionate cousin,

C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE

ELDERFIELD, May 14, 1900.

My dear C. C.—No, you did not send me a notice of *Red Pottage*. I am thankful you did not, for that and *Canon Lias* would have been enough to tear *M. in C.* to pieces. However, he thinks too much fuss is made about the MS. in the brother's house. Do you remember Edna Lyall subscribing to Bradlaugh from Canon Crowfoot's house at Lincoln?

But I think people with consciences ought to reflect on the harm they do to morbid imaginations by dwelling on suicide, and I do think that contemplation of sin is not the way to purity of heart.

Rosina has had very good marks for all her R.U. work, once 100, once 99, never less than 70.¹ The last on the Little Treasure Book was 89, but I think it is rather hard to be censured for not being long enough when there were orders only to use two sheets, and every corner was filled. She was told she should have paraphrased "The Bar," and there was no room to have done it, though she explained and commented on it. The same with a bit of Church history. Her writing is not small, so some may have had room, but I think they must have compared B. with A. She does not mean to try again as the writing takes too much time, but goes on reading with me, and we have just begun *Sintram*.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, July 17, 1900.

My dear C. C.—Tory² is banished. Juliette fell in love with him, so he is gone to Witham Close, a very good home for him, and Vic. is left lamenting. The mother mews all over the place, but as she did so before Tory went, I think it is from native accidie, not maternal grief. Aimée brought Miss Price³ to tea

¹ Her kitchen-maid, whom she was preparing for the G.F.S. Reading Union.

² Vic. and Tory were two kittens, born on the Queen's birthday.

³ Miss Eleanor Price, author of *Valentine*, etc.

and sent Juliette, a little friend, and a sort of semi-governess to picnic on the top of the hill. It was very pleasant.

Fancy the German hatred to the English so that an acquaintance would not bow to Anna in the theatre! Aimée tried to explain the rights of the Boer War to a gentleman German, but he would not listen for a moment. Of course they were very happy at Ammergau. They stayed for the second performance on Whit Tuesday for the peasants. Of course we could talk only chiefly of the terrible China. I suppose there are many more victims besides those given in the list of the Legation, and we do not know how many of the other nations.

I suppose Tientsin is safe for the present, but Mrs. Bishop tells of such splendid hospitals at Han Chow and Mukdin. One English doctor has been there eighteen years.—Your affectionate

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *August 1, 1900.*

My dear C. C.—Does not your paper¹ want something more of practical application, not that I quite see how it is to be done. Maud and Lily are capitally described, but the upshot is that a nice girl does not like to be mixed up with them. Also that mothers should be exhorted to keep girls *nice*, and mistresses to take care whom they take.

Would it be possible to bring it more to a point? Suppose I made an addition, if you don't. I was rather moved to write a sort of comment on a rather silly paper in *Macmillan*, which results in our doing without servants American fashion, and at any rate seems to think them all the smart parlour-maid of twenty or so, resenting want of liberty, and the edicts against fringes, which the author thinks jealousy. Are you inclined to write a little more, bringing it to some more of a point, or is it impracticable? Or shall I make a sort of notes at the end?

Domum seems to have been very pleasant, though all in the fields, for Miss Crawford, the Warden's sister-in-law, actually died in the midst of the singing. I wonder they had it at all. They did not have the ball. Mary Morshead went in with old Miss

¹ A paper on servant girls for *Mothers in Council*.

Warrenne and saw Tory in his new abode—also stepped on him. Vic lies curled up with his mother. I wonder what would have happened if Tory had been added to your “feudal jars.” The *Century* has some charming Literary Cats. Reggie¹ comes home on Saturday with a good character; his little sisters were all running about the lawn yesterday with bare feet. I am enjoying Mary Morshead. She is to give a lecture on G.F.S. to-morrow at Twyford to the middle-class girls, who think it is only for servants. We are to drink tea with Mrs. Hoets.

Young Walter Moberly, Robert’s son, is keeping up the credit of the family by getting medals. Annie comes to me from the 3rd or 4th of September to the 7th.—Yours affectionately,

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, *February 26, 1901.*

My dear C. C.—I shall be very glad to see you on the 7th or 8th. I trust you will find Helen here, as her ship is due before the end of this week. She sailed on the 13th, and was to take ten days, weather being good, and to look in at Cadiz and Lisbon on the way. She will be able to tell you about Ronda, etc.

You will find my good Bessie Pond just departing to be married at Hartlepool to her iron-worker, to whom she has been engaged these five years. May’s old Ellen² is coming instead, which is very good, but Rose does not mean to stay long after Easter as she wants to learn more of her work, and she is really too good for my work and wages. So I must look for a good superior under-housemaid’s place for her, and a good trainable girl, an easier thing to find. By the bye, Wells Gardner sends me the account of *Chimes* for the mothers. Only 57 sold this year and 900 on hand. I never had a book that answered so ill, I fancy it is too churchy.

My old cat has been in a gin and got a horrible paw. Her

¹ Little Reginald Bowles, her grand-nephew.

² Bessie Pond waited on Miss Yonge till her marriage. Ellen Misselbrook, an old scholar, lived for many years with Miss Coleridge, and came to Elderfield a month before Miss Yonge’s death.

son is a huge creature, but not so agreeable as was expected, and Miss Fin's pretty white May has been poisoned, also two Jewel cats (supposed), I fancy eating poisoned rats.—Yours affectionately,
C. M. YONGE.

TO MISS C. FORTESCUE YONGE

ELDERFIELD, *February 26, 1901.*

My dear Lottie—How are you getting on ; I am afraid there is not much change any way and that your hands are full.

I believe Helen is somewhere either in the Bay of Biscay or the Chops of the Channel ; she sailed on the 18th, and in a nice cabin with her goldfinches, and after to-morrow I may have a telegram any day to say she is in the Thames.

Christabel talks of coming on the 7th or 8th ; I will let you know when, as you might be able to come over and see them.

Poor Reggie has never been well since he went to St. Leonards ; Alethea is going over to-morrow to see about him and bring him home.

Cordelia Steer was to come to her grandmother for good, as soon as she has fully recovered on the Blue Mountains from her fever. Charles and Ada are in their new house.

Fancy a girl writing to me for my autograph and saying she had got Lord Roberts, and hoped to get General Buller when she knew his address. I could not help telling her that I thought it very impertinent to worry a busy General about a young lady's fashion of collection. I wonder if she will heed.—Your affectionate
C. M. YONGE.

Mr. Hare's recollections are very entertaining, brimful of Ghost Stories.

APPENDIX A

A FEW specimens of the many letters addressed to Miss Yonge from strangers are here added, including one from Rev. Charles Kingsley to her publisher.

FROM REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY TO MR. JOHN PARKER

MAY LODGE, MAIDENHEAD,

July 6, 1855.

My dear Parker—I have just read for the first time *Heartsease*, and I cannot lose a day before telling you that I think it the most delightful and wholesome novel I ever read. The delicate touches, moreover, of character I could mention are wonderful, and I found myself wiping my eyes a dozen times before I got through it. I don't wonder at the immense sale of the book, though at the same time it speaks much for the public taste that it has been so well received. You should be proud, and I doubt not are, that such a work should have come out of your house. Never mind what the *Times* or any one else says; the book is wise and human and noble as well as Christian, and will surely become a standard book for aye and a day.—Yours ever faithfully,

C. KINGSLEY.

FROM THE GOVERNESS OF THE PRINCESS MARGARET
OF ITALY

ROYAL PALACE, TURIN,

November 28.

My dear Miss Yonge—You have become so *very dear* to me through your books, that I must beg the favour of addressing you

in this term. I feel deep gratitude towards you for the pleasure and real moral benefit derived from your books. My royal pupil, Princess Margaret, too, owes very much to you, as it was first the *Daisy Chain* that induced her to take pains with her English lessons, to become able to read more of your delightful books. With children, although gifted as my princess is, in a high degree there must be some *tempting inducements* to make them study more *willingly*.

My pupil owes to you, dear Miss Yonge, she having made in one year so great progress in English, to be able to read by herself. The *Lances of Lynwood* is one of her favourites, and I cannot tell you how often she has read it over and over again ; she began to translate it in French that her brother, the young Duke of Genoa, might enjoy it too, but till now only a few chapters are done. Princess Margaret has inherited much of the *high chivalrous feelings* of her ancestors. *Middle-age* and its romance are her delight ; she prefers *Ritter Geschichte* to anything else, but any book of yours is always of the greatest interest to her ; one grows so fond of them that the publication of a *new* one will be a most *welcome event*. For my own part, I found many *good indications concerning the training of the mind*, the *wahre Herzens behrung*, which is, or ought to be, the principal aim of education, in your descriptions ; as you understand German, dear Miss Yonge, I may use an expression of my own language in expressing my deep admiration for *die physiologische rustige durchfuhrung* of all your characters, and the experience you have of children, as well as of their sayings and doings. In Italy, where education is on the *lowest scale*, notwithstanding the *brightness* and *intellectual* gifts of the nation, your books will have good influence if once known ; *prejudice and narrowmindedness* are *leide, vorherrschend flowerte*.[†] Whoever does not *live* in this country cannot form a just opinion of its inhabitants, which are so entirely devoid of *moral sense* particularly, and of education in general.

The bringing up of a child is always a difficult task, the more so in circumstances which position, national habits, render *bindend, und freie fet, wicklung, hemmend*, also I am convinced and trust to the *lieben Gott der doch vergeblich die Kinde verzieht*, yet I am very glad to *learn from you*, dear Miss Yonge, and tried

to become more scrupulous towards myself. As I am to introduce myself to you, I venture to send you my photographs, but should consider it a happy event in my life to evoke your signature.

Should you come to Italy, my princess hopes to tell you herself how much obliged she is for the pretty present you addressed me, and which I delivered to her. We hope to represent *one of the dramas*, they are really *reizend*. Princess Margaret begs you to accept her best thanks; she treasures very much a little note you wrote concerning the *Lances of Lynwood* (which was forwarded through my friend, Mrs. March), and sends you her best love. I have been writing you a long and rather selfish letter, but hope you will excuse it, dear Miss Yonge, in favour of the sympathy and true admiration I feel for you. Should I be so fortunate to see you once, there will be many questions I shall have to ask.

Accept again my best thanks, and believe me most respectfully and sincerely yours,

ROSE ARBESSER.

FROM MARGARET, PRINCESS REUSS

KLIPPHAUSEN, NEAR DRESDEN,
GERMANY, July 3, 1882.

Dear Miss Yonge—In the earnest hope that you will not be too much worried by this letter, of which sort you have surely already received a great many, I take the liberty to come to you with a very great request. My sister and I have read several of your books with the greatest pleasure, and among them with especial delight the *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Daisy Chain*. I cannot tell how much these books are to us; it is not enough to say that they are our favourite ones, because they are far more than that, and cannot be compared to other books. As we have grown so fond of the personages in them, we should like to know so very much if they are or have been really living, or at least like some living people, or else if they are imagined persons. We are of the latter conviction, for such characters, as especially dear Guy's and Amy's, are scarcely to be found on earth. You would oblige us to the utmost degree by answering this question,

though I hardly venture to make that request, and to excuse the foolishness of it I must tell you that I am a girl of seventeen. So, if you would be so very kind as to tell us something more about the personages in the *Heir of Redclyffe* and in *Daisy Chain*, we should be thankful to you beyond telling.—With the greatest respect, yours most sincerely,

MARGARET, PRINCESS REUSS.

FROM MISS BEALE, PRINCIPAL OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

LADIES' COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM,
January 15, 1890.

Dear Miss Yonge—Thanks for your interesting letter, it will give pleasure to Mrs. Emery, Miss Kilner's great-niece.

That is very curious about the *Lectures*. It is strange that we found these books so fascinating when we were children; is it because the story of the development of a soul is the most interesting thing even to little children, and these books, spite of all their erroneous methods, dealt with nothing else? Besides, we all like a wholesome severity.

Your description of your mother's school reminds me of Thackeray's description; surely he must have seen the girls in Russell Square. There was in those old schools an exactness which was good, still there was not the thoroughness which looks to principles in grammar. Those well-marked characters given in Ince's *Outlines* were very curious.

The want of sufficient food, exercise and warmth of body, mind, and heart, was the great want. There are opposite evils now; the young are too often self-indulgent, they exercise themselves in things too high for them, and they are sometimes sentimental; still, schools now, with all their faults (and I know there are plenty in mine), are more what they should be than in our grandmothers' times, so I thank God and take courage.—
Yours sincerely,

D. BEALE.

A SPECIMEN OF THE MANY ANONYMOUS LETTERS RECEIVED
BY MISS YONGE

Dear Madam—Please do not think me impertinent if I write to thank you for letting us hear more of the Underwoods. People say that continuations of a story are never successful, but my feeling is this : the Underwoods and many more of your brain-children are just like old friends, whom we meet again after a long separation. They may be less beautiful than they were ; they may say little that is striking or amusing, but they are themselves ; we see and hear them again, and that is sufficient pleasure.

You are the dear friend yourself of nearly all my life, and you don't know how often I have felt impelled to write and thank you, most especially on reading some sad New Year words of yours in the *Monthly Packet*, but it seemed presumptuous, and I refrained.

You don't know what an element you have been in the life of thousands ; how we have laughed with you, and how little wise sayings have helped in many a difficulty.

God bless you, dear friend.

FROM PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER

PARK'S END, OXFORD,
November 17, 1873.

Dear Miss Yonge—I have just finished your *Life of Bishop Patteson*, and I hasten to thank you for your kind present. Though I knew something of the Bishop, I know him far better now, better than I could ever have known him if he had lived.

It seems as if we never could know the full beauty of a man's character till he is gone ; it was certainly so with him, the most humble of men, diffident, and utterly unconscious of the greatness of his life. I hope your book may be widely read now, as the life of a true saint. I cannot help feeling that it will be read when thousands of other books shall be forgotten.—Yours sincerely,

MAX MÜLLER.

ONE OF MANY FROM HUMBLE ADMIRERS

8 FRIAR'S GATE, EXETER,
February 13, 1883.

Dear Madam—Forgive a stranger in thus addressing you; I think you will not feel annoyed when I say I have been bed-ridden forty years. I have yearned for a long time to tell you how much *you* have soothed and cheered my isolated life in your silent visits to me; your books have brightened many a painful day for me. Though I am too poor to purchase your books, yet I feel you will not scorn my tribute of gratitude for the pleasure and comfort *your thoughts* have conveyed to my heart.

I saw a copy of a photo of you in the *Church Bells*, and I never can express the feeling of delight it gave me; it was like seeing an old friend.

Dear madam, you little realise what your works are to such as I am, shut away from all the beauties of nature and art.

I feel I have taken a great liberty in addressing you, still I beg your forgiveness; you know not now what a blessing and a comfort you have been, and will be to "God's prisoners." I shall know you in Paradise and thank you there.—With all good wishes, I remain, dear madam, gratefully yours, SUSAN HOOPER.

FROM MISS MOBERLY, ON THE BOOK OF SIGNATURES

THE PARSONAGE, SYDENHAM, S.E.,
December 22, 1902.

Dear Miss Coleridge—The sum put into Miss Yonge's hand was £200; out of this she bought herself (with apologies!) a tea-table, saying that she had long wished for one, and with the rest she put up the lych-gate at Otterbourne Church. The scheme arose in this way. Mrs. Romanes, wife of Professor Romanes, when living at Oxford remarked to me that Miss Yonge would be seventy next birthday. Knowing how much she delighted in C. M. Y., I suggested that she should write (I had already introduced them); this Mrs. R. felt disinclined to do, unless I did the same. We thought many would like to do the same, but were resolved that the signatures should be really enthusiastic, and *not* sent broadcast. I undertook the entire trouble, and

with my sister's help we made a list of obvious people and invited them to take papers and ask for signatures from those who really cared. Wishing it to be a real pleasure to C. M. Y., we went for distinguished people in order to get valuable autographs. The payment of a shilling from each person was an afterthought, and was especially *not* to be pressed. The object was the greeting more than the subscription. I think it was Sophy Palmer¹ who succeeded in getting something out of the Queens of Italy and Spain; of course they would not sign, but sent their photographs instead. We were told too late that several members of the Spanish and Italian courts would have signed gladly, but they were not directly asked. About 10,000 signatures were secured I think, but cannot exactly remember. Mr. Holgate, Secretary to the Bishop of Salisbury, took great interest in it, and procured special paper and had the book bound. We tried to get a green binding powdered with daisies; but I think that was not possible as far as I remember. Mrs. Romanes' friend (whose name I forget) illuminated some little views of Otterbourne in the frontispiece from some sketches done in old days by my sister Edith—the originals are in the book you have; she also illuminated the little address. When the day came Edith and I went over to Otterbourne from Salisbury, carrying the book, the money, and the Queens' photographs. We left the parcel at the door anonymously, and crept away under the hedge unseen (as we thought), but next day received a funny little card from Miss Yonge which I turned up the other day. We had great fun in talking over it later and telling her the very funny reasons given by people for signing or not signing the letter. We were much amused to find that some months after she had herself asked the Archbishop (Benson) to write his name, evidently taking it simply as an autograph book. The money was given in notes in order that she might have no clue as to the channel through which it came, but she declared that she was sitting at the end of the drawing-room tying her shoe when the bell rang, and she ran to the window without her shoe and saw the tops of our heads when we were skulking under the hedge; just then the maid brought in the parcel.—Yours sincerely,

C. A. E. MOBERLY.

¹ Lady Sophia Palmer.

APPENDIX B

THE WORKS OF CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE

Abbeychurch, or Self-Control and Self-Conceit. 1844. 8vo.
Reissued 1872, 8vo.

Scenes and Characters, or Eighteen Months at Beechcroft. 1847.
12mo. Mozley.

1850.

Henrietta's Wish, or Domineering : a Tale. 12mo. Masters.
Kenneth, or the Rearguard of the Grand Army. 12mo. J. H.
Parker.

Langley School. 18mo. Mozley.

1852.

The Kings of England : a History for Young Children. 7th
edition, Mozley, 1862. Reissued 1872.

Landmarks of History. Ancient History from the Earliest Times
to the Mahometan Conquest. 12mo. Mozley.

The Two Guardians, or Home in this World. 4th edition,
1861, 8vo. Masters.

1853

The Heir of Redclyffe. 2 vols. 5th edition, 1854, 12mo.
Parker and Son. 17th edition published 1868.

The Herb of the Field. Reprinted from the *Magazine for the
Young*. 12mo. Mozley. Reissued by Macmillan 1887.

Landmarks of History. Middle Ages : from the Reign of
Charlemagne to that of Charles V. 12mo. Mozley.

1854

- The Little Duke, or Richard the Fearless. 16mo. Parker and Son. Reissued 1857. Another edition, with Illustrations, 1891. Macmillan and Co.
- The Castle Builders, or the Deferred Confirmation. Edition by Mozley, 12mo, 1859. New York edition, 1855.
- Heartsease, or the Brother's Wife. 8vo. Another edition, 1862, Crown 8vo. Macmillan.

1855

- The Lances of Lynwood. Post 8vo. Parker and Son. Reissued 1857, 16mo. Abridged edition for schools, 1894. Macmillan.
- The History of Sir Thomas Thumb. With Illustrations by J. B. Sq. Reissue, new edition, Sq., 1859.

1856

- Leonard the Lion-Heart. 18mo. Ben Sylvester's Word. 18mo. Mozley.
- The Daisy Chain, or Aspirations : a Family Chronicle. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 9th edition, with Illustrations, 1868. Parker and Son.

1857

- Dynevor Terrace. Edition by Parker and Son. Post 8vo. 1858. Reissued 1860.
- Tauchnitz Edition, Vol. 392 of Collection of British Authors.
- The Instructive Picture-Book.
- Vegetable World. 4to. Hamilton.
- Landmarks of History. Modern History : from the Reformation to the Fall of Napoleon. 12mo. Mozley. 6th edition, 1882. W. Smith.

1858

- The Christmas Mummers. 18mo. Mozley. Reissue, The Christmas Mummers and other Stories, 1876.

Marie Thérèse de Lamourons, Foundress of the House of La Misericorde at Bordeaux. A biography. Abridged from the French [of the Abbé Pouget]. 12mo. Parker and Son.

1859

Conversations on the Catechism. 3 vols. 1859-62. 12mo. Mozley.

1860

The Mice at Play. No. 7 of the Magnet Stories for Summer Days and Winter Nights. 8 vols. 1860-65.

The Strayed Falcon. No. 21 of Magnet Stories, etc.

Hopes and Fears, or Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. 2 vols. Fcap 8vo. Parker and Son. Reissued (1 vol.) 1861.

The Pigeon Pie. 2nd edition, 1861, 18mo. Mozley.

1861

The Young Stepmother. Crown 8vo. Longman.

The Stokesley Secret. 2nd edition, 1862, 18mo. Mozley.

1862

Countess Kate. Royal 18mo. Mozley. Reissued with the Stokesley Secret by A. A. Innes and Co., 1892.

Biographies of Good Women. Edited by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe. 1st and 2nd series. 1862-65. 12mo. Mozley.

Wars of Wapsburgh. 18mo. Groombridge.

1863

History of Christian Names. 2½ vols. 8vo. Parker. 1884 edition, Macmillan.

Sea Spleenwort and other Stories. 12mo. Groombridge.

1864

The Trial: More Links of the Daisy Chain. 4th edition, with Illustrations, 1868. Reissued 1870, 2 vols., post 8vo. Macmillan.

- A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands. Gathered and narrated by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe. 18mo.
Reissued 1871, illustrated by Frölich, 8vo, and in Globe.
- Readings from Standard Authors in 1883. 8vo.
- A Shilling Book of Golden Deeds, selected from a Book of Golden Deeds, was published 1867.
- The Apple of Discord. 12mo. Groombridge.
- Historical Dramas. 12mo. Groombridge.

1865

- The Clever Woman of the Family. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Macmillan. And vol. 768-69 of Collection of British Authors, etc., 1841. Reissued 1867.
- The Prince and the Page: a Tale of the Crusade. 12mo. Macmillan. And vol. 917 of Collection of British Authors, etc.

1866

- The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Macmillan. And vol. 834-35 of Collection of British Authors, etc., 1841. Reissued 1870. (Tauchnitz Edition.)

1867

- The Danvers Papers: an Invention. Post 8vo. Macmillan. And vol. 917 of Collection of British Authors, etc.
- The Six Cushions. Post 8vo. Mozley. Reissued 1869.

1868

- Cameos from English History. New edition, 1871, 2 vols., 12mo. Macmillan.
- The Chaplet of Pearls, or the White and Black Ribaumont. 2 vols. 8vo. Macmillan.
- New Ground (Kaffirland). 18mo. Mozley.
- The Pupils of St. John the Divine. Post 8vo. Macmillan. Published in Sunday Library for Household Reading. 1868.

Historical Selections : a Series of Readings on English and European History. Selected by E. M. Sewell and C. M. Yonge. 2 vols. Post 8vo. 1868-70. Macmillan.

In this year Miss Yonge also wrote an introduction to Sketches of Rites and Customs of the Greco-Russian Church, by H. C. Romanoff. Post 8vo. Rivingtons.

1869

A Book of Worthies. Gathered from the Old Histories, and now written anew by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe. One of the Golden Treasury Series. 12mo. Macmillan.

The Seal, or Inward Spiritual Grace of Confirmation.

Friarswood Post-Office. 5th edition. 18mo. Mozley.

Keynotes of the First Lessons for every Day in the Year. 16mo.

Published under direction of the Tract Committee [of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge].

In this year Miss Yonge also edited "Two Years of School Life" [translated from the French]. By Elise de Pressensé.

1870

The Caged Lion. Post 8vo. Macmillan.

1871

A Storehouse of Stories. Edited by Miss Yonge. 1 vol. 12mo. Macmillan. New edition, 2 vols., 1880, 12mo.

The Population of an old Pear Tree, or Stories of Insect Life. From the French of E. Van Bruyssel. Edited by C. M. Yonge. Post 8vo. Macmillan.

Pioneers and Founders, or Recent Workers in the Mission Field, etc. Post 8vo. Macmillan.

A Parallel History of France and England, consisting of Outlines and Dates. 4to. Macmillan.

Musings over the Christian Year and Lyra Innocentium, together with a few gleanings of Recollections of the Rev. J. Keble, gathered by several friends. 12mo. Parker.

This year Miss Yonge also wrote a preface to the *Journal of Lady Beatrice Graham*, by J. M. F. Smith; and edited from the French the *Life and Adventures of Count Beugnot*, Minister of State under Napoleon I., compiled from his papers by his son, Count A. A. Beugnot. 8vo.

Scripture Readings for Schools, with Comments. By C. M. Y. 1871, etc. 1st ser. 12mo. Macmillan.

Little Lucy's Wonderful Globe. Royal 8vo. Macmillan. Pictured by L. Frölich, and narrated by C. M. Y. 2nd edition, 1872. Another edition, 1881.

1872

P's and Q's, or the Question of Putting Upon.

Questions on the Prayer-Book.

In Memoriam, Bishop Patteson. Being, with additions, the substance of a Memoir published in the *Literary Churchman*.

History of France. Part 8 of *Historical Course for Schools*, edited by E. A. Freeman. Reissued by Macmillan 1879, 18mo.

This year Miss Yonge also edited translations from the French of *Dames of High Estate*, by Mme. H. de Witt, and *Beneath the Cross*, by Florence Wilford.

1873

The Pillars of the House, or Under Wode under Rode. 4 vols. Macmillan. Another edition, 1875, 2 vols., post 8vo. Macmillan.

Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History for the Little Ones. 16mo. M. Ward. School edition, 1876, 12mo. M. Ward.

Life of J. C. Patteson, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands. 2 vols. 8vo. 6th edition, 2 vols., 1878.

Also edited from the French, *Recollections of a Page at the Court of Louis XVI.*, by the Count d'Hézecques. 8vo. Hurst.

Lady Hester, or Ursula's Narrative. Post 8vo. Macmillan.

1874

- Questions on the Collects. 18mo. Mozley.
 Questions on the Epistles. 18mo. Mozley.

1875

- Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Bible History for the Little Ones.
 12mo. M. Ward. School edition, 1876.
 Questions on the Gospels. 18mo. Mozley.
 My Young Alcides : a Faded Photograph. 2 vols. Post 8vo.
 Macmillan.
 Memoir of G. C. Harris. [With his Sermons.] 12mo. Mac-
 millan.
 Also edited from the French, The Recollections of Colonel de
 Gonneville. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Hurst.

1876

- The Three Brides. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Macmillan.
 Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Greek History for the Little Ones.
 16mo. M. Ward.
 Eighteen Centuries of Beginnings of Church History. 2 vols.
 1 vol., post 8vo, 1876-79. Mozley.

1877

- Womankind. 3 editions. Crown 8vo. 1877-80. W. Smith.
 Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Roman History for the Little Ones.
 Sq. 16mo. M. Ward.
 Also edited from the French, A Man of other Days : Recollec-
 tions of the Marquis Henry Joseph Costa de Beauregard,
 selected from his papers by his great-grandson. 2 vols.
 Post 8vo. Hurst.
 Aunt Charlotte's Stories of German History for the Little Ones.
 Sq. 16mo. M. Ward.

1878

- The Story of the Christians and Moors of Spain. 12mo.
 Macmillan.

The Disturbing Element, in Chronicles of the Blue-bell Society.
[One of the Blue-bell series of Original Illustrated Tales,
1878, etc.] 12mo. M. Ward.

1879

Burnt Out : a Story for Mothers' Meetings. 2 editions. 12mo.
1879-80. W. Smith.
History of France. 18mo. Macmillan. One of History
Primers edited by J. R. Green, 1875, etc.
Magnum Bonum, or Mother Carey's Brood. 3 vols. Crown 8vo.
Macmillan and Co.
Novels and Tales, illustrated. 1879, etc. See page 368.
Also edited from the French, The Youth of Queen Elizabeth,
by L. Wiesener. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Hurst.

1880

Love and Life : an Old Story in Eighteenth-Century Costume.
2 vols. 8vo. Macmillan and Co.
Bye-words : a Collection of Tales New and Old. Post 8vo.
Macmillan and Co.
Verses on the Gospels, for Sundays and Holidays. 32mo.
W. Smith.
Also the Preface to Gold Dust : a Collection of Golden
Counsels for the Sanctification of Daily Life. Translated
and abridged from the French by E. L. E. B. 48mo.
Masters.
Cheap Jack. [A Tale.] 1882. 18mo. Walter Smith.

1881

Lads and Lasses of Langley. 18mo. W. Smith. 2 editions.
1881-82.
Aunt Charlotte's Evenings at Home with the Poets, etc. Marcus
Ward and Co.
How to Teach the New Testament. [One of Religious
Knowledge Manuals, 1881, etc.] 12mo. National Society.
Practical Work in Sunday Schools. [One of Religious Knowledge
Manuals.] National Society.

- Frank's Debt. 1882. 18mo. W. Smith.
 Wolf. [A Story.] 1882. 18mo. W. Smith.
 English History Reading-Books, adapted to the requirements
 of the New Code. 1881-83-85. National Society.
 Also edited from the French, Catherine of Aragon, and the
 Sources of the English Reformation, by A. du Boys.
 Questions on the Psalms. 18mo. Hurst. 2 vols., post 8vo.

1882

- The Instructive Picture-Book, or Lessons from the Vegetable
 World. Fol.
 Given to Hospitality. W. Smith.
 Sowing and Sewing: a Sexagesima Story. 18mo. Smith.
 Talks about the Laws we live under, or At Langley Night-School.
 W. Smith.
 Unknown to History: a Story of the Captivity of Mary of
 Scotland. 2 editions. 1882-84. Macmillan.
 Langley Little Ones. Six stories. 18mo. W. Smith.
 Pickle and his Page-Boy, or Unlooked For. 18mo. W. Smith.
 Historical Ballads, edited and annotated by C. M. Y., arranged
 to meet the New Code of 1882. Schedule II. English.
 1882, etc. 12mo. National Society.
 Behind the Hedges, by H. de Witt. Edited from the French
 by C. M. Yonge. 64mo. Masters.
 Sparks of Light, by H. de Witt. Edited from the French by
 C. M. Yonge. 64mo. Masters.
 Also a preface to Whispers of Love and Wisdom, by A.
 Cazanove. 32mo. Griffith.

1883

- Landmarks of Recent History. Fcap. 1770-1883. W. Smith.
 Aunt Charlotte's Stories of American History, by C. M. Yonge
 and J. H. Hastings Weld. 16mo. Marcus Ward and Co.
 Langley Adventurers. 1883. 18mo. Smith.
 Stray Pearls: Memoirs of Margaret de Ribaumont, Viscountess
 of Bellaize. [A Tale.] 2 vols. Macmillan.

English Church History, adapted for Use in Schools, etc.
12mo. National Society.

Shakespeare's Plays for Schools. Abridged and annotated by
C. M. Y.

The Miz-Maze, or the Winkworth Puzzle : a Story in Letters by
Nine Authors. (F. Awdry, M. Bramston, C. R. Coleridge,
C. M. Yonge, F. M. Peard, etc.) 8vo. Macmillan and Co.

1884

The Armourer's Prentices. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Macmillan.

Preface to Bible Selections. English. Charity, Faith, Hope,
Mercy and Peace.

Memoirs of Marshal Bugeaud, by Count H. d'Ideville. Edited
from the French by C. M. Y. 2 vols. 8vo. Hurst.

1885

Higher Reading-Book for Schools, Colleges, and General Use.
Edited with introduction and notes by C. M. Y. Post 8vo.
National Society.

Nuttie's Father. [A Novel.] 2 vols. 8vo. Macmillan and Co.
New edition, 1886.

The Two Sides of the Shield. [A Novel.] 2 vols. Post 8vo.
Macmillan. New edition, 1886.

Pixie Lawn, in Please tell Me a Tale. Short original Stories
for Children. Sq. 16mo. Skeffington.

1886

Astray : a Tale of a Country Town. By C. M. Yonge, M.
Bramston, C. Coleridge, E. Stuart. Hatchards. 2nd
edition, post 8vo, 1888.

Chantry House. [A Novel.] 2 vols. Post 8vo. Macmillan
and Co. 1 vol. edition, 1867.

Little Rickburners. 16mo. Skeffington and Son.

A Modern Telemachus. [A Novel.] 2 vols. Crown 8vo.
Macmillan and Co.

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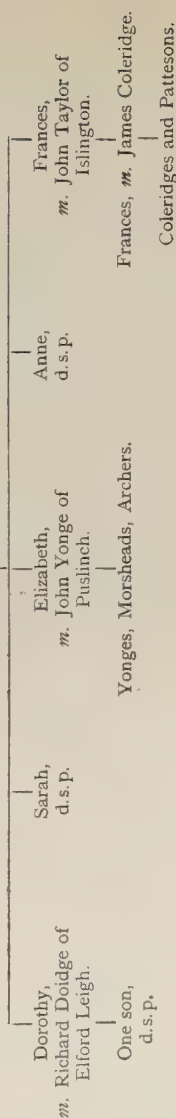
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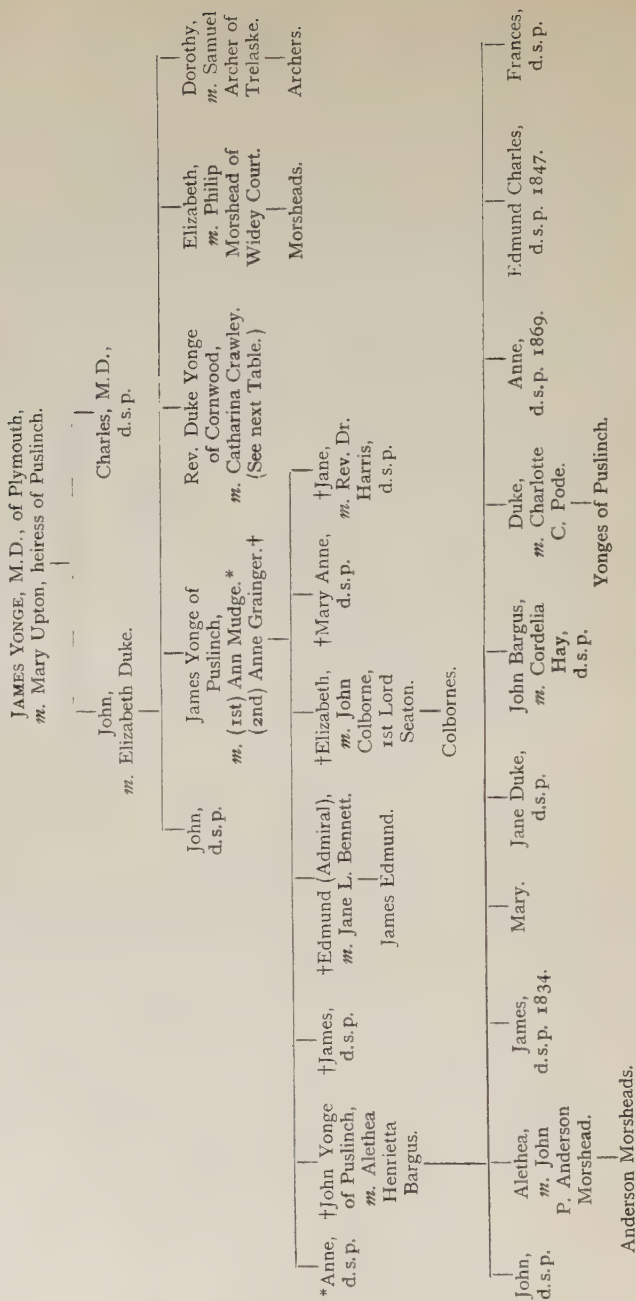
PEDIGREES NECESSARY FOR THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE LETTERS AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

THE DUKE PEDIGREE

GEORGE DUKE OF COLATON RALEIGH in Devon,
m. Dorothy Eyre and left five daughters,
who became co-heiresses to their uncle,
Robert Duke of Otterton.

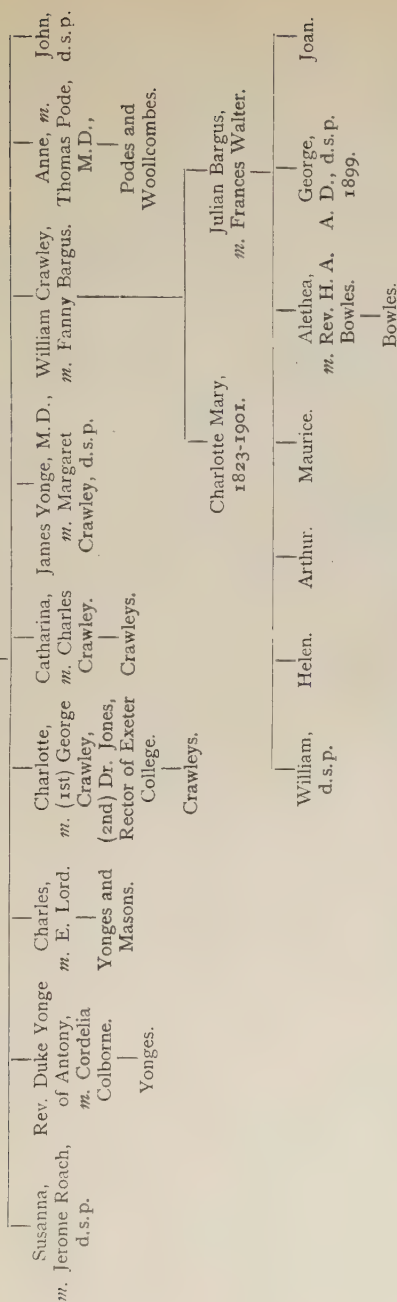


THE YONGES OF PUSLINCH



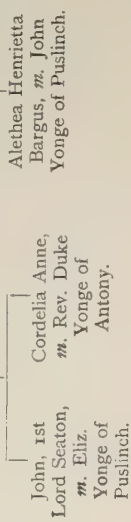
CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE'S OWN DESCENT

Rev. DUKE YONGE (son of JOHN YONGE and ELIZABETH DUKE),
m. Catharina Crawley.



CORDELIA GARSTIN,
m. (1st) Samuel Colborne,
 (2nd) Thomas Bargus.

THOMAS BARGUS,
m. (2nd) Mary Kingsman.
 Fanny Bargus,
m. William Yonge of
 Cornwood.



IMPORTANT DATES IN MISS YONGE'S LIFE

Born August 13	1823
Otterbourne—first school built	1826
Julian born	1829
Mr. Keble came	1836
New church begun	1837
Confirmed	1838
Church consecrated, July 30	1839
James Yonge died	1839
Edmund Yonge died	1847
Father's death	1854
Brother's marriage	1858
Gosling Society	1859
Move to Elderfield	1862
Death of Mr. and Mrs. Keble	1866
Mother's death	1868
Tour abroad	1869
Death of Anne	1869
Rev. W. Elgee came	1871
Miss Walter came to live with her	1872
Otterbourne made a Vicarage	1875
Death of Miss Dyson	1878
Rev. Walter Brock	1881
Rev. H. Bowles	1890
Autographs presented	1893
Scholarship presented	1899
Death, March 24	1901

APPENDIX C

SPECIMEN OF MANY CONVERSATIONS RECORDED BY MISS
YONGE IN HER EARLY DAYS

JUDGE, LADY COLERIDGE, JOHN,¹ HENRY, MARY, ALETHEA
COLERIDGE, MISS SEYMOUR, MR. MEYRICK, EDITH COLERIDGE

Ottery, September 8, 1844: Dessert

Ale. Charlotte, why should Hazleby be spelt *bies* in the plural? ²

Char. Is not *ies* the plural of *y*? How do you spell lady in the plural?

Judge. But a proper name?

John. The plural of Mary is Maries.

Mary. Is it?

John. Yes, certainly, I have often seen it "the Maries."

Char. Yes, in Mr. Williams' books.

John. And people who wish to be very correct write it with an *ie* in the singular.

Mary. Then I suppose I ought to do so?

Char. Oh no, pray do not, you would make it French.

Henry. And do you consider the plural of Henry to be Henries?

Char. I am sure I have seen it in some book where it was speaking of the Kings of England as the Edwards and Henries.

Mary. But *Henrie* must have been the old way.

¹ John, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Henry, afterwards Father Coleridge, S.S.J.

² This refers to *Abbey Church*, Charlotte's first published book.

Henry. Then I wish it was so still.

Char. I do not think any old words are spelt with y, and I suppose they keep their old plurals.

Judge. Very well, but proper names.

Char. Why, I do not think any English word will allow a y to stand with an s after it.

John. Atys.

Henry. Fleur de lys.

Char. Pray do you call those English words?

Judge. But Charlotte, here is an example; we all know there is such a name as Newman, now in the plural would you speak of Newmen or Newmans?

Char. Newmen changes the sound of the name, so that you might not know it again; now the ies preserves the correct spelling and the sound of the name.

Judge. It must be Major Hazelbie in the singular with an ie, if you mean to be correct.

Ale. Well, I never saw anything like it, and I know when we were at Dogmersfield all the Dysons remarked it. Nobody could help thinking how odd it is as they read it.

Judge. Well, I must confess that I read it all through without remarking the ies.

Mary. Well, it ought to be altered in the second part.

Lady C. And pray when is the second part to come?

Char. Oh, I am sure I do not know whether it is to come at all. No one ever likes a second part.

Mary. People always say they are disappointed in it, but then they are very anxious to read it.

Char. Yes, but then they always look upon the conclusion as a crime. Do not you remember yourself saying, "If there is another part it must be a regular novel"?

Mary. Oh, but I was young and foolish then, do not bring up all that against me.

John. Well, I am never easy unless the people are all happily married and settled. There is nothing else to do with them.

Lady C. Unless they die.

Ale. I always think Grace will die in the next part of the *Fairy Bower*.

Mary. Oh no, I do not think she will, she has much too much to learn.

John. I should be sorry to marry Miss Grace, she had some rather dangerous qualities—that talent of versifying.

Char. I should not wonder if Ellen died.

John. And Grace will marry George.

Ale. No, I do not know that.

Char. Campbell is intended for her, I think.

John. Oh, I do not like Campbell. He is one of the good ones, is not he?

Char. And I cannot bear her name to be Duff.

Mary. No, that is very bad.

John. And Emily, who is there for her?

Char. Frank Freeman.

Mary. Not Frank Freeman, I hope.

John. You may be sure he is meant to be very perfect.

Char. But I do not know that that will do, for he gives out that he never means to marry.

Mary. Oh! that they all do, but no one ever believes that they mean it.

Ale. Or else I do not know what the ladies would do.

Judge. Poor Allens, she would be quite in despair (laughing for a little while).

Char. Did not I hear there was to be a second part to *Amy Herbert*?

Miss S. She is writing another story, but not a second part to *Amy Herbert*.

Judge. I do not know how that should end: does Amy marry the imperfect young lord?

Char. Why, she was the only person who could understand his language.

Lady C. I thought that was the story where the poor thing has the dreadful secret, and dies.

Ale. No, that was *Ellen Middleton*.

Lady C. There are so many of them, that it is very hard to remember them apart.

Char. Well, I am glad there is to be no more, for the story was very well finished.

Mary. Yes, they were all living where they wished, and had grown good, and had the daily service.

Ale. Have you finished the *Lost Brooch*?

Mr. M. No, not yet.

Ale. And you have not read it?

Miss S. No, I have not. We liked *Amy Herbert* very much, indeed papa cried over it.

Char. The worst of it is, as papa says, I do not see why Rose should have been killed by that fall.

Mary. Ah! that is what I said, but then she was always delicate.

John. To be killed instantly by a ducking like that!

Mary. But she lived till nearly the next morning.

Char. The turn of the night.

John. But it happened quite late.

Char. No, no, just as the people were going away.

Ale. In the morning. You know they waited a long time for the doctor.

Char. And how stupid Colonel Herbert was not to do something all that time. I do not like Colonel Herbert.

Ale. Oh, he is very good.

Char. Yes, so he is, but he says nothing but what his wife might have said.

John. Then she lived about twelve hours. A knock on the head would not kill her in that time.

Mary. If concussion of the brain came on.

Char. But she never mentioned a blow on the head.

Mary. You like the *Fairy Bower* better than *Amy Herbert*, do not you?

Char. I like Mrs. Herbert better than Mrs. Leslie.

Mary. Prosing and all!

Mr. M. Oh, I hope you like *Amy Herbert* best.

Edith. I like the *Fairy Bower* best.

Mary. There, Mr. Meyrick, there is a proof; Edith is of the age for which they were written.

Judge. I think the description of Colonel Herbert's return is very well written, very touching indeed.

Char. Is not it a little theatrical?

John. Oh, I do not think so. I like it very much.

Mary. But do you like Mrs. Herbert's conversations best?

Char. I think Mrs. Herbert knew how to manage her daughter better than Mrs. Leslie.

Mary. But I think Mrs. Leslie managed Grace very well.

Char. Then what business had she to leave Grace to her own devices among the Duffs?

Mary. But Mrs. Leslie, when she does give a piece of advice says some little short thing that one can remember; now Mrs. Herbert——

Judge. I cannot say I read all the conversations in the *Fairy Bower*.

Mary. Now, Charlotte, did you like that scolding Mrs. Herbert gave Margaret?

Char. Yes, very much.

Mary. Did you really—well, it was bad enough for her own child, but for other people's! And did not you skip any of her discourses?

Judge. Like Mary, when some one wondered how she got on so fast in reading *Don Roderick*.

John. Oh, I thought it had been Shakespeare.

Mary. No, no, it was *Don Roderick*.

Judge. And she answered, "Oh, I skip all the speeches."

Char. Which *Don Roderick* was it?

Mary. Southey's.

Lady C. I like *Don Roderick* very much. It is my favourite.

John. Ah, mother, we all know you were a pet of Southey's!

Char. But I like *Don Roderick* exceedingly.

John. It seems to me exceedingly dull. Do you remember when Pelayo comes home, and sees his house burnt down, and his wife and children may be burnt to death—"Count," said Pelayo—and off he goes into a discourse three pages long—"Count," said Pelayo, as much as to say, I have found my text, and here is my sermon.

Mary. Oh, that part about Roderick the Goth, Roderick and victory is enough to make one wild.

Char. Yes, I have often been obliged to read that out loud. And the death of Count Julian——

John. Yes, there are beautiful bits in it, but it is not to be compared to *Thalaba* and *Kehama*!

(*Exeunt ladies.*)

Breakfast next Morning

John. Charlotte, your name was execrated every morning at post-time on our journey.

Mary. No, I did not mind it when once I knew you had started and could not.

Char. And indeed I was very busy just before I went, and wrote to you as soon as I could.

John. We used to sit down and write regularly every day, and there was Allens crying out that she never heard from us, and writing us three lines on Queen sized, or Prince of Wales sized paper, with the lines up at the end, and so far apart, and agreeable vistas between.

Char. Why, Alethea could not have so much to say as you had.

Henry. I know I used to wonder how she could write such long letters.

Char. I am sure you did very handsomely by me. You wrote to me on old-fashioned sized paper, and such a thing is to be prized nowadays.

John. But it comes to exactly the same thing if you write on two sheets of note paper.

Char. Rather more, I think, it makes one write more compactly.

Mary. I do not think it makes much difference in that way.

Henry. And on note paper letters are so much better to keep.

Char. Yes, but the writer should never reckon on that.

Mary. I am sure I hope no one keeps mine.

John. You may depend upon it they do. The correspondence of Miss Mary Coleridge will surely appear—but then luckily it will not be while you are alive.

Henry. No, the writer of the letters continues to possess them.

Char. Though he cannot have them again when once they are in the postman's hands.

John. He has power only over the copyright. That was curiously shown about Lord Dudley's letters. The Bishop of Exeter would not allow any more of them to be published.

Char. What a pity that was ; I was very much entertained by those letters.

John. Were you indeed ? Well, I must say I was disappointed in those letters, when he was a man of such reputation.

Char. Well, I read them knowing nothing of his reputation, and was very much amused by them.

John. There are one or two happy hits, such as his saying that Pompeii is a city potted for posterity. That is excellent, but the rest struck me as very commonplace.

Char. But the greater part of every one's letters must be commonplace. No one but Cowper could write letters without some dull work.

Mary. Well, there is none of that in Dr. Arnold's. You have the cream of it.

John. Well, I like to know how people are going on. I think there is too much of Arnold's left out.

Miss S. I thought it was only the domestic parts that were left out.

John. There is a great deal left out besides.

Henry. And some things put in that might be left out.

John. Yes, he had a wonderful perversion of mind on those points. I wonder Stanley should have done it, for he is devoted to Newman.

Henry. It must give great pain to Newman.

John. It is wonderful to see the feeling respecting Newman. You know Stanley, don't you ?

Henry. Yes.

John. You know he is a man of few words. Well, he says, "If one meets with Mr. Newman in the street, and shakes hands with him, it is a thing to remember a week after."

Mr. M. How little notion people have of what goes on in Oxford. Why, they should call it Puseyism rather than by the other names.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHIES

THE imaginary histories of Miss Yonge which gained currency at different times were a great amusement to her.

I myself was told in Ulm Cathedral that she was married there to a German officer, nor did any contradiction produce any effect on the *cicerone* who showed me round.

That Archbishop Tait said she was like an old Admiral of the Blue, because she had blue eyes and never wore anything but blue serge (her eyes were hazel, and she did not like blue serge and never wore it);—

That her only ornament was a large silver cross given her by Dr. Pusey (she never saw Dr. Pusey but once, and she did not possess a silver cross);—

That she spent her evenings listening to music (she did not possess a piano, and was utterly unmusical);—

That she was Abbess of a Convent;—were among the most striking of these inventions.

THE DEANERY, ST. PAUL'S,
December 19, 1882.

My dear Miss Yonge—I must send you an extract from an Italian newspaper which I am sure will amuse you, and at the same time I wish you a very happy Christmas.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. S. CHURCH.

E morta la celebre scrittrice Inglese, Era di Ratcliffe. Suo nome era Jong, ma in recognizione di suvi talente, la Regina Vittoria l'ha fatto Viscontessa.

Sposo l'ambasuatore Inglese a Costantinopole ma nin lascio di scrivere bellissimi Romanzi fui a poco tempo fa.

QUESTIONS ON MISS YONGE'S BOOKS

A Paper set by the Rev. Canon Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History.

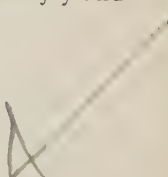
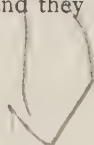
1. Where are the *Lady of the Lake* and the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* quoted?
2. Illustrate the progress of Tom Maddison's education from his letters.
3. What provoked the improvement in Edward Anderson?
4. What retribution overtook Wilmet?
5. Mention and justify the phrase repeatedly applied to Gertrude May.
6. What improbabilities occur to you in the plot of any of the stories?

Lady Frederick Cavendish also gave a dinner-party at which similar questions were set to the guests.



ACCOUNT OF MISS YONGE'S FUNERAL

ALL is over, and the mortal remains of one who was dear to all who knew her, and who was to us in Otterbourne a friend whom it will be impossible to replace, "Whose ear was ever open to the cry of the poor and needy, a wise adviser to all who looked to her for guidance, a loving, patient, and absolutely indefatigable teacher and trainer of the young, and a pillar of strength to the parish priest," have been committed to the ground—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." There we leave her, resting at the foot of the memorial cross of him to whom she owed so much, in sure and certain hope of her resurrection to eternal life through her Lord Jesus Christ, whom she loved so well and served so faithfully. We took her body on the Thursday evening (March 28), borne by six sides-men, and followed by her late scholars, to the church in which she had worshipped so constantly for more than sixty years, "over a path white with snow," which reminded some of us of her description of that royal funeral in 1649, "when the king went white to his grave." There we laid her in state before the chancel screen, with six tall tapers lighted around the coffin. Vespers of the dead having been said, the solemn watch of twenty hours began. Arrangements were made for not less than three friends to watch for each hour, but there were few hours when there were not many more loving watchers present. At 6.30 A.M. next day (the 35th anniversary of the death of John Keble of ever blessed memory) the Holy Communion was celebrated, and "brightly the sun shone over the dazzling snow on trees and ground, as the village folk gathered to realise the Communion of Saints." Again at 9 A.M. a large congregation assembled in the church for a "Requiem" (or choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist), which was taken by the Rev. W. H. P. Arden, Chaplain to the Forces, assisted by a full choir, whose part was most impressively rendered. "Peace, perfect peace" and "On the Resurrection morning" were the hymns at this service, and they sounded "like Easter joy and



light breathing out in thankfulness round the quiet dead among the shadows of Eastertide." The service for the "Burial of the Dead" was fixed for two o'clock, and by that hour every available seat was taken, whilst many had to be content with standing inside or waiting in the churchyard. As soon as the relatives had taken their seats, the choir and clergy, headed by the processional cross, entered from the vestry, whilst the Vicar recited the opening sentences, which were followed by the hymn "How bright these glorious spirits shine." The lesson was read by the Rev. H. Walter Brock, after which was sung "The Saints of God, their conflict passed." Owing to the bitterly cold weather, the prayers were said in the church, the Rev. J. G. Young taking this part. And then the body, preceded by the choir and clergy chanting the *Nunc Dimittis*, was borne out of the church to its last resting-place (which had been tastefully lined with moss and flowers by loving hands), into which it was reverently lowered by the sides-men, whose privilege it was to act as "bearers." The choir was grouped upon and around the steps of the "Keble" Memorial, upon which had been placed a laurel wreath, bearing the following inscription :—

In Reverent Memory of
JOHN KEBLE,
Master and Inspirer of
CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE,
Whom God called home, on March 29th, 1866.

Voice of the Fearless Saint !
Ring like a trump where gentle hearts
Beat high for truth.
Tell them the hour is come, and
They must take their parts.

After the Committal, and the lovely hymn "Now the labourer's task is o'er," the Dean of Winchester pronounced the Benediction; then the procession reformed, and returning to the vestry left the crowd of mourners to have a last look at the coffin of her whom the village had known for nearly seventy-eight years.

On the Sunday following (the octave of her death) many villagers and others paid the grave another visit to find it and the

steps of the "Keble" Granite Cross covered with lovely wreaths and other floral tokens of affection. The services on this day were, of course, in keeping with the occasion, the sermon in the morning being preached by the Rev. Canon Moberly, of Christ Church, Oxford, and that in the evening by the Rev. H. Walter Brock, late Vicar of Otterbourne. We have permission to have these two eloquent and touching tributes printed in pamphlet form.—*Otterbourne Parish Magazine*.



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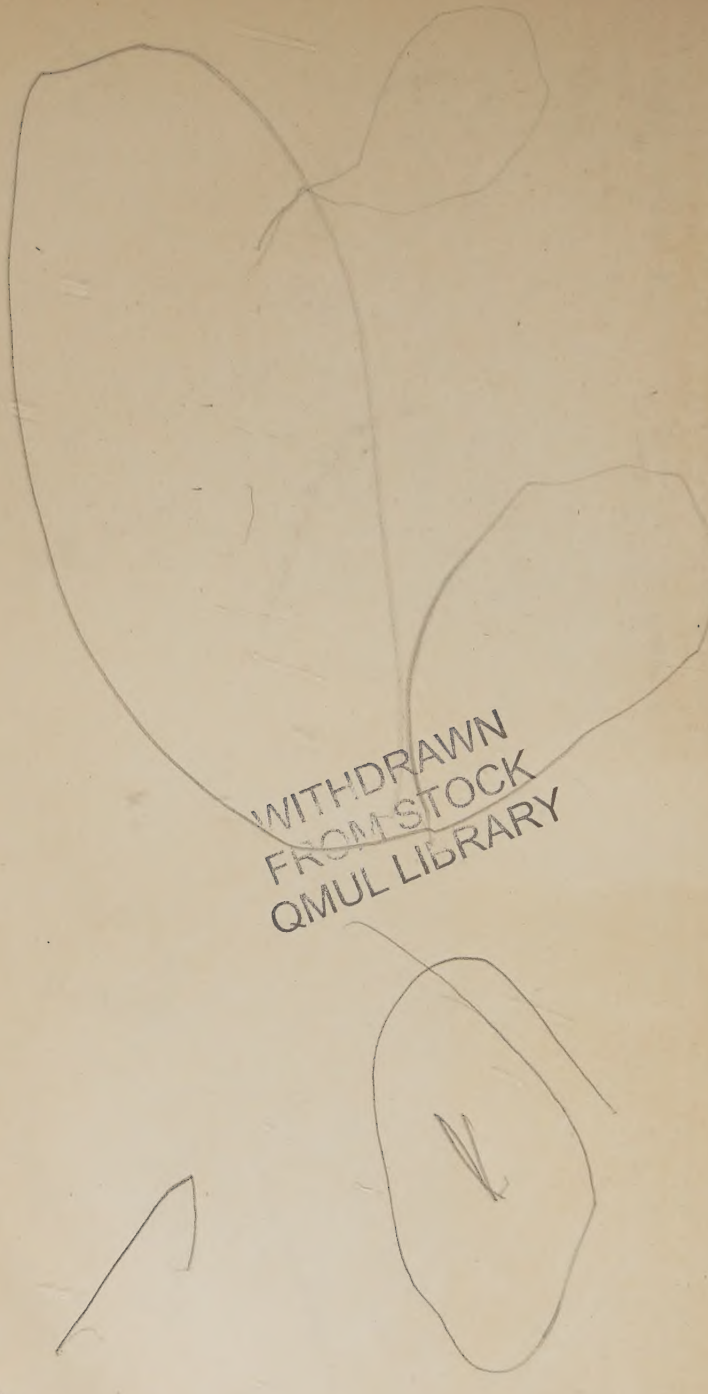
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